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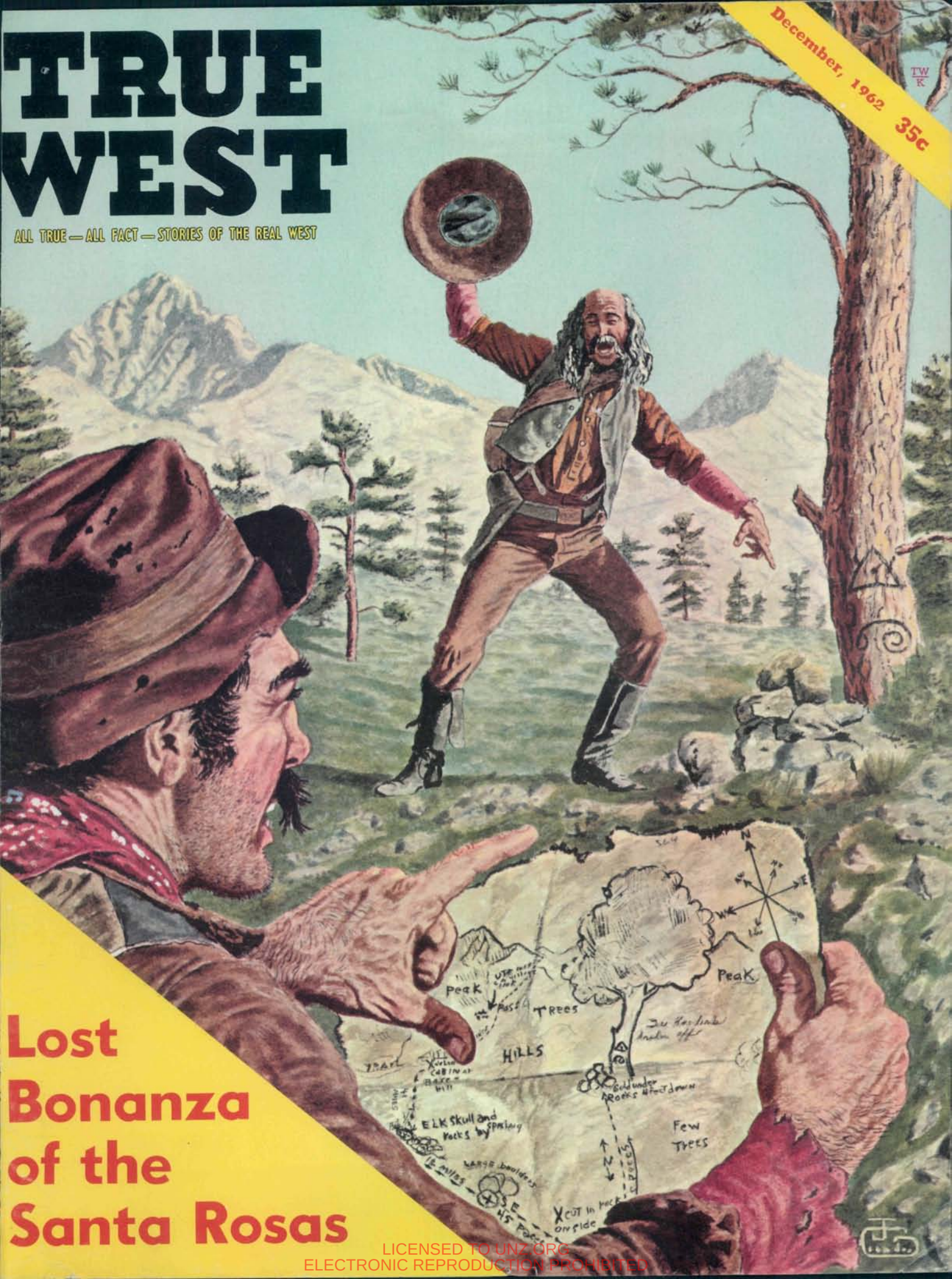
December, 1962 35c



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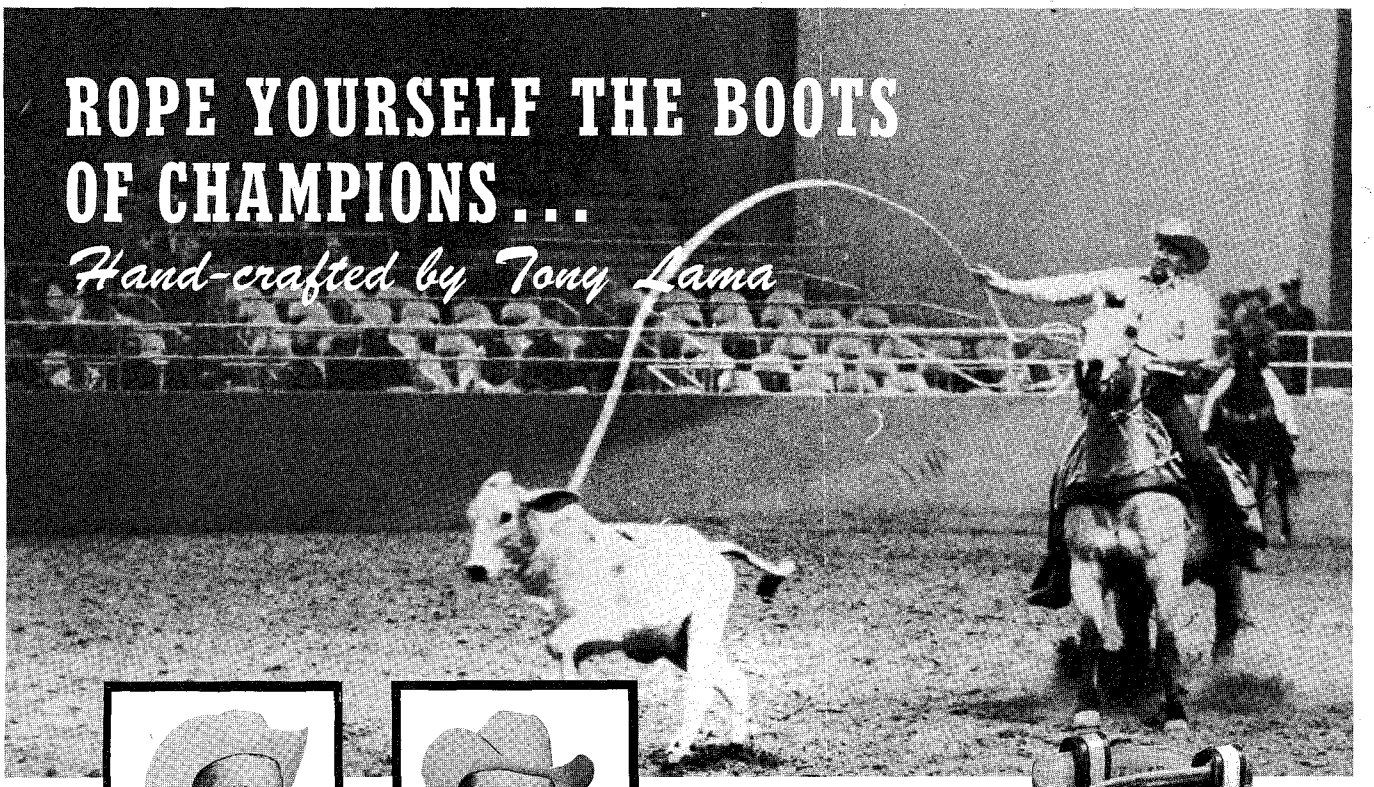
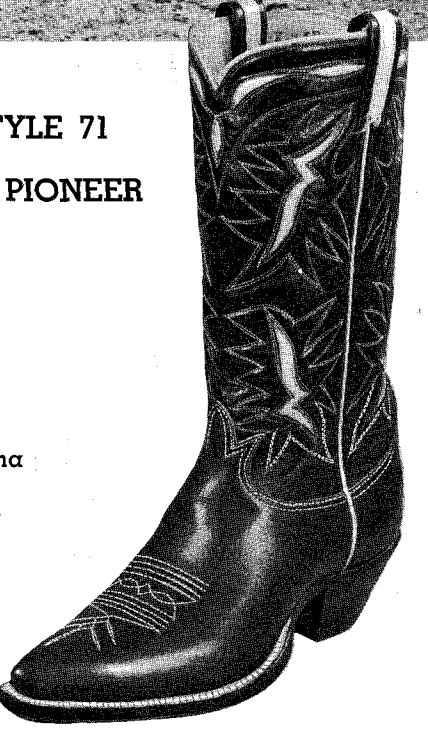


DEAN OLIVER,

DON McLAUGHLIN

STYLE 71

THE PIONEER



Two of Rodeo's greatest ropers, Dean Oliver and Don McLaughlin in action, both wearing championship-quality Tony Lama Boots. Dean Oliver, 1961 World Champion Calf Roper and this year's leading contender has been a Lama boot fan for many years. Don McLaughlin, five times the World Champion in the demanding event is currently among the top calf ropers. Both men agree that hand-crafted Tony Lama boots are winners in any contest for wear, for comfort and for lasting good looks. Whether you're a weekend roper, a working hand or a business man, you'll find Lama boots offer you this same championship quality, smart styling and value! Rope yourself real western style, character and comfort, choose Tony Lama boots!

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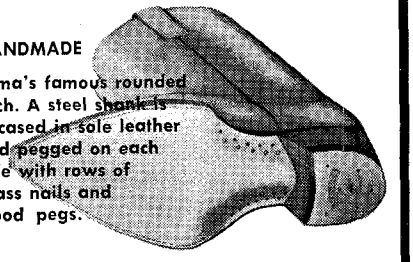

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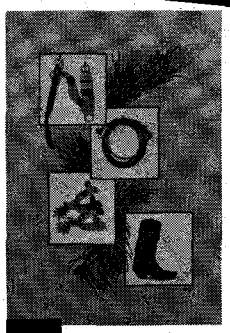
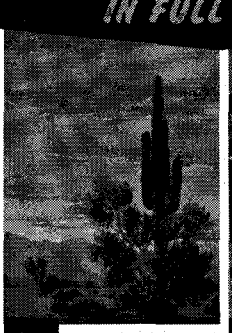
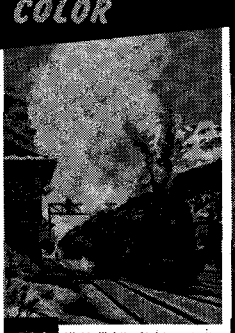


201 NOEL Greetings
Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for the New Year

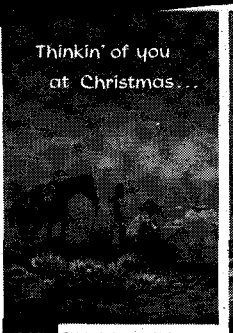
202 Christmas Chores
A Friendly Greeting at Christmas and Best Wishes for the New Year



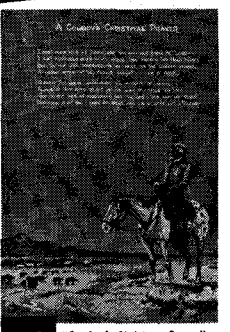
203 "Come ye—into a desert place—"
May every happiness be yours at Christmas and throughout the Coming Year



204 Highballin' the Christmas Mail
Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year

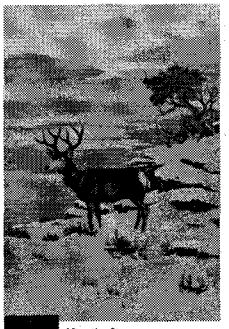


205 Thinkin' of you at Christmas
With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season

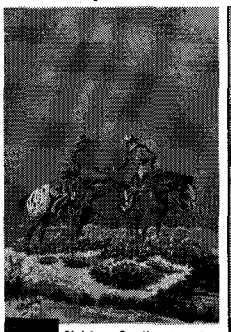


206 "Cowboy's Christmas Prayer"
Features classic western poem and May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas always be with you

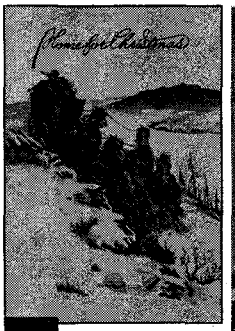
209 Surprise Package
Greeting is a clever and appropriate western verse



210 After the Storm
Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for the New Year

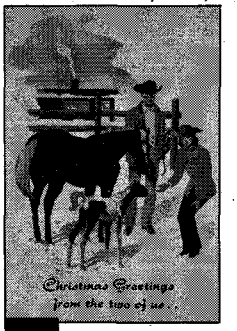


211 Christmas Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours
with Best Wishes for the Coming Year

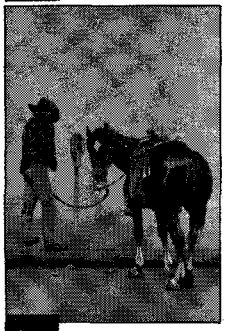


214 Home for Christmas
Happy Holidays and Best Wishes for the Coming Year

217 Canvasbacks Coming In
Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for all the Year

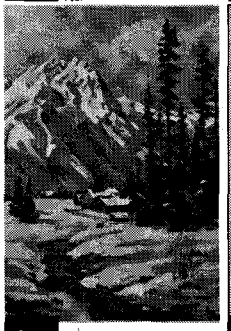


218 —from the two of us!
With Friendly Good Wishes for the Coming New Year



220 Christmas Shoppin'
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

221 "—there were shepherds—"
May the Peace and Joy of Christmas abide with you through all the Coming Year



222 Christmas Morning
Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year

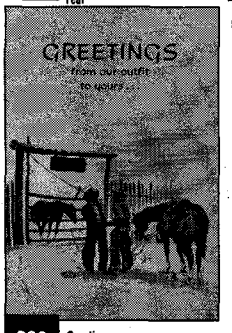
223 Christmas Night
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

224 Warmest Greetings
With Best Wishes for the Season and a Happy New Year

226 Prairie Post Office
Hoping you have a Happy Holiday Season and a Prosperous New Year

227 Candles of the Lord
May every happiness be yours at Christmas and throughout the Coming Year

228 Silent Night
May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year



230 Greetings...
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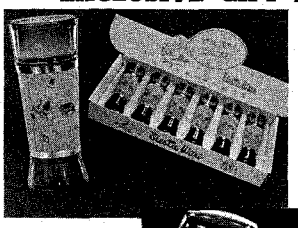

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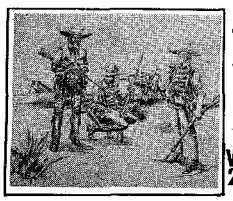

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November-December, 1962
Volume 10, No. 2
Whole No. 54

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Assistant Editor

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Circulation Manager

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Historical Consultant

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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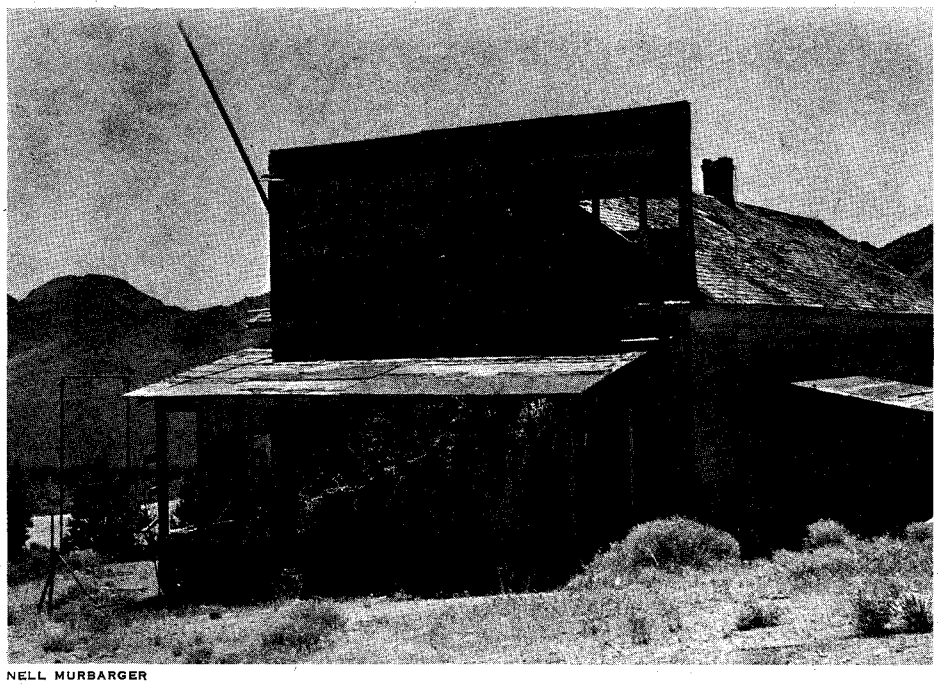
Behind the Ragged Curtain

I DON'T know why, but you readers seem to want to know more about the chain gang here that puts out TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES, the surroundings (squalor?) and general atmosphere. Maybe it's a sort of morbid curiosity, but readers come in and just sort of wander around looking here and there—like maybe they are browsing through a museum and we're a part of the fixtures. Or, something.

Anyhow, here is a little look behind the curtain regarding some of the things that go on in our daily life. Our building is adequate, but it isn't the newest in Austin. Even if it is seventy years old, the timber is still good. However, when the cracks got to letting in too big a hunk of our "northers" something had to be done. Instead of filling them with mud and sticks as any thrifty publisher should have done, I went completely haywire one day and had some of the rooms redone. Pat and Bob made it known that they were perfectly happy with their room as it was, and is, except for one thing—they wanted a new doorknob. The following appeared on the bulletin board during the general confusion of screeching saws and headaching hammering:



NELL MURBARGER

Our office. Notice the improved ventilation facilities on the second floor.

NOTICE TO OUR CO-WORKERS

"In the midst of the general refurbishing and with due appreciation thereof, the undersigned would like to make the following statement:

It isn't that we are too lazy, too indifferent or too square to fix our room. On the contrary. We are deliberately refraining from changing one single thing in order that any visitor or nostalgic staff member may day or night, with or without appointment, visit the room that we have preserved as

TRUE WEST—AS IT REALLY WAS!

All of the original atmosphere—the crumbling walls, the splintered floors, the poignant scribblings on the woodwork, the handmade and useful furnishings are intact. What a story they could tell!

This is our vow to our fellow workers—this hallowed spot will never change. Visit us! Bask in the relaxing setting! Spit on the floor! Put your hands on the walls! Spill the glue pot! Long live the Memorial Room on the Second Floor!

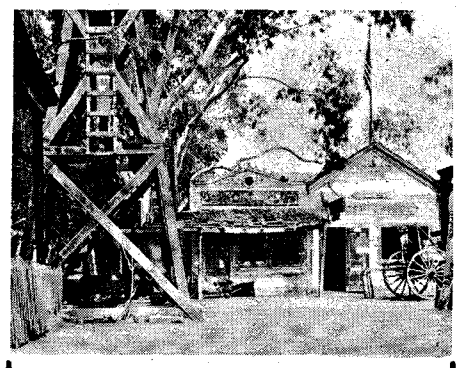
Pat Wagner
Robert Stout

P.S. There is no admission fee—and never will be—this is our contribution to our great and glorious past. Even if the future makes us wild with POWER, this is our humble and poor but honest beginning."

EVERYBODY seemed excited and happy when the job was finished—until the doorknob dropped off. It was in Pat and Bob's room, of course, and we all felt a little pang of sadistic delight in their plight—after all, they had been so confounded independent about modernization, even in its most humble form.

Well, you could still open the door by grasping the iron nub and working patiently. But then the whole blamed con-

(Continued on page 61)



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True Western

Keep Up the Good Work!

Dear Mr. Small:

Both TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are making a fine contribution to to the American reading public. Your articles are improving with each issue. Seldom have I found any gross or horrible errors (I realize that any person who writes is subject to criticism, whether justly or unjustly). Everyone makes mistakes and writers usually welcome an explanation of an error if the correction is based on fact and not on hearsay. You have done one whale of a job in selecting well written and informative articles.

As a "sidewalk editor" I'd suggest only one change in the magazines. I would put in boldface letters on every page "Do Not Destroy!" or "Do Not Throw in Wastebasket!" When J. Marvin Hunter founded FRONTIER TIMES in 1923, people did not realize the value of the magazine. Frank Caldwell priced a complete unbound Volume One for $50.00 in the year 1927—only four years after publication began! Just think what a complete file would be worth today! I understand there are very few complete sets around, simply because readers did not realize how valuable the magazines were. Thankfully (I hope!) TRUE WEST readers are not that way.

Keep up the good work!—Ray A. Walter, P.O. Box 3032, Waco, Texas.

Pickett in Cananea

Dear Sir:

I read with much interest your recent August 1961 and June 1962 TRUE WEST articles about Bill Pickett, the Negro bulldogger, especially that so few photos had been taken of him in action.

I rode with Pickett in a rodeo in Cananea, Mexico, in 1906. The pictures shown here were taken at that rodeo by a friend of mine; the one of Pickett is the best I have ever seen and shows exactly how he threw the steer with his teeth.

I took first place in the saddle bronc riding contest in that rodeo. In those days we rode them clean-headed, with only a neck rope to hold by. We had to ride them out, too, since ten-second guns to end the ride weren't used. The horse I rode in this photo must have bucked for at least ten minutes.—Harold T. Mapes, 2063 Bryan Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Editor's Note: Once again TRUE WEST tips its sombrero to its readers. At the rate we're going, we'll have a whole album of Bill Pickett photos on hand! We hope you all enjoy these genuine old-time cowboy scenes half as much as we do. Where could you find them—except in TRUE WEST?

"When Days" Contraptions

Dear Mr. Small:

I so enjoyed Milt Hinkle's "The When Days" (August 1962 TRUE WEST). The sight of that old washing machine on Page 49 caused some long-forgotten memories to flood back—like that of the odor of clothes boiling in lye water in an old brass boiler on a wood cookstove, and the odor of beans that we always cooked—with a huge hambone—on wash days, the sound of a rub-board and the feel of arms aching from the push-pull of that washer and the labor of pumping more water from the well.

(Continued on page 65)

Left, Pickett grabs the bull, holding it only with his teeth. Right, the bull is down! Pickett is credited with having originated bulldogging.

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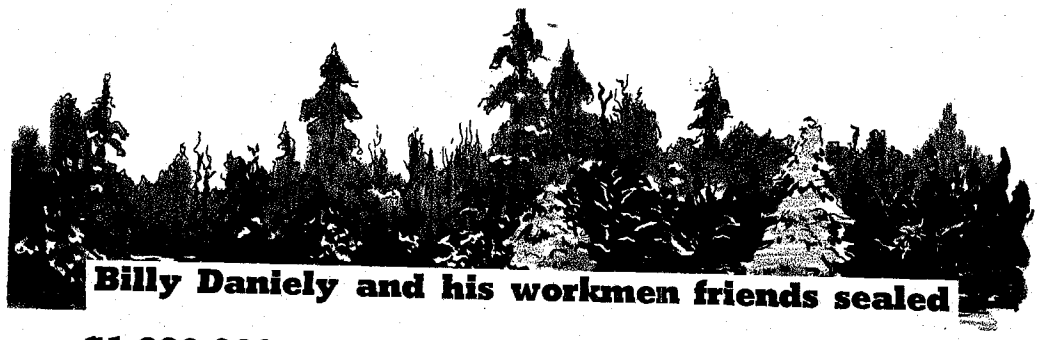

Billy Daniely and his workmen friends sealed a $1,000,000-plus gold mine beneath a torrent of water, then waited too long to reclaim their fortune!

Lost Bonanza of the Santa Rosas

By WILLIAM E. WHELCHEL

CHARLIE reined up his tired pony for a short breather before continuing his rough descent down the north crest of a sagebrush-covered slope of the Santa Rosa Range in northwest Nevada. To the north and south heavy black rain clouds could still be seen hovering around the higher peaks of the range but to the southwest the welcome blue sky was beginning to show up in ever-widening patches.

Earlier that very morning (possibly in late summer of 1906, or the spring of 1907) Charlie, a Paiute Indian, had decided to ride from Paradise Valley, where he lived on the east side of the range, to the small settlement of McDermitt, located to the north in the broad Quinn River Valley on the west side of the range.

Soon after his departure it had begun to pour rain, but by the time he reached the long winding ridge to the northwest, it was already noon and the rain had all but abated. Momentarily, from behind the dark rain clouds, the fleeting, but bright, sun would appear. Charlie thought he could catch an occasional glimpse of its glimmering reflection on the Quinn River. Something else, also, caught the corner of his eye. It was only by rarest chance that Charlie glanced down to see a faint yellowish glint reflecting from a dampened rock. This particular stone was lying on the ground almost completely covered by other gray rocks lying underneath a few clumps of grass and sagebrush.

Curious about the strange reflection, Charlie dismounted and picked up an object about half the size of his fist. He rubbed some mud from it and could see that it contained a great deal of metal and was unusually heavy for its size. He decided to take it with him. As Charlie continued north, then down the western slopes of Three Mile Creek, he chanced upon the camp of J. L. Workman and his partner. These men had been prospecting beside the small stream.

Some say the Indian stayed overnight with these men and before leaving for McDermitt the next morning left the rock with them with instructions to have it assayed. Others say that the men paid the Indian $25 to tell them where he found the rock. At any rate, the men did not do much commenting on the strange-looking stone until after the Indian had gone.

Then, the story goes that Workman turned to his partner and exclaimed, "We're going up there where that Indian found this rock and stake out some claims! This rock is more than half gold!"

The whole countryside where the rich gold "float" was found was staked and claimed in June of 1907 by Workman, who in turn gave leases to prospectors on small blocks of ground to search for the source of the "Mother Lode." Late in 1908, rich ore averaging a phenomenal $10 to $80 per pound was discovered on the Stall brothers' lease on what was known as Charleston Hill—and thus was founded the great camp of National in the area that was soon to become the setting for the spectacular "Lost Bonanza of Bill Daniely."

WILLIAM THOMAS DANIELY, better known to his friends either as Bill or Tom, was a bachelor and a carpenter by trade. Little is known of his early life except that he was born in Grayson County, Virginia, December 5, 1871. *(Continued on page 8)*

The National's boom camp in 1911 consisted of more than fifty frame houses, about 100 tents, the National Hotel, a post office, numerous saloons and a mercantile store.

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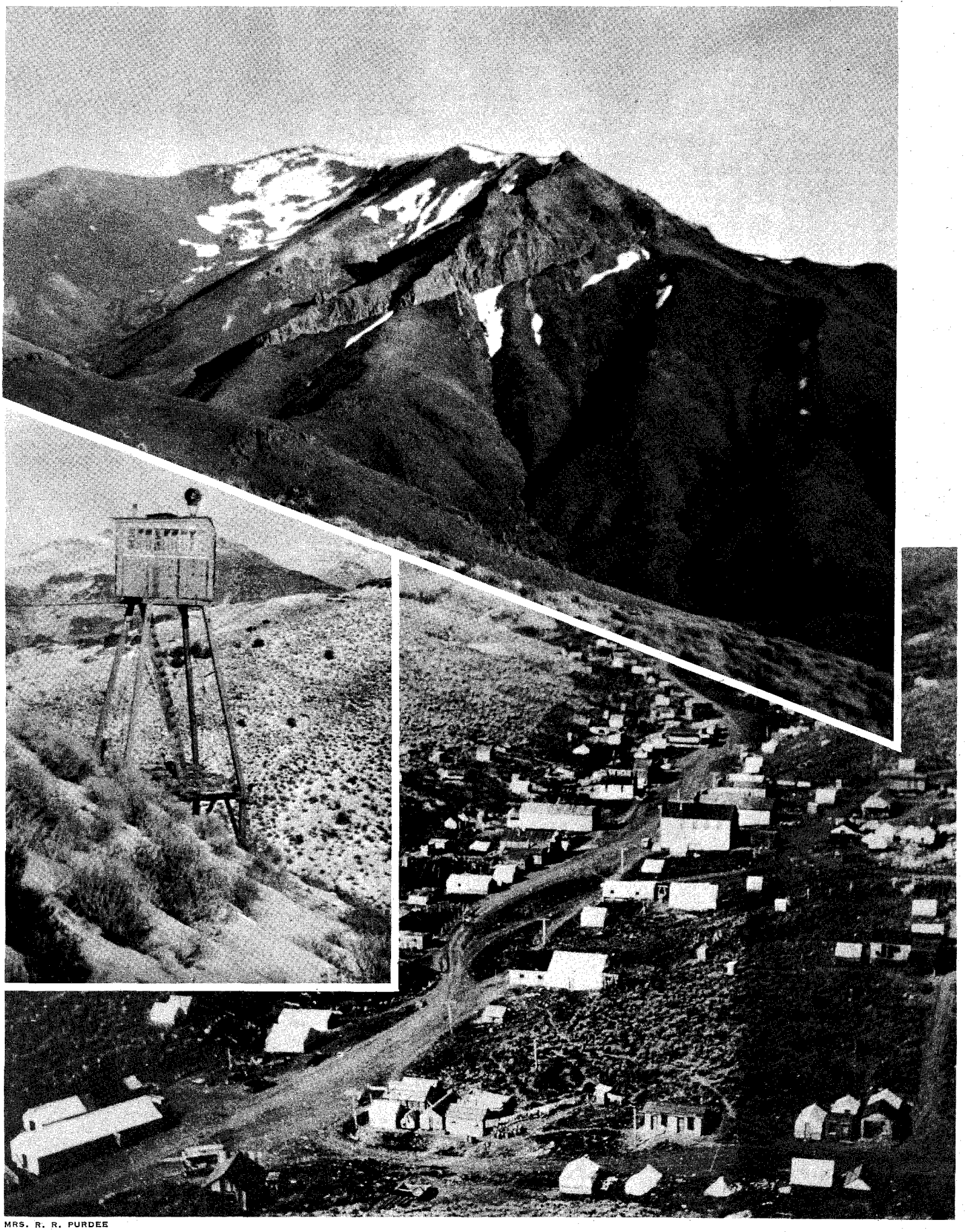

MRS. R. R. PURDEE

Top, Buckskin Peak, 8,800 feet high, a huge yellowish gray pile of rhyolite resting on basalt flows. This peak may be the source of the fabulous lost gold of the Santa Rosas. Center, left, a watchtower at the National Mine. Armed guards were posted here during the peak days of the National's wealth to protect the mine against thieves. Bottom, another view of the National in 1911.

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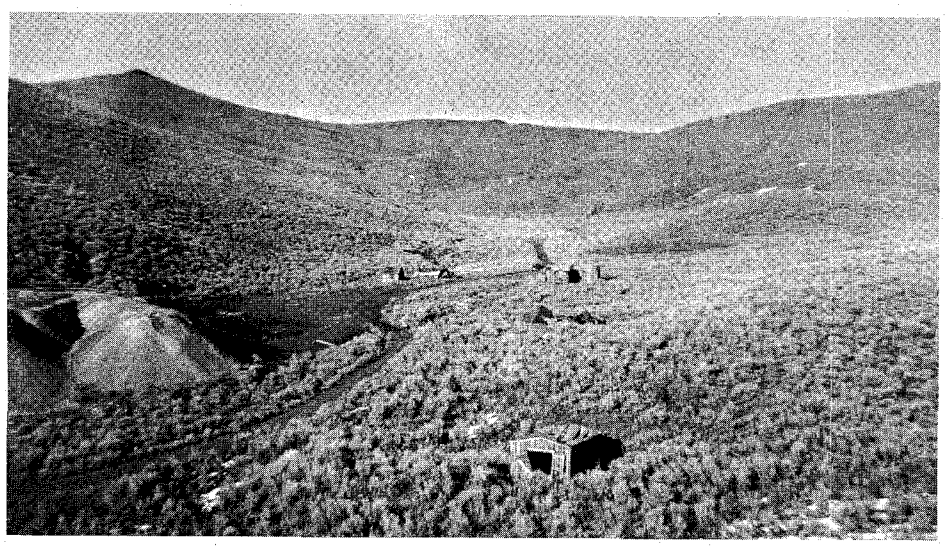
Adventurers and gamblers of all kinds flocked to National (which the Winnemucca, Nevada, *Humboldt Star* reported on July 21, 1909, was producing the richest ore ever found in Nevada, if not in the entire world).

Among them was Bill Daniely, for the new saloons, stores, houses and hotels to be constructed spelled employment for carpenters or mine timbermen.

Already the new boom camp straggled for half-a-mile along the bottom of a sagebrush-covered basin. The camp boasted a weekly newspaper called *The National Miner* and had three hotels, all offering "first class accommodations and courteous treatment." There were several mercantile stores, a number of saloons, several restaurants and cafes. The National Livery Stable had teams and saddle horses for hire. Automobiles were beginning to make early appearances on the scene and there was passenger service between the town of Winnemucca and National. For those who were too timid to ride in the autos, the Winnemucca-National Stage Line offered daily passenger service between National and Winnemucca in four-horse coaches.



The National in 1911.

One of the more important figures in the Lost Bonanza story was Joe Lyon, an early day barber and postmaster at National. Joe was born in Missouri in 1875 and as a boy of fourteen crossed the Plains in a covered wagon, following the Oregon Trail west. He spent his early manhood in the mining camps of California and Idaho and in 1910 came to National.

Bill Daniely and Joe became the closest of friends and always confided in each other. Joe used to cross his fingers and say, "Bill and I used to be just like that."

According to Lyon, Bill worked for the National Mines Company, which had acquired the rich lode on Charleston Hill from Workman and the Stall brothers. In 1912 there was a big lawsuit pending with the National Mines Company, the Charleston Hill National Mining Syndicate, controlled by J. L. Workman, and the Mammoth National Mines Company, which owned ground adjacent and west of the great vein of gold. This suit culminated in a notable trial in the United States Circuit Court in June and July of 1912, before Judge E. S. Farrington.

Testimony was given that the southern part of the fabulous vein of gold had been cut off and thrown an unknown distance to the north and that what was being claimed to be the continuation of the vein was in fact nothing more than a crevice or crack that represented the point at which the vein actually ended. This crack had later filled with material containing very little gold and could easily have been mistaken for the continuation of the vein because of its similar width.

Much was at stake because the downward extension of the rich ore dipped across the sidelines of the adjoining claims. According to law, if both ends of a vein cross both endlines of the claim it gives the owner the right to follow it on down no matter how many claims it dips under. This right does not exist if the vein is cut off or angles across sidelines of a claim. The missing part couldn't be produced for evidence so the court handed down the decision that the vein had not been faulted or cut off as contended.

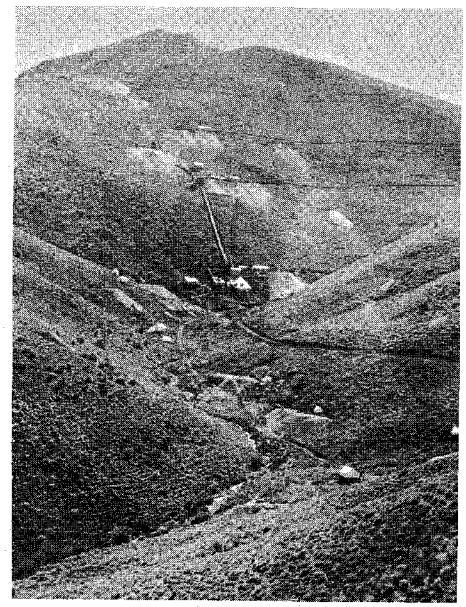
SHORTLY BEFORE this trial, the National Mines Company decided to erect a small stamp mill to treat the lower grade ores and some of the waste dumps. During the hot summer months the country was so dry the mine workings didn't develop enough water to operate the mill. The little stream in National Gulch next to the lowest mine entrance produced a little water during runoff season, but not enough.

To the east of the bonanza workings and a few hundred yards to the north, a large block of black volcanic rock lay across the canyon and came into contact with a light-colored formation called rhyolite. Near this junction, a cold spring of water oozed from a large circle of black, muddy ground. The idea of digging an open cistern or well at the spring site was abandoned because it was thought that heavy spring runoffs or an unexpected cloudburst would wash it out or cover it up.

The only practical solution seemed to be to drive a tunnel underneath the creek bed until the fissure or crack producing the spring water could be cut. A metal pipe could be installed from the tunnel to the mill and buried without danger of being washed away or freezing in the sub-zero winters.

Bill Daniely as head timberman for the company, was delegated by the shift bosses to oversee the work and perform the actual task of placing timbers. Two able-bodied miners were to assist him.

At first the progress was rather slow but after a few days the treacherous overburden at the tunnel mouth had been safely timbered up. A few feet in from the mouth of the tunnel a soft, whitish bedrock material was encountered.



Someplace in this canyon is Daniely's incredible lost bonanza. This photo, taken in 1910, shows some National Mine buildings, and roads in the background.

Daniely was kept busy for some time installing timbers to prevent the tunnel's collapsing. Finally, only a few feet away from the point the tunnel was supposed to intersect its objective, the rock drill began to act as though it had struck a wet clay or talc body.

Moreover, as drilling continued, the two miners and Daniely began to notice a strange and most unusual circumstance —the ordinary rock cuttings suddenly ceased and were replaced by a ground-up mixture of a bluish-looking mud and large amounts of a strange, yellowish metal. Upon withdrawing the drill steel to get a closer and better look, they could see from the light of their lamps, that pieces of this same metal were clinging with blue clay to the end of the drill bit.

Could this stuff be a yellow iron? No, this metal was in odd shapes, or shavings, and when taken into their fingers had sharp, rough, saw-like edges and could be bent. They knew from practical experience that iron doesn't bend or react in such a manner; besides, most irons in their natural state are brittle and break up easily into a blackish powder when crushed.

Much iron, containing arsenic, had been encountered in the Natural Mine workings; also, quantities of a "marcasite" iron—that sometimes resembles gold—had been found, but neither of these minerals was the same as Daniely and his co-workers then held in their hands.

Gold? Could it be gold? Perhaps they had struck the continuation of the fabulous ore shoot that was claimed to have been faulted and thrown an unknown distance to the north (the water tunnel was to the north of the bonanza workings—the very distance that one of the geologists had calculated as the distance of the throw, or fault).

But how could this be a part of that wonderful vein? Hadn't the court said there was no fault? No, this stuff couldn't be gold or the continuation of the fabulous National vein. There was too much queer-

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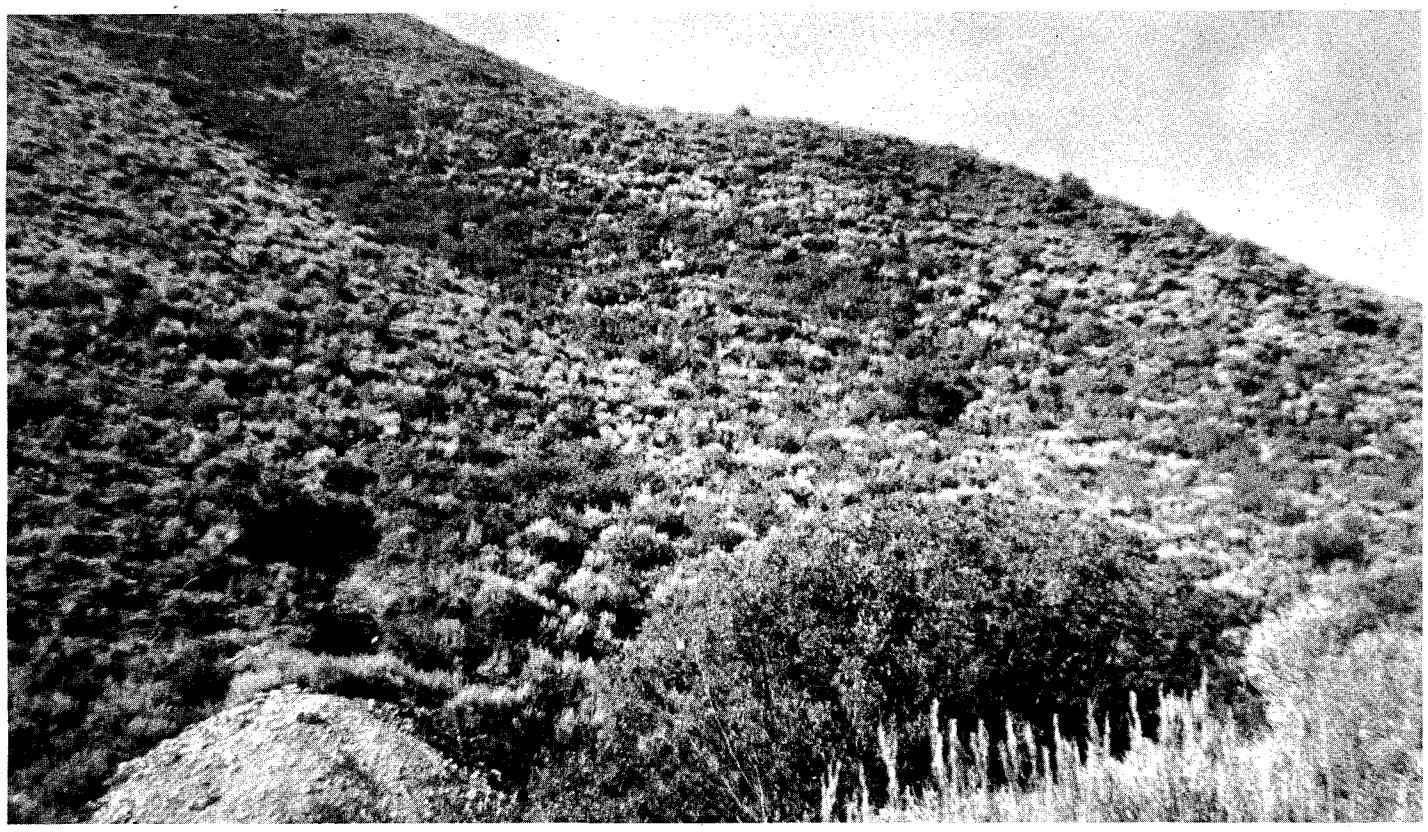

Stall's tunnel stands just as he left it that cold wintry day.

looking metal coming from the drillings. Never, to their knowledge, had any gold ore been found this rich or thick that could be drilled into in this particular fashion.

In the mine—except for isolated instances—the gold had always been contained within quartz in small, rod-like, or dendritic forms. Very seldom did the pieces of gold exceed an eighth of an inch in length. But some of the irregular-shaped shavings of metal coming from the drill hole were more than a half an inch long!

In order to make certain, they carefully scooped up several handfuls of the loose metallic drillings, took them out into the bright sunlight and panned them.

In the past these three men had not been easily impressed by the sight of rich ore but now they were stunned at what they saw. It was true—there was absolutely no doubt about it now—the drillings were practically pure gold! The little pieces could even be pounded flat without their breaking.

GLANCES were exchanged. Why should the company learn of their discovery? Here was independence and wealth for each of them for life. But how would it be possible to keep the company from knowing? Soon, the bosses would be in to investigate the progress of the water tunnel and what would prevent them from seeing the gold when the tunnel was completed?

After some discussion, they decided upon a daring plan. They would go back into the tunnel and drill the face full of holes and cram them to the muzzle with sticks of dynamite. The charges would be set off and they could say that the tunnel had collapsed and was no longer safe to work. Then in a few years—if the mine shut down—they would return together and get the gold for themselves.

A mighty blast was set off that caved the entire working face of the tunnel and ripped down a number of timbers in the tunnel itself. After the smoke cleared, Bill Daniely and his cohorts crawled back behind the downed timbers to the blasted area, certain that their discovery would be concealed beneath tons of rubble. Much to their surprise, they saw water spurting from the fractures in the rock all around the shattered tunnel face.

Daniely and the two miners saw "the damndest sight any man ever saw"—an almost solid vein of pure gold! With their carbide lamps, they could see the gleaming, yellow metal flashing about them everyplace. Spread before them lay the wealth of kings.

The elusive "Mother Lode" of all mother lodes had been found at last! Massive, rugged chunks of gold-saturated quartz lay about them and ribbons and streamers of bent and twisted metal clung to the walls on the sides and top of the tunnel where the vein crossed. It was the stuff that drives men mad, yet they were soon able to control their emotions; they knew well what the consequences would be if they should tarry long in concealing their find. They knew, too, that not one word must slip. If this gold were to be theirs, extreme care and caution would have to be exercised.

First, it was imperative that precautions be taken to insure that no person would ever find this vein. Each piece of rich gold quartz which had been hurled by the blast was gathered and stacked in piles near the vein to be covered.

Even as the pieces were handled, the rough, sharp, jagged edges of the raw metal could be felt. The pieces were extremely heavy, so saturated were they with the yellow metal. Quickly more holes were drilled and several shots were placed and set off to cover the last trace of evidence.

The men were relieved to note that the flow of water had not been disrupted by the cover-up operations and was beginning to seep freely from under and behind the downed timbers at the caved area. This was a stroke of luck they had not counted on.

As was expected, it wasn't too long before the shift bosses made their regular appearance to inquire about the tunnel progress. Upon seeing the great amount of downed timbers in the back of the tunnel, they asked what had happened. The men's remarkable explanation was, "We felt it necessary to thoroughly fracture the surrounding rock formations at the point we struck water and we got our charge too big. Anyway, we got the water we wanted." Apparently this explanation satisfied the bosses for the three were not questioned further about it.

The water from this tunnel was never used to operate the mill because shortly thereafter water was struck in one of the winzes of the mine and was used instead.

ALMOST as quickly as it had sprung to life the boomtown of National began to fold. The bonanza ore on Charleston Hill suddenly played out; only the embers of this greatest of bonanzas remained and they, too, soon began to fade and die. Some miners say that workmen came upon a solid wall abruptly ending the rich ore. Twilight softly settled over the camp and one by one the miners, freighters and highgraders departed.

What happened to Bill Daniely and his two partners? Did they return to claim their incredible vein of gold?

For many years after the mine had shut down the mine owners would not permit or grant a lease to any person who had ever worked in the mine and if, by the merest chance, any were successful in securing a lease it was generally a short term one on a very small block of ground *away* from the area requested.

Company officials knew that there was

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usually a good reason when a man asked for a particular block of ground—that reason being that he probably knew or had been told the location of rich ore, or perhaps, a "cache."

Daniely and the other two miners were aware of this situation and waited long for the company to relinquish its hold on the property. But this never materialized during the lifetimes of Daniely's partners.

For a long time Daniely kept up a lonely vigil waiting and hoping for the one big opportunity. Only after it appeared hopeless did he move on. Broke and needing employment, he took up residence in California. His good friend, Joe Lyon, had moved to the small town of McDermitt, only a few miles from the mine, and Joe could keep a sharp lookout on the property for him. If the chance of getting a lease were favorable, or ever presented itself, Joe could let him know right away, or could act in his behalf. Joe and Bill corresponded for some time thereafter.

After many years, the mine finally did change ownership, but the new company was almost as difficult to deal with as the old. Joe kept thinking and planning how he would approach them for a lease without giving away the location or arousing suspicion. He planned to get a lease on the ground that covered Daniely's vein at the very first opportunity; however, he wanted to feel out this new company first to see if the company would actually give a lease on a particular piece of ground. As fate would have it, this was a grave error.

Joe knew a man who had been foreman in the mine years ago who said he knew of a place back in the old workings that contained a small amount of rich ore that had been bypassed in early days. They got a lease on the very block of ground they wanted, made several small, rich shipments and in due course got into a squabble with the mine management. The company accused Joe's partner of trying to highgrade and became so difficult to deal with thereafter that Joe and his partner turned back their holdings.

Because of these circumstances, Joe reasoned that it was not the appropriate time to approach the company for a lease over Daniely's vein. Besides, Joe had his own business to look after and he could wait until the situation improved.

TEN YEARS passed. To further complicate matters, Joe somehow misplaced Daniely's last address in California and was unable to get in touch with him to see if he were even still alive. He hadn't heard from his friend for a long time.

Joe finally got a second try at Daniely's rich vein through Frank Stall, one of the brothers who controlled the famous Stall lease at the mine. Frank had long since flung the vast fortune he had made from the National to the four winds of the earth and was so broke that Joe had even staked him on a few ventures that had not panned out. Stall was a man who Joe felt could be trusted and probably knew more about the National than any other living person, so Joe told him all about Bill Daniely's rich discovery.

In the 1940's Frank Stall was able to obtain a lease over the actual ground where Daniely had found gold. Up to now this fabulous vein had successfully eluded all those who had known or tried to get it. Long years before, Daniely had told Joe how the vein crossed under several large tanks that sat near the creek bottom. It would be a simple job to relocate the positions of the old tanks, drive a tunnel and intersect the vein. Joe said he remembered where the tanks stood. However, Joe had failed to count on a number of things. Waste and tailings from the main workings had been washed down the creek for more than thirty years. Roads had been moved several times.

A lot of different tanks had occupied positions along the creek bed. Waterspouts had roared down the canyon several times and erased important landmarks. All remaining traces of the old water tunnel were gone and none of the old-timers could remember just where the tunnel had started. Some recalled seeing the tunnel, but were vague about its location; others said that they recalled seeing water tunnels, which added to the confusion. Nobody could remember which one Daniely had worked in.

Joe may have been confused as to the exact location, but he explained as best he could remember where he thought the location of the tanks and tunnel to be. Frank hired one man to help with the drilling and mucking and began a tunnel out of the creek bed at a higher elevation on the hillside in hope of hitting the vein near its outcropping.

About a week or so after the work had been started, a soft rhyolite formation was encountered about twenty feet from the portal. While driving through this white rock, a soft, mushy, blue clay was extracted from one of the drill holes. Stall, seeing this clay, went wild with enthusiasm and exclaimed, "That's the very same kind of material we took our high grade from in early days! We're going to hit ore! This blue clay is being squeezed from a vein!"

Early the next morning, Frank awoke and was dismayed to see a foot of new snow on the ground, with more coming down. Winters at National can be fierce so Frank and his hired man decided to leave just as quickly as possible—they were not prepared to stay in the mountains during winter. They didn't depart any too soon, either, finding it necessary to shovel newly fallen snow out of the road for almost half-a-mile. Their small pickup had to be pushed foot by foot up the snow-covered grade.

Frank didn't mind, though, for he was excited. He could hardly wait until he could return in the spring to locate Daniely's gold.

While returning to his home in California, Stall stopped in the little town of Orovada, Nevada, and was heard by the store owner to say, "I'm going back to National in the spring and take out more millions there than were ever taken out before."

But once again fate dealt its cruel hand. Frank never came back. He went hunting near his home at Richardson Springs, California, that winter and did not return. His body was found in a wooded creek the next spring. Evidently he had stumbled and accidently had been shot by the discharge of his own gun.

STALL'S tunnel now stands just as he left it that cold wintry day. Shortly after his death, Lyon told the entire preceding story to my brother Ralph and me. We were, of course, skeptical but we tried to retrace Bill Daniely's steps. What had become of him? Why hadn't he returned to claim his gold? We needed the answers to these questions. We were at a dead-end until finally, after a long search through his papers, Lyon turned up the last letter that he had received from Bill Daniely.

It was dated October 14, 1936, and was mailed from Quincy, Plumas County, California. The letter was brief and read as follows: "Dear Joe: I see in the print you have a lease on the National Mine and would like to know if you found the place I told you about when I was at your home many years ago. Write me a line—tell me all you know about the National Mine. Resp. W. T. Daniely."

This letter had been written almost twenty-five years after Daniely found his golden vein. The passing of a quarter-century had not dampened or lessened Daniely's hopes that there might still be a chance.

The letter was the first real clue in our search. We wrote to his last address but the letters came back, stamped "Unknown." Finally we received a letter from the State of California Department of Public Health that was a stunning blow—Bill Daniely had died in Quincy on September 20, 1945. He had lived in that community for twenty-five years and was seventy-three years old at his death. Records showed that he had been a pensioner and had no known relatives.

Our next step was to place an advertisement in the Quincy paper for information about anyone who might have known Bill Daniely. Promptly an answer was received from a mining engineer who said he had known Daniely at Quincy for some time and had become his close friend.

This was at last a tangible lead; we followed it up immediately by a letter asking if Daniely had ever told him anything about a discovery at the National many years ago. The prompt reply to this question was:

"Mr. Daniely was an old friend of mine. We made two trips to National together. The first was too early one year and we got stuck in the mud. Next year the roads were still bad and we weren't able to get to the camp of National. So we planned on going again which never matured as he died in the meantime. He said there had not been any ore taken from the place he knew and that he alone was the only one that knew where it was. Claimed the ore ran as high as $90 a pound at the old price of gold."

We made a trip to Quincy to talk with the engineer in person. He was unable to add to what he had already told us. We asked if Bill Daniely might not have been mistaken about finding gold. "No," the engineer replied, "Bill knew his ores. What Daniely found was 'cut and dried,' there was no doubt about it. I tested him many times before making the trips to see if he could be fooled on his ores. I even made a special trip to the School of Mines in Reno, Nevada, with him where they had some of the rich samples of National ore. He recognized the samples immediately as National high-grade."

While in Quincy we inquired among many people who had known Bill Daniely personally. We were told by all these individuals that Bill had always been a reliable, upstanding person, was dependable, and was never known to stretch or exaggerate stories. Those very close to Daniely related that Bill always talked about returning to a gold prospect someplace in Nevada and that someday he expected to take it "easy." Daniely had kept his secret well.

Little by little we pieced together the missing segments to our story. Bill's time book was even located and compared for the years that he had worked at the National Mine. From one of the old mine superintendents we learned there had been such a water tunnel, but it had been so long ago that he didn't remember just

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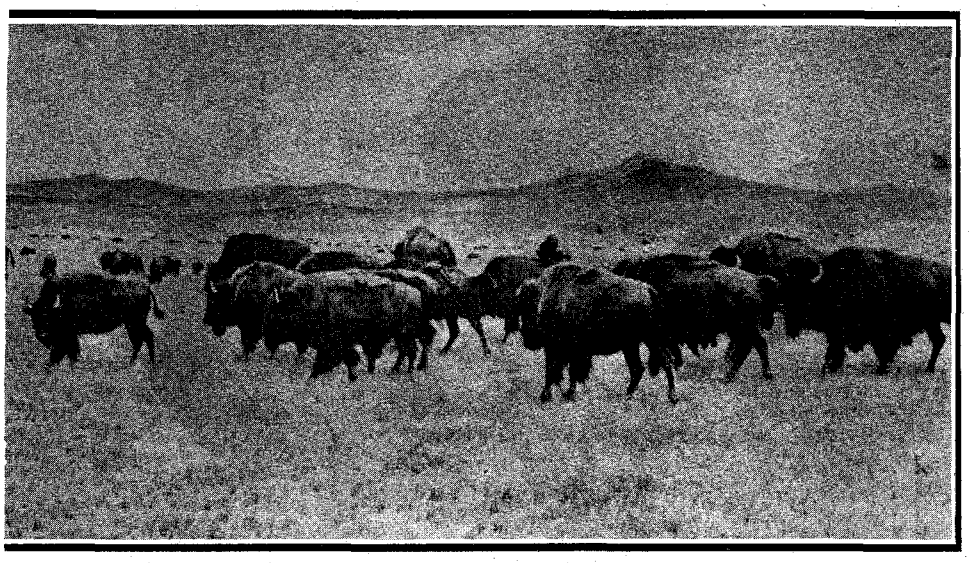


MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

A herd of buffaloes. The photo was taken in 1907.

THE GLORY of the hunt! Handsome braves, fearlessly mounted on fine stallions, sweep through the herd downing shaggy buffalo bulls with single shafts from their powerful bows. What greater pleasure could an Indian know?

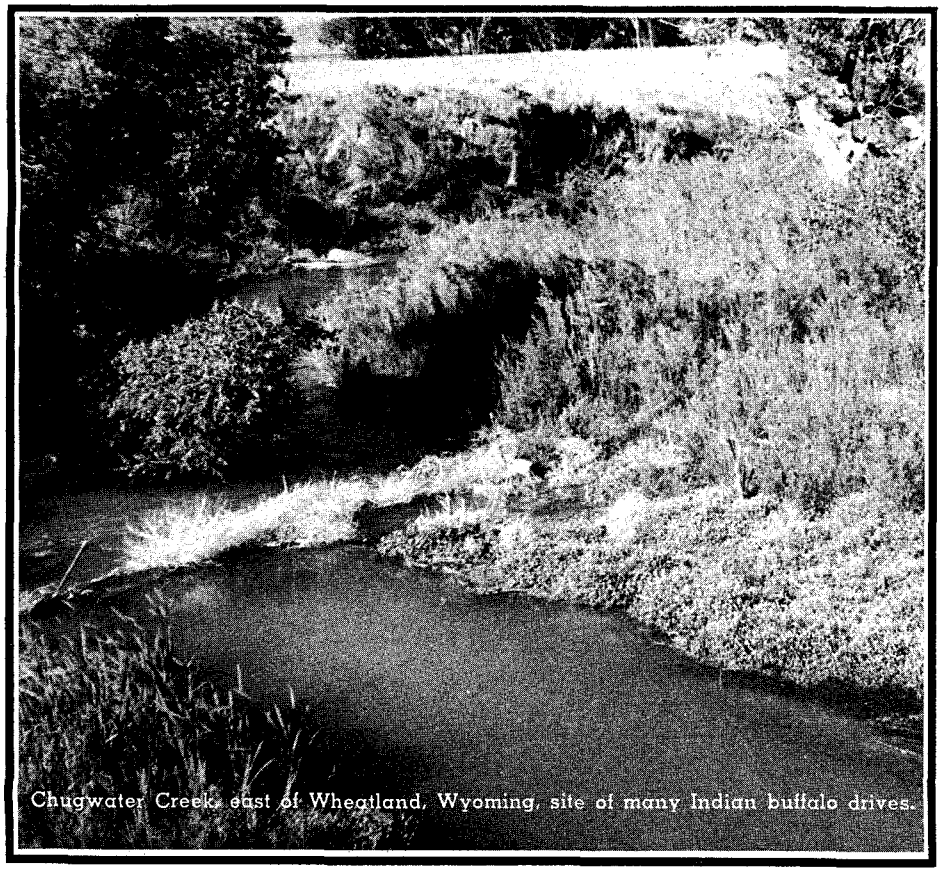
The picture is false. It was, perhaps, invented by some eastern romanticist who had never seen an Indian buffalo drive, never seen the hard work it entailed. For a hunt was not a glorious pastime; it was dangerous labor which had to be undertaken as a means of preservation. Very few of the old Indian buffalo hunters ever spoke lightly of a hunt.

Not only was the Indian hunter in constant danger from the game he pursued, but he was also vulnerable to attack from enemies. Each tribe was jealously protective of its hunting grounds and wars were often fought over choice areas. The need to set up semi-permanent corrals and traps made the possession of a particularly good area that much more important.

By BILL JUDGE

Long before either the horse or the gun became possessions of the Plains Indians, the redman had devised a way to kill game quickly and at comparatively small risk.

Buffalo Drives



Chugwater Creek, east of Wheatland, Wyoming, site of many Indian buffalo drives.

Before the Indian acquired either the horse or the gun, he had devised means to kill great numbers of buffaloes at comparatively small risk to himself. The most simple of these methods was called the buffalo "surround." A small herd was ringed in and as the animals milled restlessly, the circle was closed and the buffaloes shot down.

A refinement on this was the development of the corral-type enclosure, with brush wings leading out into the prairie. The buffaloes, driven into the corral, were there dispatched by the hunters. The main disadvantage was the frequency with which the buffaloes broke through the corral.

Probably, at some early time an enterprising hunter had witnessed a stampeding herd plunge to its death over the edge of a high cliff. At any rate, the Indians added driving buffaloes over precipices to their other methods of hunting. Chugwater Creek, in Wyoming, is said to have been named for the peculiar sound made by buffaloes plunging over the cliff edge into the water below.

Sites ideal for drives of this kind were not common. Several conditions were necessary. The tribe had to be able to camp near the cliff, since a drive location was of little benefit if the meat and hides had to be transported a long distance after the kill. Before the coming of the horse, everything had to be transported on the Indians' backs or by dog travois. A village traveling on foot moved no more often than necessary. A supply of fresh water and sufficient wood to

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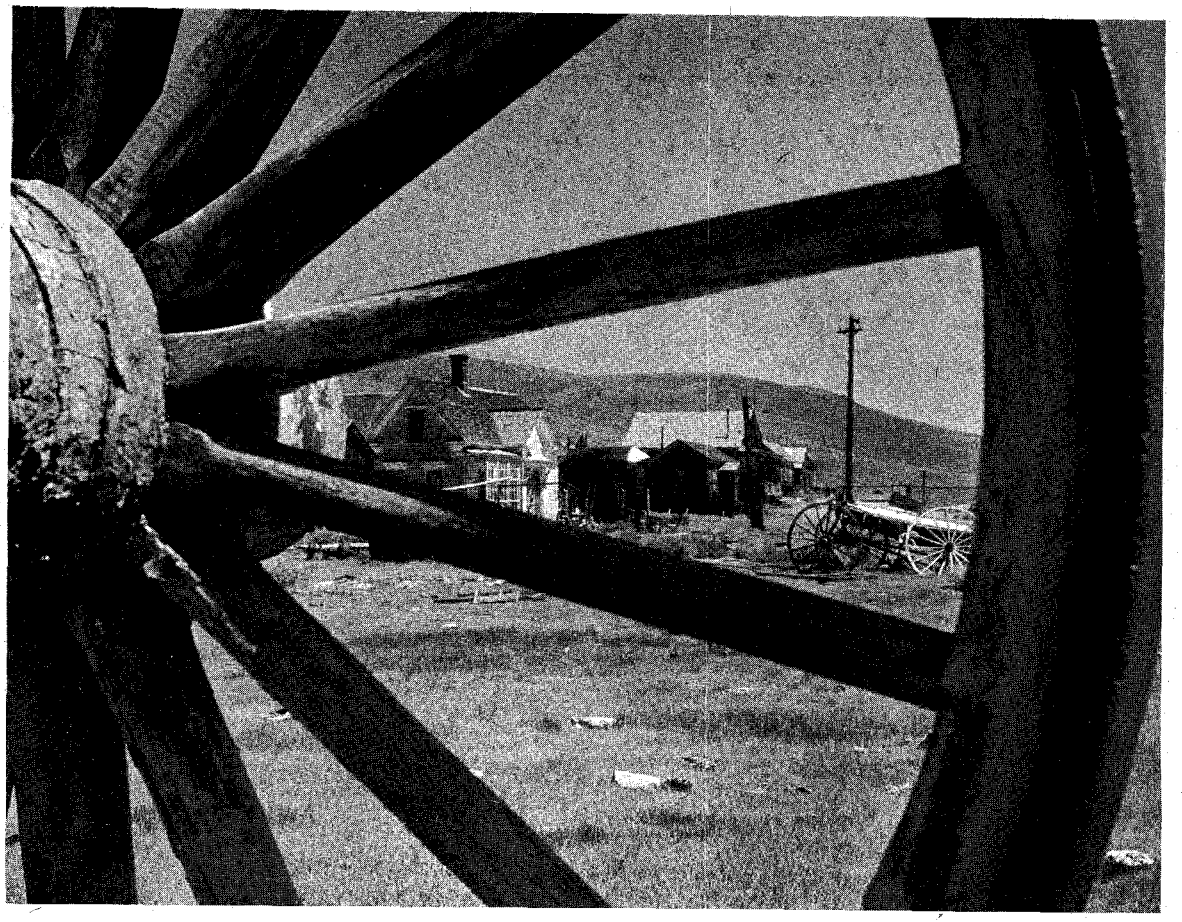

NELL MURBARGER

A view of Bodie in 1950.

"Goodbye God, we're going to Bodie."
"Good! By God, we're going to Bodie!"
It all depended on how you felt about the town that owed its discovery to a wounded rabbit and its name to a signpainter's mistake.

Badman's Roost

By REMI NADEAU

NELL MURBARGER

Bodie, 1960.

"AS SOON as the local talent get to thinking they're tough," a Comstock undertaker once complained, "they go try it out in Bodie and Bodie undertakers get the job of burying them."

No doubt about it, Bodie was a bad town. It was gloriously rich; it was remote; and its boom in the late '70's was timed to draw a horde of adventurers from Virginia City and other fading Nevada camps. This combination gave meaning to the standard Western phrase, "Badman from Bodie." One arrival of 1879 noted six fatal shooting scrapes during his first week in town. The *Bodie Standard* of September 5, 1880, mentioned three shootings and two stage holdups—apparently an ordinary day's work. A little girl, whose family was leaving the neighboring town of Aurora for the new camp, ended her nightly prayer with: "Goodbye, God, we're going to Bodie!"

The saying caught on in the raucous mining town—but native Bodie-ites tampered with the punctuation and came out with the version that the prayer ended, "Good! By God, we're going to Bodie!"

Maybe this bloodthirsty reputation is what makes Bodie the ghost town archetype in the minds of most present-day Westerners. It is also one of the best preserved and, from its convenient location near Mono Lake on the Los Angeles-Reno highway, one of the most visited. But the name alone is enough to assure its memory. Could any word, spoken with a deep-throated growl, sound more formidable than "Bodie"?

According to legend, Bodie owes its discovery to a wounded rabbit and its name to a signpainter's mistake. In 1858, Waterman ("Bill") Body, an adventurous Dutchman from New York, crossed the Sierras from the Mother Lode to reach a new strike at Monoville, a now forgotten camp near the southern shore of

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Mono Lake. The following July, while riding past the site of Bodie, he shot and wounded a rabbit. In trying to dig it out of a hole, he discovered something else—gold.

Body never lived to reap the rewards, for he died in a snowstorm while trying to reach his cabin a few months later. But his discovery sparked a mining boom in the Mono country. In August, 1860, the rousing town of Aurora was founded across the border in Nevada. Here it was that a painter is said to have changed Body's name in putting up the sign, "Bodie Public Stables." At any rate, Bodie it has been since the early 1860's.

While Aurora burned brightly during the Civil War, Bodie slumbered. In 1864 one visitor found less than twenty frame and adobe houses in town. Then in the middle '70's two partners paid $950 for what came to be known as the Standard Mine. They barely grubbed out an existence until another accident gave Bodie its tumultuous rebirth. A sudden cave-in exposed a fabulous ore body. The pair took out $37,000 in gold and silver before they sold the mine in 1876 for $65,000.

Meanwhile, the nearby Bodie Mine was languishing—its stock selling at twenty-five cents a share. Unknown to the owners, the miners had discovered a new vein which skyrocketed its real value. Mysteriously, Bodie mine stock began to rise. Before its original promoters could buy it back, it had soared to $55 per share. Miners who had taken it in lieu of wages earned $880 a day; a Chinese launderer came off with $55 for cleaning a shirt. In a month, Bodie yielded $600,000 in ore.

MINERS who had stampeded to every strike from the Mother Lode to Pikes Peak now turned their feet toward Bodie. By February, 1878, the new camp was so overrun that one arrival wrote of difficulty in finding "even a place to spread one's blankets." Chilling winds, snowstorms and the altitude (9,000 feet) made Bodie a miserable place.

By the end of the '78 rush, Bodie had over 100 buildings of familiar false fronts and wooden awnings and some 3,000 heavy-booted, wide-hatted adventurers. Through her bustling streets moved horsemen and pack burros, twenty-mule freight wagons from as far as Mojave on the Southern Pacific Railroad and Wadsworth on the Central Pacific, with daily and weekly stagecoaches from Carson City, Sonora, Mammoth City and Owens Valley.

In its heyday between 1878 and 1881, Bodie ran full blast round-the-clock, both above and below ground. Underneath, in the shafts of the Standard, the Bodie, and nearly thirty other mines on the side of famed Bodie Bluff, a total of $25,000,000 in gold and silver ore was being removed. On top, fortunes were passing across the bars and gaming tables of the Bonanza, Rifle Club, Champion and a dozen or so other saloons which graced the main street.

At its height Bodie boasted two banks, three breweries, half-a-dozen hotels, a sizeable red light district, four daily newspapers, a well-populated Boot Hill, a volunteer fire brigade and what was claimed as the West's biggest Chinatown after San Francisco's. The boys liked to insist that Bodie had "the widest streets of any western mining town, the wickedest men and the worst climate out-of-doors."

From the beginning Bodie was tough and proud of it. One of the earliest and most popular sports was claim-jumping. In May, 1878, the superintendent of the Standard Mine discovered a crew of government surveyors running lines on Standard property for a rival claimant. After a short parley, during which the mine boss was backed by an armed posse, the surveyors saw the point and withdrew.

Matters were not always settled this easily. In August, 1879, the adjacent Owyhee and Jupiter Mines hired professional gunmen and from two makeshift forts, the rival corps carried on an exchange of fire for two days. Then the Jupiter forces tried strategy. One group jumped into the open to draw Owyhee fire while another gained a commanding position on higher ground. With bullets coming through their roof, the Owyhees managed to hold out until several hundred armed members of the Bodie Miners Union marched up and halted the fight.

Each side had lost one man, but it was the Jupiter superintendent and five of his men who were arrested. Their sentence by a vigilante court—twenty-four hours to get out of town. It is said that the Jupiter boss swaggered around Bodie insulting various citizens until the last hour, then jumped in a buggy and wheeled away at top speed.

APPARENTLY the original "Badman from Bodie" was one "Rough-and-Tumble Jack," who was described by a Nevada newspaper as "one of the roughest and toughest customers ever known." In January, 1878, he was boasting of his physical prowess in a Main Street bar, claiming to be the undisputed "chief" of Bodie. He went outside with one challenger and the two coolly drew guns at a

(Continued on page 52)

Bodie as it appeared in 1906.

NELL MURBARGER

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Red Lightning Struck

By CURTIS BISHOP

ADOBE WALLS was built in 1843 by William Bent, one of two ambitious brothers who dominated early commerce on the prairies. Charles was a leading figure in traffic between Santa Fe and Missouri; Bill chose to deal directly with Indian tribes. The celebrated Bent's Fort in present-day Colorado served as his headquarters but he wanted friendly traffic with more than the local Cheyennes and Blackfeet.

A permanent post on the Canadian could have rewritten the early history of the Plains. Bill Bent made a strong effort to achieve it, raising a stockade eighty feet square, with walls nine feet high and three feet thick.

But neither the Comanches nor the Kiowas would trade with the Missourian. Bent almost lost his scalp and by 1845 the trading post stood empty. Comanche war parties stopped there often, even the Penatika clan, which supposedly accepted peace terms and a reservation in 1855.

Actually only about half of the Penatikas ever settled on the reservation in what is now Throckmorton County. The other Comanche peoples—the Yamporika, the Kotsteka, the Noconi and the Quahadi never abandoned their warlike ideas. In 1859 U.S. troops forced the Penatikas to move north of the Red River.

They stayed peaceful enough for almost two years, then took advantage of the Civil War to renew raids on the hated Tejanos, killing several hundred settlers and driving back white settlements a full 100 miles.

The Comanches were safe from Army attacks until Federal troops defeated the Confederate forces in New Mexico. The defeat at Val Verde ended organized Rebel resistance in the Southwest and the Yankees reoccupied forts in New Mexico and Fort Davis in Texas. By 1864, they were ready to campaign against the prairie Indians.

Not all the Yankee officers had any stomach for Indian fighting. The California Column included captains and majors with ideas on how to show a profit out of military duty and their concentration on fiscal affairs set the New Mexico stage for Billy the Kid and the Lincoln County War.

Colonel Christopher Carson of the First Cavalry, New Mexico Volunteers, was of a different stripe. Already a legend, "Kit" could track Indians anywhere, even Comanches. He led a command of 14 officers, 321 enlisted men, and 75 friendly Indians into the Canadian River region. His materiel included two mountain howitzers, twenty-seven wagons, an ambulance and forty-five days' rations. His destination: Adobe Walls; his intention: to convert the abandoned post into a prairie stronghold.

The force camped at Mule Springs on the night of November 25, 1864. Scouts reported Comanches encamped at the old trading post. Kiowas had set up a village of 150 lodges nearby.

Carson attacked the Kiowas first. The cavalry hit the lodges about 8:30 in the morning and dealt out ruthless death to men, women and children. Survivors fled in all directions, warning the Comanches of the white men's strength.

Carson forted up in Adobe Walls the same day, using one corner of the ruins for a hospital. A Comanche village of 500 lodges stood within a mile of his stronghold. By nightfall, no less than 5,000 Indians threatened Kit's position. (Some sources put the number as high as 7,000 but that figure seems exaggerated. The total fighting strength of the Comanches was no more than 8,000 in 1864, and not all threatened Adobe Walls.)

The redmen attacked sporadically, losing warriors under the walls, retreating, then charging again to retrieve the dead. The seasoned Carson knew his defenders could hold off a hundred such sallies. But what about a long siege? He could expect neither reinforcements nor additional supplies. He decided to fight his way out while he could. The retreat started November 27.

Adobe Walls was again abandoned to the buzzards, horned toads and Comanches. Carson reported to his Washington superiors that it would take a thousand soldiers to hold the post.

THE ARMY decided to let it go. The Treaty of Medicine Lodge settled hostilities for a while. Then, about 1871, the buffalo hide became a valuable commodity. The whites learned how to tan the skins into marketable leathers. Hundreds of jobless men took to the plains; crack hunters organized skinning crews. Buffaloes were killed by the thousands and when herds north of the Canadian were depleted, the hunters moved onto the north Texas plains.

With them came bold traders. Charlie Myers, Charles Rath, and Jim Hanrahan "set up shop" about a mile-and-a-quarter from William Bent's abandoned post in the spring of 1874. Three moons later the Comanches and their allies, approached the little outpost where twenty-one buffalo hunters were camped. The white men didn't know that a Comanche war leader, Quanah, had recruited Kiowa and Cheyenne clans for an all-out war against the pale-skinned invaders.

Hanrahan, Myers and Rath knew the attack was coming. Amos Chapman, a fine scout, had warned these entrepreneurs that red lightning would strike —probably in late June; nevertheless, Hanrahan and his two business associates decided to stay on and take their chances.

A handful of good marksmen could hold the prairie fortress against any Comanche war party. The only worry that occurred to these calculating traders was that the hunters might get fed up with loafing around and leave the post unprotected or that the Comanches might take the fort by surprise. Hanrahan, however, didn't dare let Billy Dixon and the other nomadic hunters know that Quanah had marked the post for early destruction. The buffalo hunters were not committed to a death-stand anywhere. They faced the Indian menace only to ply their profitable trade, without fancying themselves any kinds of heroes.

Chapman promised to warn the traders if any hostiles approached. A single pistol shot about 2 a.m. on the morning of June 27 meant nothing to the sleeping hunters but Hanrahan recognized the signal and roused most of the hunters on the pretext that he needed help repairing a broken ridgepole. Then he handed out free whiskey to keep them awake.

Billy Dixon refused more drinks; he meant to push out again that day. He couldn't make money loafing around a saloon. The cagey Hanrahan pointed to the streaked sky. Daybreak was almost here, he argued. Dixon might as well stay up and get an early start.

Dixon agreed. He sent Billy Ogg to get his horses, grazing along the creek a quarter-mile away. Dixon started packing his wagon. Thinking Ogg was taking a long time with the horses, Dixon started toward the creek. He suddenly spotted dark moving objects in the scant timber along the stream and guessed what they were. The roar of his buffalo gun shattered the night's stillness.

Not until he had fired did Billy Dixon realize he had opened up on the most formidable Indian force he had ever seen —rather than a horse-stealing party.

He saw his mistake instantly. Turning, he ran for Hanrahan's saloon. The door was already closed; the forewarned Irishman had reacted quickly. Bullets whistled around Dixon, thudding into the heavy door. Finally it opened for him and he stumbled inside. On his heels came Billy Ogg, who had miraculously run through the shower of bullets. Only two of Adobe Walls' defenders were caught completely off-guard. The Shadler brothers—Ike and Shorty—had held aloof from the drinking and were bedded down in their covered wagon. The din must have aroused them, but not in time. Their barking dog drew the Indians to their wagon and the Cheyennes dealt with them swiftly.

ALL of the other white men were ready to fight. Many wore only their undershirts and drawers and some were barefoot. But they had guns, plenty of ammunition and stout cover.

Inside Hanrahan's saloon were Bat Masterson, Mike Welch, Hiram Watson, Ogg, Dixon, James McKinley, "Bermuda" Carlisle, Oscar Sheppard and Hanrahan himself.

Defending Myers' store were Fred Leonard, James Campbell, Edward Trevor, Frank Brown, Harry Armitage, "Dutch" Henry, Billy Tyler, Billy Keeler, Mike McCabe and "Frenchy."

James Langton, George Eddy, Thomas

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Twice

O'Keefe, Sam Smith, William Olds and Andy Johnson guarded Rath's store. With them was Olds' wife, who worked to satisfy the ravenous appetites of these grizzled men. All were good Indian fighters. They moved sacks of flour to reinforce the doors and chipped out portholes in the sod and picket walls.

Outside the savage horde battered at walls and doors with gun butts but the structures held. The scalping of the Shadlers created a momentary diversion but by daylight the second battle of Adobe Walls was in full swing. Over 1,000 Indians raged outside three buildings defended by twenty-eight men and one woman.

These were fanatical savages, aroused to a frenzy by Quanah, war chief of the Quahadi clan of the Comanches. A gifted medicine man, Little Wolf, had helped Quanah persuade Lone Wolf, Big Bow, Stone Calf and White Shield to accept his battle authority. Lone Wolf fought as just another Kiowa warrior, not as a war chief. Stone Calf and White Shield rode at the head of the Cheyennes, but yielded leadership to the half-blood son of Peta Nocona and Cynthia Ann Parker. Quanah's "coup" of 1871 had gained him recognition as the boldest and shrewdest of the "Horse Indians." He had not only outmaneuvered General Mackenzie in a bloody summer campaign but had stolen several hundred U.S. Army horses.

N. H. ROSE COLLECTION

Quanah Parker

Adobe Walls! Now TRUE WEST presents an authoritative account of both famous battles, the product of long and tedious research by one of Texas' most competant historians.

Quanah had planned this war of 1874 carefully. Getting the scattered Indian clans to unite, overcoming their fears of fighting pitched battles against the white men, and struggling with the varied superstitions of three prairie nations, had been major accomplishments. He was an orator and organizer second to none.

Quanah had them fighting as a unit, using strategy learned from the enemy. Kiowas and Cheyennes charged or fell back in response to clear, piercing notes from a captured Army bugle, one of Mackenzie's own.

COULD twenty-eight buffalo hunters hold the post that Kit Carson said a thousand soldiers couldn't defend?

If they could, then Little Wolf's "medicine" was weak indeed. The Cheyennes and Kiowas would scatter, leaving the Quahadis to fight alone.

That fear obsessed Quanah. The first wild assault cost some two dozen warriors. Another ten or twelve died as the Comanche war leader yielded to the superstitious demands of his people—that the bodies of the slain must be recovered at all costs.

And the bugle calls—what a ghastly mistake! The hunters knew them by heart. There was no wasted time or effort and no guessing the Indians' intent. The crack marksmen knew when to fire and when to reload their rifles.

Quanah's bugler wavered in his duty shortly after noon. He sneaked off to steal sugar and coffee from the Shadler wagon. Harry Armitage dropped him with a single shot from his Sharps. From then on the Indians fought without Quanah's commands.

The savages abandoned any notion of taking the buildings by storm. They formed ambushes around the adobe barricades, hoping the white men would run out of ammunition. Those in Hanrahan's saloon almost did. But Dixon and Hanrahan ran through Indian bullets to Rath's store and returned with a filled sack.

By nightfall the savages had fallen back beyond range. Three buffalo hunters were dead; nearly all the horses and oxen had been slaughtered. The fight wasn't over, but such veterans of their trade as Dixon and Masterson knew the Indians wouldn't attack in the dark. Henry Lease volunteered to go for help and slipped out of the walls on a strong mount.

The next morning dawned without an assault. Quanah had apparently abandoned any notion of taking the walls by storm but mounted warriors showed on every skyline. Some fifteen Indians sat their ponies on a bluff east of the creek. Billy Dixon studied the distance and decided to try a shot. He took careful aim with his big Sharps "50." To the hunters' amazement, the Cheyenne warrior slowly toppled from his pony. His fellow warriors turned and fled.

A single shot from a Sharps, a single Cheyenne victim! Quanah had counted dozens of dead warriors already and expected to lose many more. But this deadly shot across 1,538 yards of rolling country was more than he had bargained for. The Cheyennes and the Kiowas lost all faith in Quanah's medicine man. The witch doctor had promised the Great Spirit would guard them from the white man's bullets. What was this, then? A killing shot fired from almost a mile! How could Quanah claim any longer that the Great Spirit favored this war!

Lone Wolf led his Kiowas off to the north. Stone Calf and White Shield took their Cheyennes out of the fight. The disgusted Quanah yielded to the wishes of

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Above, Bat Masterson. Below, a rare old photo of Kit Carson.

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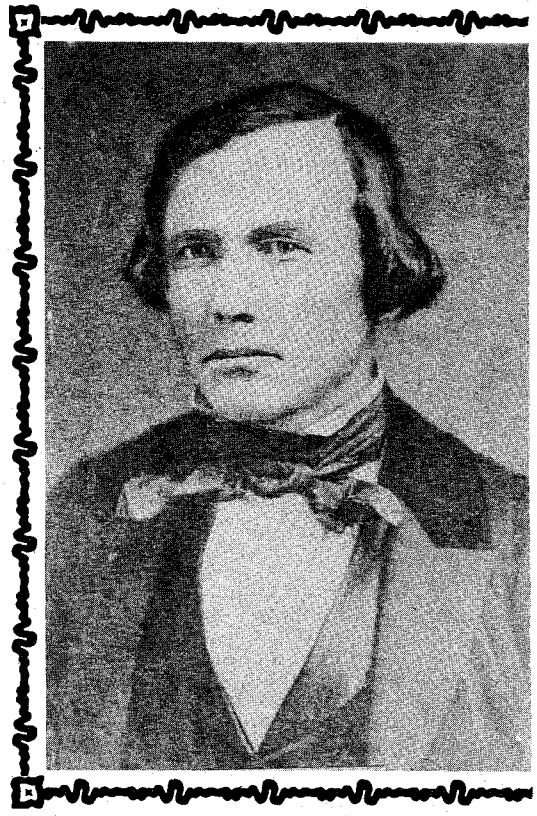

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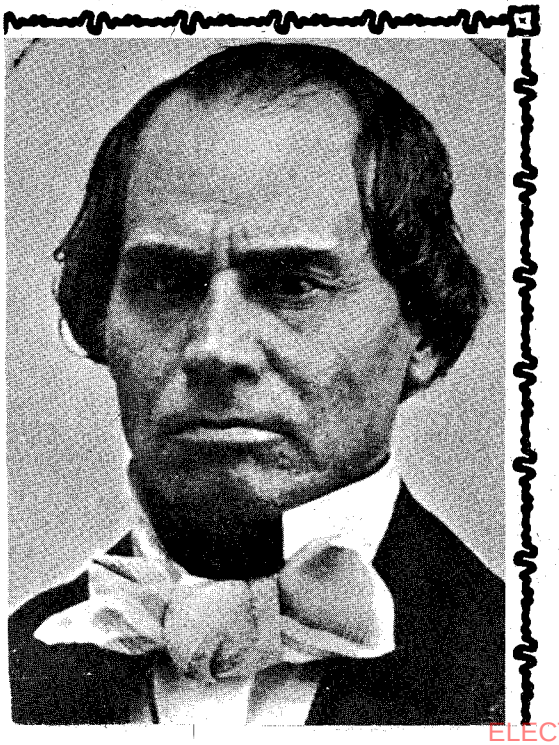
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF COLORADO



Above, a Comanche brave and two squaws. The photo was taken a few years after the second Adobe Walls fight. Below, William Bent, who founded Adobe Walls.

his uneasy Quahadis and ordered a retreat.

The last casualty inside Adobe Walls came accidentally. Billy Olds was manning a lookout atop Rath's store and shot himself climbing down a ladder. He died instantly, and was buried just behind the store he had defended.

Lease reached Dodge City with the alarm and a week later General Nelson A. Miles brought a formidable force to the battle site. The Army grimly pursued Quanah. Billy Dixon accompanied the expedition as chief scout. Quanah surrendered the following June and the Quahadi settled on a reservation north of Red River. To Quanah a treaty was meant to be kept. The Quahadi never took the warpath again.

Nor, for that matter, did the traders or the buffalo hunters ever return to Adobe Walls. Only a granite marker shows where twenty-eight men upset the war plans of the last free Comanche.

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Reverend White Parker, Iowa Methodist minister, at Fletcher, Oklahoma, and members of his family from the Comanche side of the Parker family at Fort Parker in 1952.

Comanche Reunion

By BETTY FLANAGAN

Descendants of the Indian leader at the Adobe Walls fight annually "smoke the peacepipe" with progeny of the white side of the Parker family.

IT'S NEWS when Comanche Indians and an East Texas family named Parker hold an annual family reunion. The reunion (usually the first part of September) lasts three days and is held on alternating years at Fort Parker State Park in Limestone County, Texas, and in the Wichita Mountains, near Cache, Oklahoma.

When the first meeting was held at Fort Parker in 1953, the Comanche-blooded Parkers, largely from Oklahoma, brought relics that were once prized by Chief Quanah to Groesbeck, Texas, to be placed in the Fort Parker Museum. The Texas Parkers were also treated to colorful Indian ceremonies performed by their Oklahoma brothers. Then there was an inspection of a replica of the old stronghold where the Fort Parker Massacre occurred in May, 1836.

The common heritage of these people goes way back to the summer of 1832 when Elder Daniel Parker, a backwoods preacher from Illinois, had a vision in which the Lord called him to establish a church in the Mexican State of Texas. Elder Parker began his journey soon afterwards, though he knew his task would be a difficult and dangerous one. Texas at that time was Roman Catholic; the Mexican Government prohibited the establishment of any Protestant Church within its boundaries.

On his arrival in Mexico City, Elder Parker appealed to the Mexican governor for permission to organize a church and was refused. The official, however, dropped the hint that, while it was unlawful to organize a Protestant Church in the colony, the Mexican Government would not interfere with a church which was already organized.

The fiery Parker, publisher of a pamphlet setting forth his strong belief of the "Two-Seeds-in-the-Spirit" doctrine, immediately rode back to Illinois by way of Stephen F. Austin's colony, then established in central Texas, and secured his permission to move a congregation of Primitive Baptists into Texas.

On July 26, 1833, in Crawford County, Illinois, Daniel Parker organized the Pilgrim Predestinarian Regular Baptist Church. The name Pilgrim was selected because of the long journey to a distant land. By August, when the wagons were ready to roll, the Texas-bound caravan of this "arm" of an established church had grown to twenty-five ox-drawn wagons.

Included in this group were Parker's five sons and a brother, John Parker, with his six sons and their families. They held their first religious service on January 20, 1834, and Elder Parker and his family settled at Fort Brown, later moving to within two and one-half miles of the present Elkhart, Texas. There they built a tiny log church, a replica of which is still standing.

SOON the band of Parkers divided. Brother John and his six sons decided to move on 75 miles west, settling on the Navasota River, where they built Fort Parker for protection. They prospered until one bright May morning in 1836 when 500 Comanche and Kiowa Indians approached the fort. Ben Parker thought these Indians were probably looking for a watering hole nearer the river so he decided to go out to meet them.

Without warning a big brave killed Ben on the spot. The Indians then circled the fort, completely cutting off the workers in the field from protection. Lucy Parker tried to reach the stockade with her four children but was surrounded by warriors. She was forced to lift nine-year-old Cynthia Ann up behind a Comanche while a Kiowa brave slung six-year-old John up in front of himself. Lucy died some years later without ever seeing either child again.

John and Cynthia Ann grew up as Indian children. Cynthia Ann finally married a Comanche brave, Peta Nocona, and became the mother of Quanah, Pecas and Prairie Flower. Twenty-four years later, Sam Houston, then Governor of Texas, sent Captain Sul Ross with forty Rangers to capture this band of Indians. Cynthia Ann, with Prairie Flower strapped to her back, was captured but her two boys and Peta Nocona escaped.

As Quanah Parker told an assembled group at the reburial of his mother's body in the cemetery at Post Oak Mission in 1910, "Forty years ago my mother died. Love Indian life so well, no want to go back to white folks. All same people anyway, God says."

Chief Quanah is reported to have had seven wives and twenty-three children. Several of the Chief's children lived in the Wichita Mountains, traditional home of the Comanches. Mrs. Nita Birdsong daughter of his second wife, lived in the

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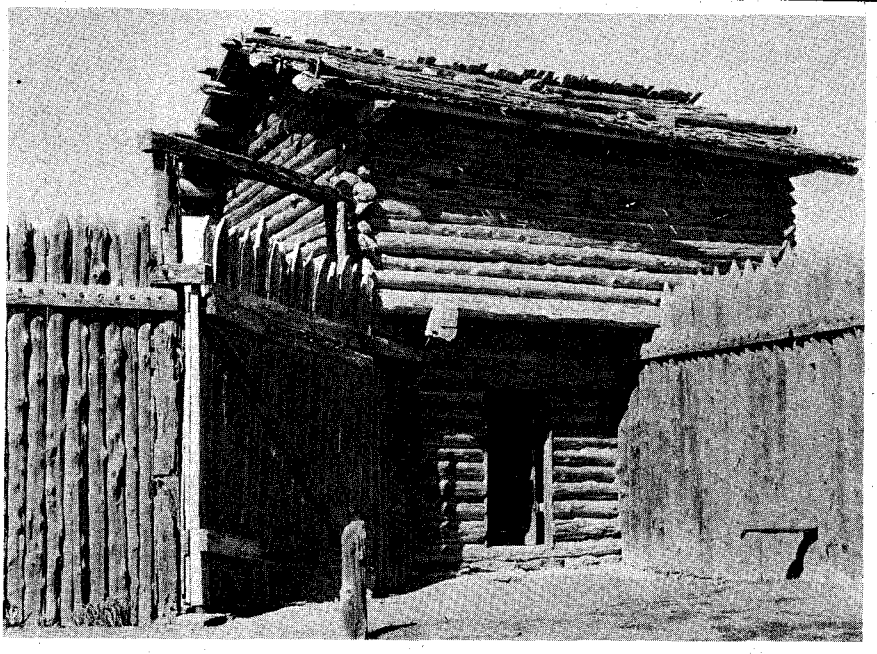
Above, Quanah Parker. This photo was taken after his surrender at Fort Sill in 1875. Above, right, descendants of the two sides of the Parker family smoke the peacepipe. Right, the entrance gate to Fort Parker.



eight-room house her father built west of Cache, Oklahoma, in 1890.

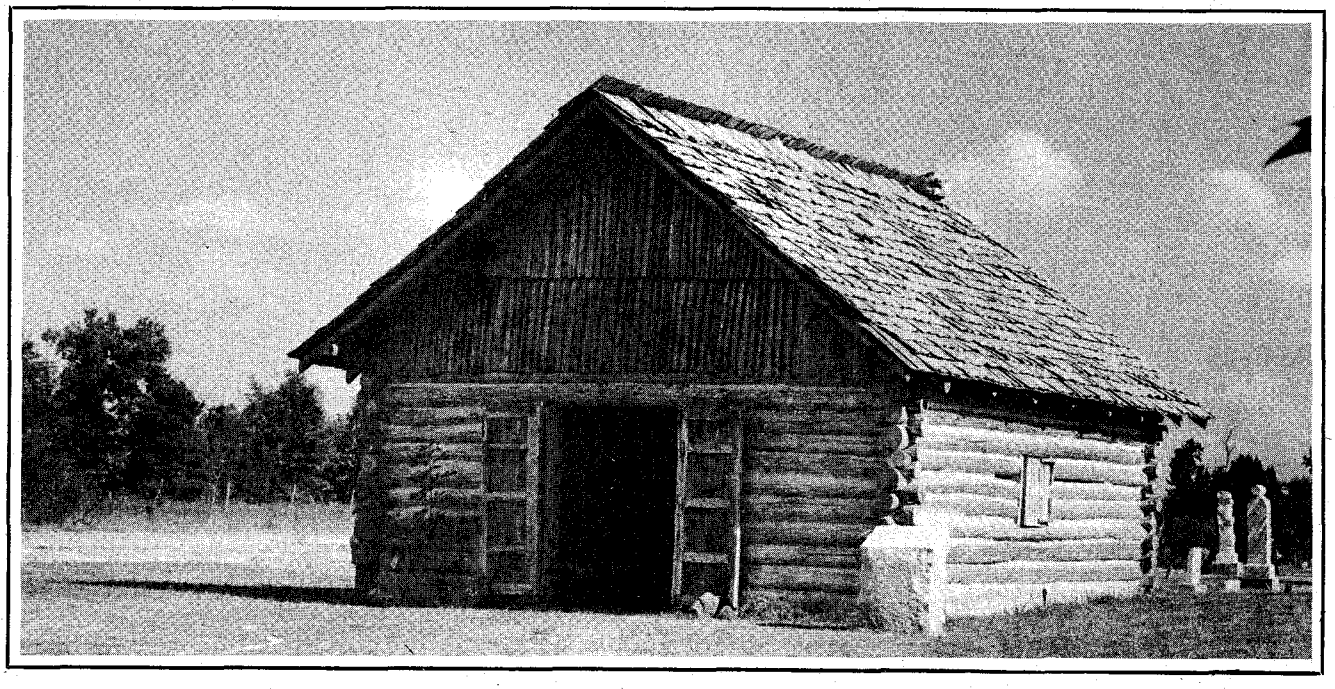
Baldwin Parker lived three miles outside Cache and for a number of years was in a Wild West Show. One of his sons, Reverend White Parker, named for his great-great-great-grandmother Sallie White Parker, was a Methodist minister in Fletcher, Oklahoma. Reverend Parker was considered the family historian on the Comanche side of the family and gathered a great deal of information about the whole family. One of his granddaughters is named for Cynthia Ann.

There were ministers, too, in the Texas branch of Parkers. The white Parker family includes farmers and bankers, some of whom live in Elkhart, and contributed state senators in the early days of the Texas Republic.

Post Oak Cemetery, which was once

(Continued on page 44)

Replica of Pilgrim Church



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Last Days of the Range Wars

Cowboys had guts and lived according to a strict code of honor—even when facing someone they hated.

The author and his three-horse team.

By JAMES E. HARVEY

I WAS BORN in 1886, too late to get in on the real exciting days of the Old West, but I hit a few of the rough spots in the last days of the range wars. In fact, there was one brewing between the sheepmen and the cattlemen in 1913 when I arrived in Moffett County, Colorado, with a bunch of draft horses.

I went out into the middle of the cattle country and took up a homestead which included a lake, and proceeded to fence it. Watering places were scarce in that great desert-like country. The cattlemen didn't like me any better than they did the sheepmen.

It might seem like I was just looking for trouble, but I was not. This was a great horse range. Blue stem country horses would be a gold mine here; I would not have to feed them, summer or winter, and a good team in those days brought $350 to $400.

I had been digging holes and setting posts a few days when I saw a couple of cowboys riding toward me. I went to my saddle horse tied nearby, took my .250 Savage rifle from the scabbard and sat down on a pile of posts to wait for them.

In a few minutes they rode up and stopped before me. "Listen, mister," one of them said, "you're tampering with dangerous business fencing that lake." I learned later that his name was Cook. He was a big, heavy-set fellow with long black whiskers.

"You guys going to try to stop me?" I asked.

"No," he said, "but someone will."

"Okay," I told him, "send the guy around."

"Tough guy, huh?"

"No," I replied, "I'm not tough. I'm just within my rights and within the law."

"Listen, mister," he said, "you're goin' to find we are the law around here."

With that, they turned to ride off. "Be seeing you," Cook shouted, as they galloped away.

IT WAS slow work setting posts alone, but help was scarce. Several times cowboys rode by as I worked. It seemed that big duffer, Cook, was always with them and he never missed shouting insults at me, such as, "How you coming, you nester s.o.b.?" or other things just as bad.

At that time my folks lived a couple miles south of me on White River. I finally got my brother Ned to help finish the fence and build a log house. This done, I thought my worst troubles were over,

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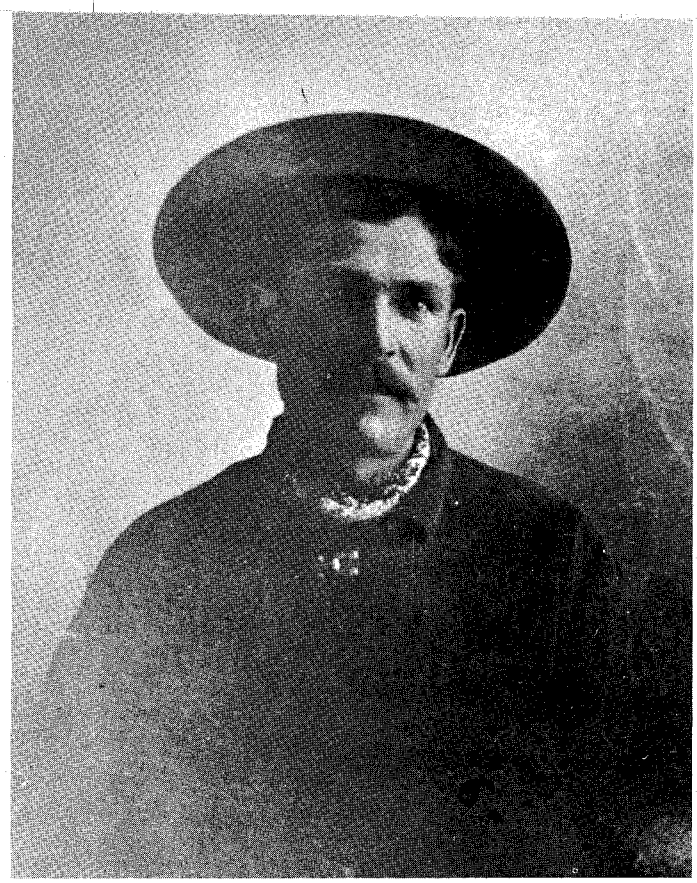
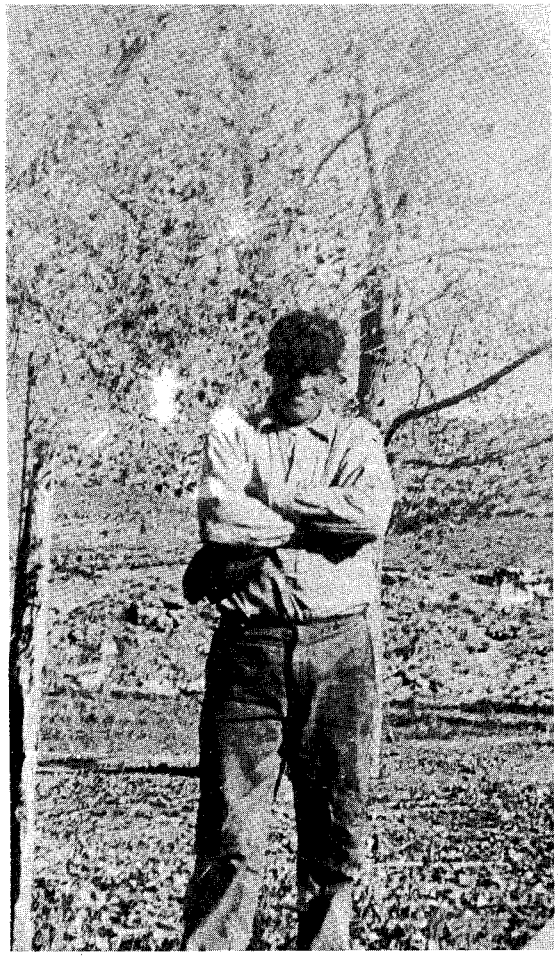


Above, the author as he looked during the range war days. Right, Mrs. Harvey. Far right, two weeks catch of furs from "a truly great land where a man felt free." Below, Ned Harvey in 1913. Notice the cook's cabin in the background to the extreme left.



but I found out they had just started.

I kept a couple of saddlehorses on the place and turned the rest on the range. Every time a cowboy came by my place, he cut the fence so the cattle could get in and my saddlehorses could get out. It's no joke hunting horses on foot in a vast desert like that. There're lots of places they can hide. I put in as many as three days sometimes before I found them.

I had one gate on the west and one on the east. Every time a cowboy went through, I found those gates open. The funny thing was my saddlehorses always seemed to find them before I did. It seemed I didn't have time to do much of anything but hunt horses and repair fence.

Three years passed with pretty much the same pattern. For a quarter-mile up by the lake, the fence had been patched so much it looked like it had been built of scrap wire of the worst kind.

Winters, I got a rest as the cattlemen gathered their stock in from the desert. I trapped coyotes and lynx cats. It gave me a thrill to ride out on the trapline at dawn and hear the coyotes howl all around me. In spite of all the trouble, I liked it. It was a great, vast land—a land where you were free.

But always, when spring came, the same old trouble came with it. It was a bog-hole country along the big washes. I pulled steers out of mud-holes, not to help the cattlemen but because I couldn't let a steer lie in a mud-hole and die. I wouldn't have felt right about it.

Late one fall I left the place and was gone a couple of weeks. It was cold and stormy, roundup time. When I came back, I found my fence up by the lake cut in half-a-dozen places. It looked like a herd of elephants had run through it. At the house, I found the lock had been shot off the door and the house had been full of cattle. Several holes were broken in the floor and all the windows were out. It looked like a barn. I had to go to Meeker, fifty miles away, to get windows.

I was fighting mad, but there was no one around to fight so all I could do was burn. Naturally, I thought Cook was responsible, but I didn't know, so there was nothing I could do. I have been told that other people's shortcomings will not rub off on you. I don't know about that. When I came to that place I was, by nature, a nice, friendly sort of a guy. But how are you going to be friendly with men like that?

Gradually my disposition changed. I became hard and I had a chip on my shoulder all the time. I was looking for trouble. Just the sight of a cowboy made my blood boil.

I MET a girl on White River and on June 17, 1917, we were married. No better woman ever lived. She got a big kick out of it when I told her all the things that happened out on that place.

"You seem to have some real wild neighbors out there," she laughed.

"Yeh," I said, "I sure do. You don't find guys like that often. I've run into a few in my time, but I never got in a place before where they run in bunches."

"Nice, interesting place to live," she mused. "Something going on all the time."

"You said it," I laughed.

"You must be scared of those fellows," she said, "or you'd put a stop to that nonsense." There was a twinkle in her eyes. She knew good and well I wasn't frightened of anyone.

"I will put a stop to it one of these days," I told her, "but first I've got to

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find out just who is doing all the meanness. You want to go out there with me?"

"I'll go where you go," she said soberly. "I'm not scared of anyone."

I got us a milch cow and a bunch of chickens. I wasn't lonesome anymore. Sylvia continually nettled me about being afraid of the cowmen, and in addition to that, she scared the living daylights out of me a time or two.

One day we had been out riding the range. It was dark when we returned. I took the horses to the pasture and when I came back to the house, she was cooking supper.

"I'll go shut the chicken house," I told her. I went out across the road that was back of the house, on to the chicken house, then started back. The road's white dust gleamed in the dark. In it I saw a dark object and, being curious, moved up to get a better look. It came at me with a low growl. There were a lot of rabid coyotes in the desert that summer and I had no desire to get chewed up by one of them, so I started moving away.

The object came faster, and tried to get between me and the house. Now I was really scared. I took off fast but stumbled. Glancing back, I saw that the savage critter almost had me.

I made it around the house on my hands and knees, slid inside and grabbed the old .250 Savage from the rack on the wall.

Sylvia met me at the door, her dark riding skirt over her shoulders. She was laughing so hard she could barely stand up.

"Was that you?" I shouted. "What in hell are you trying to do, get yourself killed?"

I was good and mad but after a bit I saw the funny side of it and it was okay. But I now realized I had something else to look out for. Sylvia continually watched for a chance to spook me and she didn't miss.

EARLY that spring we went out to see Sylvia's folks and were gone a couple of days. When we came back, our cow and calf were gone and the house was full of chickens. The lock had been shot off the door and a sack of grain dumped on the floor.

Sylvia looked at me and her eyes flashed. "Those insolent bums!" she muttered. "How can you keep from killing people like that?"

"For the simple reason," I said angrily, "that you never know who they are."

Late that fall I was plowing some ground and some cowboys were rounding up cattle a half-mile below our place. I had bought another milch cow and she was down there with a bell on.

Sylvia came running over to me. "They are taking our cow," she panted.

I kept on walking. "Aren't you going to do something?" she asked.

"You bet I am," I said, "but I don't want them to see me talking to you. I want to catch them with that cow."

After they went behind a big ridge, I unharnessed the team, turned two loose, saddled the big mare, took my .250 and headed across the badlands.

There were three of them: Earl Cook, Bill Gibson, and Tom Grey. All had the name of being tough gunmen.

"What will you have?" Bill asked as I galloped up.

"I'm looking for that cow you started off with," I snapped.

"Help yourself," he said.

"I intend to," I muttered. I rode around the cattle, the rifle across the saddle, the muzzle toward them. They had cut the cow out, apparently.

"Listen," Bill said, "when you come out to look over cattle I'm driving, leave that gun at home."

"I will like hell!" I told him. "You guys are always wearing guns. I might need this gun, and it won't be at home when I do! Taking off with that cow was no mistake. She had a bell on her."

As I rode toward home, I wondered about Cook. Through it all, he had sat on his horse and not said a word. Later I found out why. He was yellow to the core. He was in a dangerous spot and knew it, and he didn't want to start anything.

WINTER went by and spring returned. I was plowing when Bill Gibson and Tom Grey came over to my place and asked me to pull a steer out of the mud. *Of all the supreme gall!* I thought. But I took one of the big black mares with harness, singletree and rope, and went with them. I followed them up a wash for a couple of miles. Still no steer. I began to wonder if there really was a steer in the mud or if this was a trick to lure me up the wash and kill me. This time I had no gun, but we finally came to a big white-faced steer in a mudhole.

I pulled the steer out and got down and started coiling up the rope. Bill and Tom stood nearby. Bill was a big, blackheaded fellow. Tom was tall. Everyone referred to him as "Slim."

"What do I owe you, Harvey?" Bill asked.

"I never done anything for you," I answered, "so you don't owe me anything."

(Continued on page 50)

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DISPLAYWAYS

Jim Bridger

J & S HAWKEN: GUNMAKERS, read the wooden sign over the door of a busy gunshop near the teeming St. Louis levees in 1822. The brothers Jake and Sam Hawken, in the summer of that hectic year of America's early expansion westward, boldly switched production from flintlocks to caplocks. Many of their customers didn't approve the change. Flintlocks had been in use since about 1650 and die-hard old-timers saw no reason to manufacture "new-fangled" rifles. But Jake Hawken knew that a special weapon equipped with the new ignition system was needed for the West and he gambled his business and reputation on the production of such a rifle.

Technically, the first Hawken caplock rifles seem to have been developed by adopting features of three flintlock rifles of the period just preceding: the time-tested Kentucky rifle, the Harpers Ferry rifle first made in 1800 and improved in 1817 and the heavy English sporting rifles produced by London gunsmiths since about 1800.

The Kentucky—the renowned Long Rifle of early pioneers Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton—was too light for bear and buffalo; the Harpers Ferry, too clumsy to pack on horseback; the fine English rifles, too rare and expensive. Yet, as is often the case with a brand-new product, the Hawkens at first found selling to skeptical customers difficult.

Mountain man Bill Williams dropped by the shop to cast a jaundiced eye upon the percussion-type weapons and promptly got into an argument with the senior partner of the firm. Jonathan Cornell, a young college graduate from the East turned beaver trapper and adventurer, tells the amusing story of the encounter between surly Preacher Bill and fiery little Jake in his journal.

"I reached St. Louis with my cargo of furs intact," wrote Cornell, "and, after considerable haggling with the fur company buyer, managed to dispose of them at a fair price. After a hot bath, a meal and a change of clothes at the Rocky

First in a brand new series:

Guns of the Old West:

The Hawken

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

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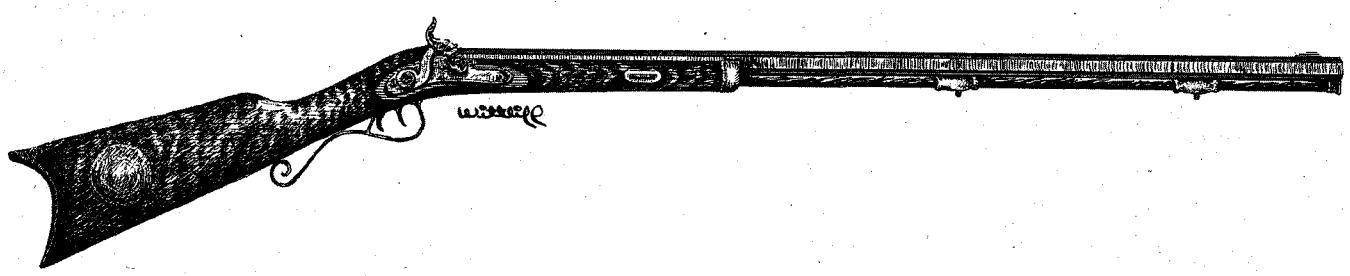
Sketch by Bill Wittliff



The Hawken

Mountain House, I strolled down to Jake Hawken's gunshop to inspect his new caplock rifle. Several rather harrowing experiences had convinced me that my old .40 caliber Kentucky was hardly enough rifle to stop 'Ol' Ephraim', as the free trappers called the grizzly, and I hoped that one of Jake's new guns would solve the problem.

"I arrived at the Hawken shop in the midst of a hot argument between Preacher Bill Williams and Jake himself on the merits of the weapon. Bill stood beside a woodworking bench, holding one of the new rifles in his hands as if it were a rattlesnake. Jake sat there on his bench, stiff as a stuffed owl, glaring up at him.

"'A han'some piece and mebbe heavy enough for b'ar and buffler, as ye claim,' allowed Bill grudgingly. '*Mebbe!* But these yere percussion caps don't *shine* for *me*. Might be handy all right, but ef ye lost a flint ye can chip off another'n somewhars and your gun's good as new. Now with these yere dinky leetle caps—'

"Jake Hawken bounced up off his bench in a fury. 'Shut up and listen to me, you blockhead! Suppose it rains and wets the priming powder of your precious flintlock, or the wind blows hard enough to clean out your pan? What have you got *then*? I'll *tell* you what you've got—a *club!* And no more than you deserve!'"

Convinced, Preacher Bill bought a .50 caliber Hawken for $25. So did Jonathan Cornell. These two were among the first to carry the sturdy firearm that became famous throughout the West as the Hawken Plains and Mountain Rifle. The "Fifty," firing a half-ounce ball backed by a hefty charge of 200 grains of black powder, was a great favorite with the mountain men. Jim Bridger and "Bad Hand" Tom Fitzpatrick packed Fifties in 1823 when they discovered South Pass, that historic notch through the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming.

Bridger's Hawken accompanied him when he discovered the Great Salt Lake and went along on his greatest adventure—his incredible eighteen-month ramble "jest a-follerin' the North Star" clear to the Mackenzie River at Great Slave Lake, "without sightin' ary white man or onct tastin' bread."

KIT CARSON, Joe Meek, Mariano Modena and Bill Hamilton were other mountain men who bought Hawkens. Word-of-mouth advertising by these satisfied customers gave the weapon the publicity boost it needed to become the top rifle in the West of its day. In the words of veteran rifle expert Ned Roberts, "The Hawken Rifle was *the rifle* to mountain men, trappers, explorers and Indian fighters from the time General Ashley built his first fort on the Yellowstone River (1823) to the last days of Kit Carson at Taos, New Mexico (1868)."

General Ashley, a cautious hunter who disliked tangling with big game undergunned, had Sam Hawken make him a special .68 caliber piece. The barrel alone of this huge rifle was three-feet six-inches long and propelled an ounce ball with an awsome powder charge of nearly 300 grains of powder. Ashley fired it from a tripod stand. Buffalo kills at 250 yards were common with this big gun; its record being a 2,500 pound bull dropped with one shot at 280 yards.

Bill Hamilton's book *My Sixty Years on the Plains*, first published in 1905, gives us a fascinating glimpse of a trappers' rendezvous at Jim Bridger's Fort on Black's Fork of the Green River in what is now southwestern Wyoming. About sixty trappers were gathered there. Rifle matches were held for $5.00 a shot and shooting was at all ranges from 20 to 300 yards.

Bill wrote that "Hawkins" were the best rifles at the rendezvous, with an effective range of 350 yards. Loading and firing a Hawken five times in a minute was a commonplace occurrence with these hard-bitten men whose lives often depended on their speed and accuracy with a rifle. This gathering at Bridger's Fort took place in 1842 or 1843—Bill wasn't sure of the year—and must have been something of a farewell celebration, as the beaver trade had just about petered out by then.

Hamilton speaks of the love and care each man lavished on his rifle, and this fact is further borne out by an eloquent passage in Jonathan Cornell's journal, which is still in possession of the Cornell family of New York City.

"My rifle is more than a mere weapon to me, it is also a friend. Many a cold night on the Plains, with the buffalo wolves howling from the ridges, I sit by my tiny, flickering campfire and clean and oil it with tender care. I never sleep without carefully recharging it and laying it close to hand. Twice it has saved my life—once when I put a ball through the open mouth of a charging grizzly into the monster's brain and dropped the great beast dead at my feet; again when I killed an Indian who was leveling a fusee (flintlock trade gun) at me from behind a rock. I had only a few inches of painted forehead to shoot at and the range was close to 40 yards, but I managed to drill him plumb between the eyes. . . .

"To the lone hunter in the wilderness, nothing can match the companionship and comfortable feeling supplied by a good rifle—and my Hawken filled the bill in every respect. . . . Put to the test, a true mountain man will prefer his rifle to the company of another man every time."

Less scholarly but equally eloquent was Jim Bridger's description of the Hawken: "A *man's* weepon from one end to t'other; lock, stock and bar'l."

MARIANO MODENA parted with his Hawken only when advancing age had made it impossible for him to shoot it and properly care for it. "Keep her clean, General," whispered the old trapper to his long-time friend, General A. H. Jones, as he relinquished his beloved "Old Lady Hawkin" to Jones' care. "Forty-five years we've been together in many a tight ruckus and never once did she fail me. But I can't take proper care of her no more." The ailing mountain man turned away with tears in his eyes.

General Jones and his family faithfully kept the "Rifleman's Pledge" by "keeping her clean" for more than fifty years before presenting the piece to the Denver Museum. This beautifully preserved .50 caliber Hawken may be seen there today.

At his death in 1868, Kit Carson's favorite Hawken was presented to the Montezuma Lodge, A.F. & A.M., of Santa Fe, New Mexico, where it is still on exhibition.

Briefly, a typical Hawken shaped up

(Continued on page 48)

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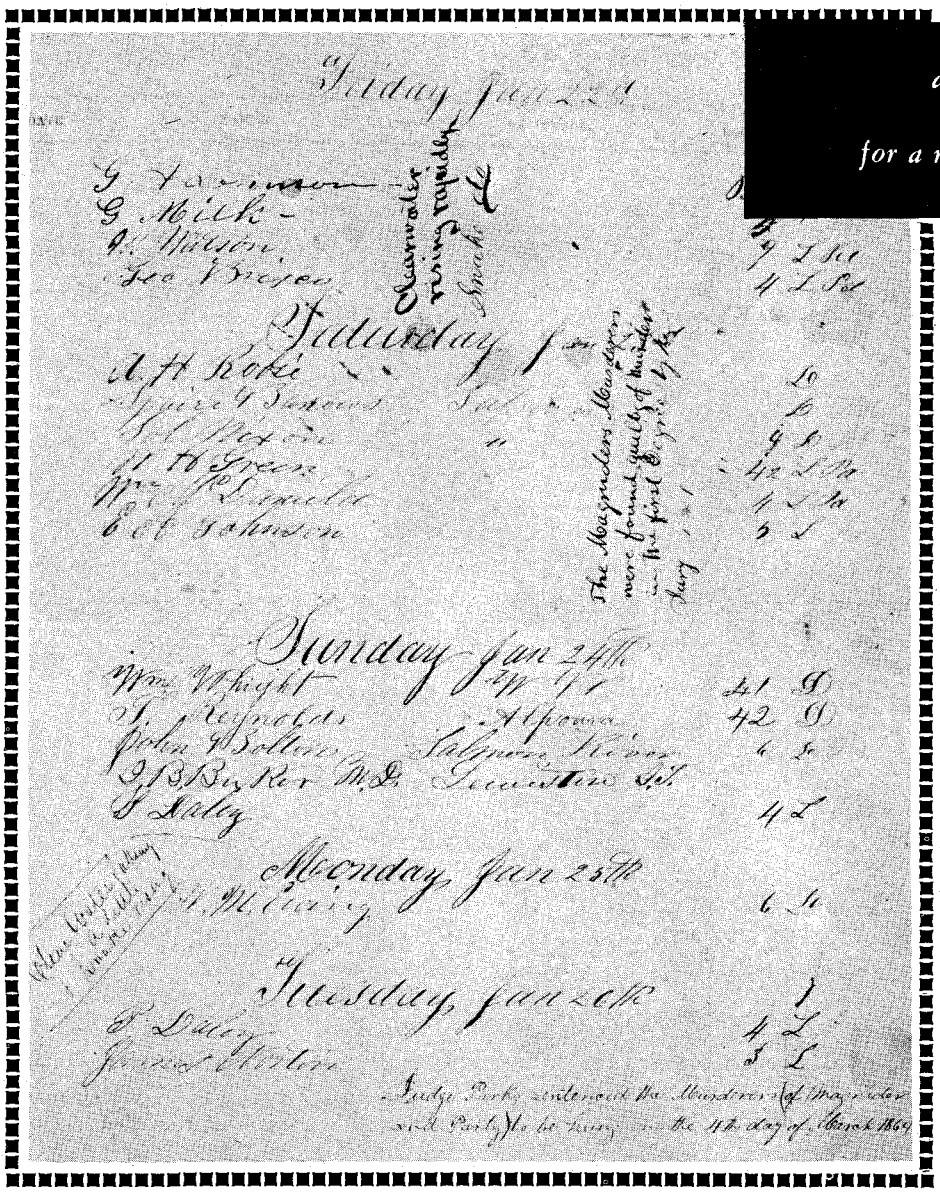
A mystic vision, dogged belief in the face of ridicule, and the determination and strength for a relentless journey through five states are the ingredients for a story of . . .

By GRACE



ENGSTRON STUDIO

These comments on the Luna House register reporting on the trial of Howard, Lowery and Romaine were made, apparently, by Beachy.

HILL BEACHY dreamed that his friend, Lloyd Magruder, was murdered beside a mountain trail. The dream troubled him. Besides his wife, Maggie, he told a number of his friends. They shrugged. Everybody had bad dreams occasionally. But Beachy's had been too vivid and unforgettable.

Three months later it sustained him through ten days of sneers, ridicule and threats as he searched for clues to a murder that few believed had been committed.

He was not a man to be easily upset. He was the level-headed proprietor of the first hotel in Lewiston, Idaho, and owner of the stage line. Not a man in the Northwest had more friends or was more widely known.

Lloyd Magruder was a merchant in Elk City, a mining town south of Lewiston. The night of Beachy's disturbing dream (early August, 1863) Magruder was in Lewiston. The following morning he set out with a seventy-mule train for Bannack, 300 miles eastward over wild unsettled country where Indians were sometimes hostile and road agents a constant danger. After getting his outfit on the road, Magruder left it in charge of his men and rode back to say goodbye to his friend.

Later that day, four young men, David (Doc) Howard, Chris Lowery, James Romaine and Bob Zachary, with three others whose names are not recorded, left Lewiston claiming to be Oregon-bound. They circled back, intercepting the Magruder train three days out of Bannack. Somewhere along the way they had been joined by an old mountaineer named Page. Magruder, who had not known them in Lewiston, received them cordially.

At Bannack he was disappointed to find the camp almost deserted, the result of a gold strike at Virginia City, seventy-five miles farther east. Magruder, accompanied by his new escort, went on to Virginia City, a boom town of 6,000 people. There was plenty of gold dust and a shortage of merchandise. Renting a building to display his wares, he hired Howard, Lowery, Romaine and Page to help him. The others found employment elsewhere.

Magruder sent word to Lewiston of his safe arrival. Beachy was relieved but told Maggie he would feel better when Lloyd was back home.

The three young men, especially the suave, well-educated Howard, worked well in helping Magruder dispose of his goods and managed to gain his confidence. Ready for the return trip, $24,000 in gold dust in his possession, he offered each of them $200.00 to accompany him as assistants and guards. Page, too, was asked to go. All accepted the offer.

Before leaving Virginia City, Charley Allen, William Phillips and Horace and Robert Chalmers joined the Magruder outfit for comradeship and protection. For some reason never clearly known Romaine tried to dissuade Phillips from accompanying them.

Late in September, the nine men, with a big drove of fine mules, began the long trek to Lewiston, stopping first at Bannack. There Magruder wrote his wife explaining that he would be detained ten or twelve days. Then, escorted by a heavily-armed guard, he planned to start for home. He was well aware of the danger of being robbed, so he took the precaution of keeping all except his trusted men from knowing the scheduled time of departure.

While in Bannack, Howard met Bob Zachary again and unfolded a plan to fatten their pocket books. Zachary, who later was hanged by vigilantes as one of the notorious Plummer gang, would have nothing to do with it. But Romaine and Lowery embraced it eagerly.

HILL BEACHY ordinarily left the stage office in charge of his clerk at nine o'clock and went home. Yet, on the night of October 14th, he sat by the stove reading a worn-out newspaper, forgetting the time. At his desk, the clerk was making out the waybill for the coach that would leave for Walla Walla at eleven. The street door was locked. A sound of footsteps outside caused Beachy to look up. Through the window, he caught a glimpse of a partially covered face.

Immediately Beachy felt something was wrong. He picked up the lamp and opened the door. A well-built man, only his eyes and top of his nose showing above an upturned collar, stepped inside. Avoiding Beachy, he went to the desk. "I want four tickets to Walla Walla," he said.

"We issue no tickets," replied the clerk, "but will enter your names on the waybill. What names?"

"John Smith and my brother Joseph. Thomas Jones and his brother Jim." He threw three double-eagles on the desk and hurried out.

As the door closed after him, Beachy spoke to the clerk. "I'm afraid there will be a stage robbery tonight. Go to the express office and tell the agent not to send the money chest by this coach. Don't wake the passenger in the next room. I'll see all those who have secured passage and ask them to wait till tomorrow."

Too many Smiths and Joneses, thought Beachy as he slipped a hood over his lantern and followed the stranger, who went into an apartment in the Le France Hotel. The windows had adjustable shutters, which Beachy was able to pull aside enough to get a good look at the

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Hill Beachy's Prophetic Dream

ROFFEY PRATT

four occupants of the room.

Aroused by Beachy's suspicion of an impending stage robbery, fifteen or more men were on hand to watch the strangers board the coach. Before they could wrap the blankets around them, Beachy flipped the hood from his lantern and flashed it inside. Two of the men carried well-filled cantinías!

Hill Beachy thought of his dream. As the coach rolled away, he turned to Judge Berry. "Lloyd Magruder has been murdered."

Startled, the Judge asked, "Why, what makes you think so?"

"Romaine, Lowery and Howard are in that coach. Their cantinías are filled with Lloyd's money. I'll furnish the horses and pay all expenses if you and the sheriff will go with me. We'll arrest them tonight."

"Arrest them for what?"

"On suspicion of having murdered Magruder."

"Why, Hill, the whole town would be laughing at us. We can't detain them without evidence. Besides, Mrs. Magruder told me yesterday she did not expect Lloyd for ten or twelve days yet."

"I'm as sure that Lloyd is dead and that those men killed him as if I'd seen them do it!"

The Judge was sure his friend was unduly alarmed.

To Maggie, Beachy repeated his suspicions. "There was an older man with those three scoundrels. He had a hangdog look."

Maggie tried to soothe him. It was true that Mrs. Magruder didn't expect her husband for over a week.

UNCONVINCED, Beachy began an intensive search for evidence. He questioned everyone he met. His friends laughed at him, the kinder ones pitied him, thinking he had gone mad. Former companions of Howard threatened. If he knew what was good for him he would shut his mouth and mind his own business.

Undeterred, he rode up and down the river looking for the horses he felt must have carried the men into Lewiston. When folks he knew arrived from Bannack, his question, "Where is Magruder?" brought a surprised, "Why, hasn't he gotten here yet? He left four days before we did."

"He is dead," said Beachy positively, "And I know who killed him."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. He probably went around by Salt Lake City. He'll be showing up in a few days."

One man in Lewiston believed that Beachy was on the right scent, a young daredevil apparently known both as Tom Pike and Tom Farrell. He helped Beachy look for the horses. Finally, they found a horse and seven mules left at a ranch a week before by four men who said they'd be back for them. Beachy brought the saddles, bridles and other equipment into town but no one in the crowd that gathered could identify anything as belonging to Magruder.

Beachy sent for Indian Jack, who had worked for Magruder for years. Jack picked up a saddle. "This Mr. Magruder's," he said. "I mend it myself. I ride it hundreds of times." But when questioned by doubters he became confused and uncertain.

The day a long muletrain was sighted on the old Nez Percé trail high above Lewiston, shouts went up, "Here comes Magruder." Mrs. Magruder was overjoyed. She ran to watch the slow descent of the train. Beachy was there, too, hoping he was wrong.

Magruder and his men were not with the train. "Why, Magruder should have been here ten days ago," the waiting citizens were told by the new arrivals. For the first time, others besides Beachy admitted Magruder might have met with foul play.

Still it was doubtful. His outfit was too large and there were too many lives involved. More likely he had gone around by Salt Lake.

Maggie, however, who had feared for her husband's life if he persisted in his search, now encouraged him. She, too, had come to believe that Magruder had been murdered.

Beachy questioned the train master. Would he know any of the Magruder stock? Well, he might. Magruder had bought a fine blaze-faced sorrel that could get up and get. He intended to keep him for a race horse. The horse Beachy had found was a blaze-faced sorrel.

The train master picked the sorrel horse from a stable full of others. When he saw him mounted and running he said without hesitation, "That horse is Magruder's." *(Continued on next page)*

Hill Beachy IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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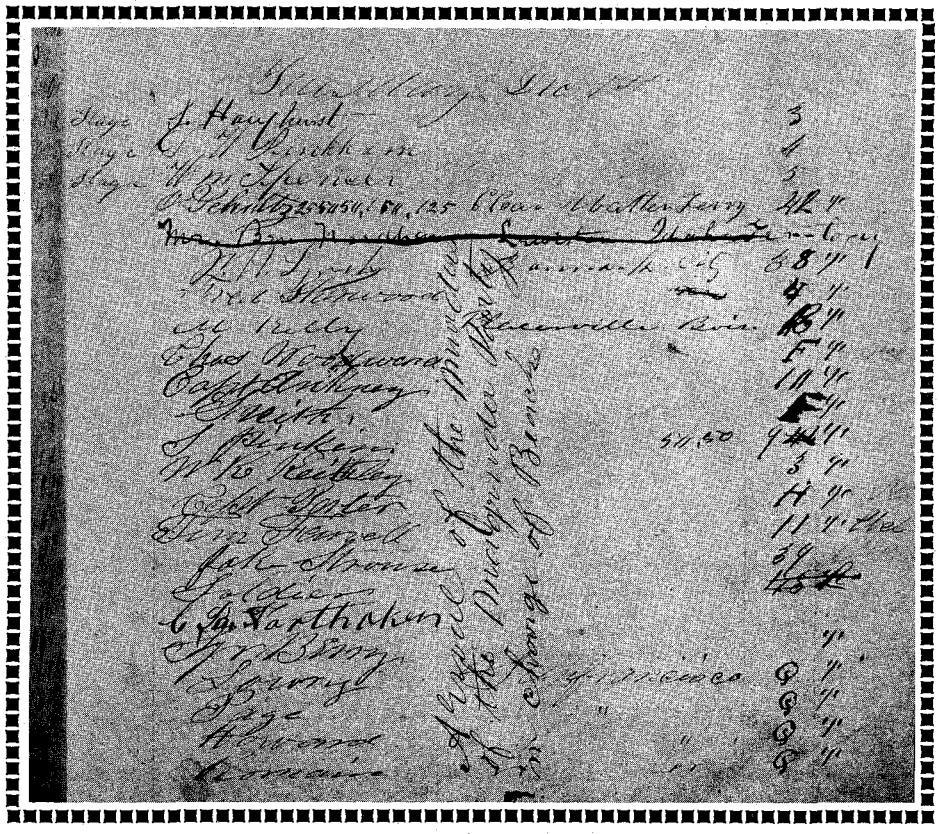


ENGSTRON STUDIO

The comment scribbled vertically over the signatures of the party bringing the criminals back to Lewiston reads: "Arrival of the murdors of the Magruder Party in charge of Beache . . ."

THAT STRANGE force, public opinion, began to turn for Hill Beachy. He was deputized and made ready to take up a ten-day-old trail.

Early the next morning, October 24, he kissed his wife goodbye. Encouraged by her faith in him and determined to succeed, he got down on his knees and "prayed hard" for the help he needed.

Tom Pike went with him. There were three stage stations between Lewiston and Walla Walla, a distance of over 100 miles. Beachy owned the line but he didn't wait for the stage. He drove his own outfit and traveled fast. The keeper at the first station had just hitched a span of stage horses to a light wagon in order to pocket some extra cash when Beachy swung into the yard. He took over the fresh rig and drove to the next station. There the hostler had a team harnessed. Beachy switched teams and drove on. At the third station he began to draw on his stockpile of friendship. He and Tom were getting out of the wagon when an old friend drove up in a buggy. He was going to Walla Walla for a doctor.

"I'll send you the doctor," said Beachy, "If you'll lend me your horse and buggy."

"Sure, Hill, glad to help out."

The horse was big and rangy, made for the road. He trotted into Walla Walla shortly after dark. Beachy saw two men standing under a streetlight. He knew one of them. Jumping from the wagon, he drew his acquaintance aside and described the men he was trailing.

"They left here four days ago for Portland. Lost quite a bit at faro but they had plenty left."

"Did they say how they got their dust?"

"Yes. They said they were in with five others on a ditch deal in Boise Basin, selling water to the miners. The miners thought they charged too much and started a fight. There was shooting on both sides and a number were killed. They were the only ones of their company to escape. They were clearing out of the country to avoid arrest."

As they were talking, another friend of Beachy's happened along, Captain Ruggles of the Columbia River Steamboat Company. Beachy gave him the details and was given authority to have a Whitehall take him down the river from Wallula to Umatilla and from there on to Portland.

Beachy found the doctor for his friend and he and Tom had supper. At midnight they started the thirty-mile drive to Wallula, arriving there at daybreak. They woke up a wharfinger and gave him the order. The man shook his head. "Water's too high. Be suicide to try to shoot the rapids in a Whitehall."

Beachy looked up Captain Ankney, an old river pilot and explained the urgency. "It's dangerous all right," said Ankney, "but I think we can make it. If it's murderers you're after, it's worth the risk."

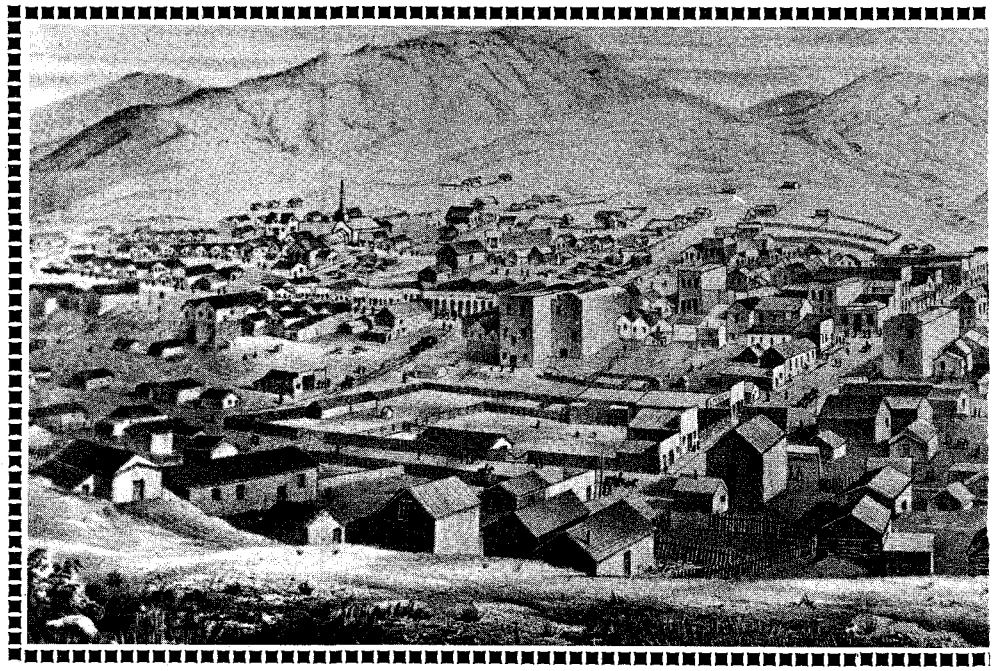
In less than an hour the three men were in the boat moving downstream. The ride through the rapids was worse than one on a locoed steer, but the old pilot knew his river and two hours later they docked at Umatilla. At Beachy's request, the captain for the next stretch hired eighteen extra men to handle the cargo with all possible speed. Just as the last whistle blew for getting underway, two wagonloads of immigrants from across the Plains dashed up and begged to be taken aboard.

"Too late," called the captain, "cast off!"

But Beachy felt sorry for the weary folks. "Let's take them along for luck," he said to the captain.

THEY made eighty-five miles that day. The falls below Celilo necessitated a sixteen-mile trip by train. But the train did not leave before morning and Beachy could not wait. He hired an outfit to take him and Tom to The Dalles. They got there after midnight but despite the hour Beachy recognized a man hurrying along the street. He stopped him and learned that Howard and his accomplices had been gone two days. Still accompanied by Tom, Beachy took the next boat for Portland, just missing their quarry by twenty-four hours there. The Boise Basin story had been repeated in every town along the way. The criminals had lost at faro, but their cantinías were still far from empty.

Beachy sent Tom ahead to scout the small towns down the Coast while he searched through Portland, playing a hunch. A year before, a friend had told him the name of a Portland resident believed to be an accomplice of Howard and



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Lowery in a store robbery. Beachy found the man, pretended he was a member of the Boise Basin company trying to catch up with his friends, and learned that Howard and his companions were on their way to San Francisco to have their dust minted.

No steamer was scheduled to leave Portland for San Francisco for ten days. Since leaving Lewiston, Beachy had lived mostly on nerves and excitement, snatching a meal and a nap when it did not interfere with the chase. He was too keyed up and too close now to give up. Hiring a horse and buggy, he set out southward, leaving Portland just before midnight. For a mad two-and-a-half days he pounded down the trail. At Yreka, the end of the telegraph line, he wired San Francisco. The next day he received a reply from Captain Lees, Chief of San Francisco's police. His men had been arrested and were behind bars.

Both Howard and Lowery were escaped convicts from a California prison. They were not greatly worried about being arrested. They had plenty of money now to bribe their way out. Their companions reasoned they had just been scooped up in the net and would soon be released. None of them had the slightest idea of the charge to be made against them until Hill Beachy walked into their cell.

After a moment of stunned silence, Howard asked, "Well, what brought you here?"

"You did," said Beachy.

"What for?"

"The murder of Lloyd Magruder."

Howard dropped his eyes. He looked sick. But Lowery laughed. "That's rich," he said. "We left Magruder at Bannack hale and hearty."

"We'll see." promised Beachy. "Goodnight, boys." He offered each his hand. The man with the hang-dog look—the mountaineer, Page—grasped it eagerly. Beachy got the idea that he wanted to talk. Later, when given the opportunity, the sullen old man was evasive.

BEACHY spent the next four weeks in San Francisco struggling through legal entanglements in his efforts to secure custody of the prisoners. Finally the

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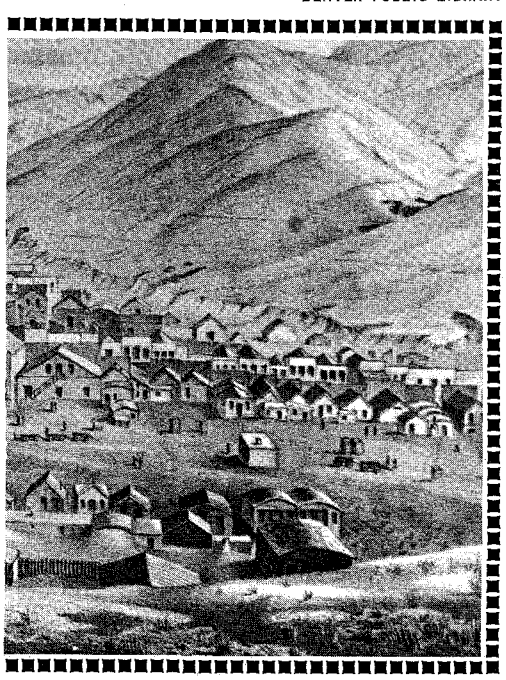

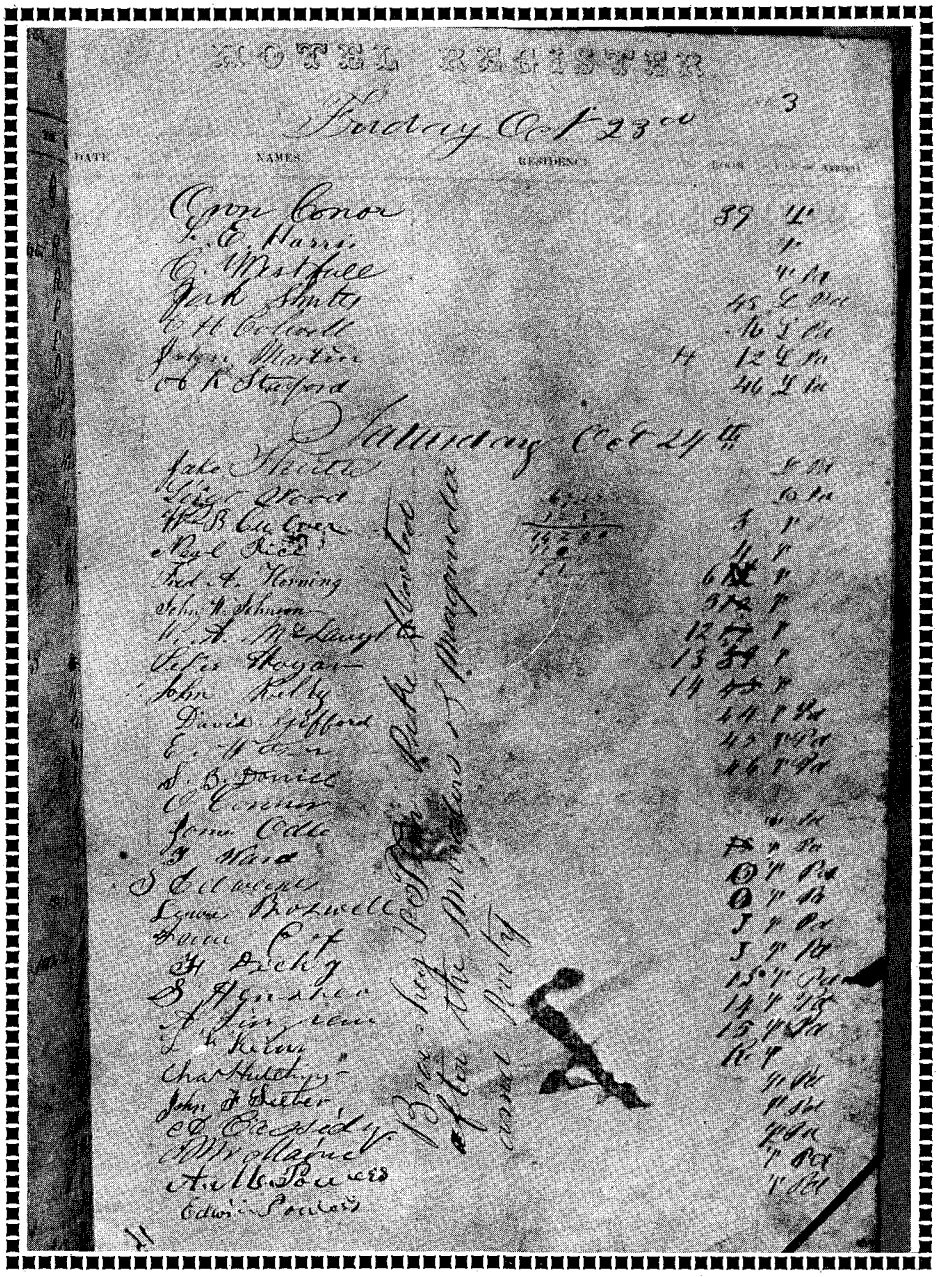

IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Left, Virginia City, Montana, as it appeared at the time of Magruder's visit there. Above, Beachy's departure is noted in the hotel register.

State Supreme Court surrendered the men to the Idaho authorities, in custody of Beachy.

On the boat from San Francisco to Portland, Beachy overheard Lowery say to Howard, "Magruder had a lot of good friends." Howard gloomily replied, "All five of them had friends enough." Beachy felt sure that others besides Magruder had been murdered.

At the mouth of the Columbia a small steamer with a military escort aboard stood by to receive them. Captain Roster and Captain Ankney were the pilots. Ankney had known Page and did not believe him capable of murder.

When the boat docked at Lewiston, a fury-filled mob was waiting. "Hang them! String them up! Give them what they gave Magruder!" Angry hands reached to grab the prisoners and hustle them to the gallows. But Beachy and the soldiers managed to get them safely to his hotel. Then he came out in front alone and raised his hand. The yelling stopped.

Beachy explained that he had given his word both to the California authorities and the men themselves that they would be hanged only after a fair trial and conviction by a jury. He had made that pledge believing that his fellow-townsmen would stand by him. "Now," he said, "please go to the opposite side of the street." Every man went.

The four prisoners were kept in irons at the Luna House, Beachy's hotel. No legal evidence of their guilt had yet been uncovered—no one could even prove that murder had been committed. After a week, Beachy's patience wore thin. He had not spent six strenuous weeks and $6,000 of his own money for nothing. He arranged with the district to allow Page to turn state's evidence. Then he saw to it that he did.

After some preliminary preparations, two guards marched into the prison room and escorted Howard out. Exactly an hour later they came back and took Lowery.

(Continued on page 71)

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You Can't Raise Cows with a Whiskey Bottle

By EVE BALL

N. H. ROSE COLLECTION
Front interior of the Buckhorn Saloon in San Antonio, Texas.

The English nobleman tried hard— but Lord Trayner needed a lot of help. He obviously couldn't take care of himself.

THE JONESES believe they were the first Anglo family to settle in Old Lincoln County, New Mexico. They established Seven Rivers, but later moved to Rocky Arroyo, northwest of Carlsbad, where the Jones boys controlled the entire area.

Bill Jones ramrodded the cattle drives and ran the wagon when the Jones boys were on the works. They were camped on the Pecos when Cape Willingham, manager of the Turkey Track, rode in with a new specimen of Pilgrim. Contrary to custom he introduced the stranger—Lord Trayner, from England.

Neither was it customary for the manager of an outfit to do the repping for it, so the Jones boys were curious. In the days when "bob wahr" was just coming into use, men didn't ask questions; and, anyway, the Pilgrim didn't look formidable.

As the men squatted about the fire at supper the Pilgrim made known his mission—he wanted to learn the cow business. "That's why I brought him," volunteered Willingham, "seein' as Jim Jones dug the Pecos and Bill laid the Caprock. You must 'a been the first in the Pecos country."

"John Chisum an' Beckwith was here when we come," replied Sam.

"An' you've got lots of cattle," observed Willingham.

"Considable," Sam admitted.

There was a silence broken by Sam's asking the Englishman what he wanted to know.

"How to run a wagon, for one thing."

Sam explained that running a wagon was much like managing an army. The men, remuda, and cattle were the responsibility of the manager—and so was the cook, who was perhaps the most important factor in keeping the men satisfied. The manager must see that the men were supplied with good food and provide also for the reps who wished to join him, as well as the saddle bums.

His lordship interrupted to ask who they were.

"Fellers ridin' the chuck line, like you."

The Pilgrim was not discouraged. "What else?" he asked.

"Answerin' fool questions, fer one thing. An' keepin' enough hosses that every man's got ten or twelve good mounts."

"Do you use mares?"

"Lord A'Mighty, no!"

"How many horses do you keep?"

"To run a wagon, or a ranch?" Without waiting for a reply Sam Jones said, "Six or seven hunderd, I reckon. 'Course they're not all ropin' horses, nor cuttin' horses."

When Sam went out to collect some fuel for morning, Willingham followed. "Sammie, I've always been a friend to you Jones boys—"

"What you want, Willingham?"

"Take this here dude off my hands a spell, can't you? He wants to learn the cow business. Heard you givin' him a lesson; you talked right pretty."

"They ain't no better cowman than you, Cape. So they's a skunk in the brush, somewheres."

"Nary skunk. This bozo's been to one of them colleges in England, Cambridge he calls it. Served a four-year sentence and got a sheepskin. That's what they give to show folks a man is eddicated."

"What does he know?" asked Sam.

"Nothin'. Thinks he knows everything. Maybe that's why his old man shipped him over here—probably wanted to get shut of him. I was up to that new pasture the Tracks bought in the Panhandle to fatten the cattle, and them old boys wished him off onto me. Take him awhile, Sammie, please! He's got some money; leastways he'll have a hunk soon. His old man sends plenty every three months. 'Course it don't last no time, but if he bought a ranch—an' he's hankerin' to—he might save some of it."

Sam shook his head.

"There's that lower Rocky you've got. Pretty fair range and plenty water. Now you bought the McKittrick Spring coun-

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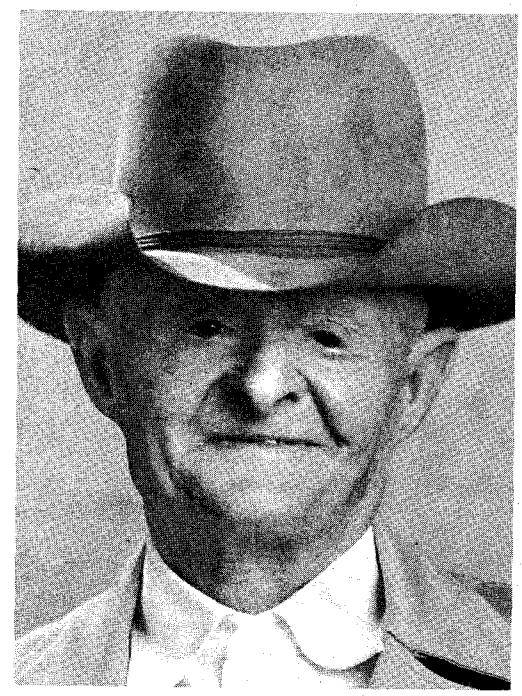
Old rock house on Monument Spring.



DALE STUART KING

Sam Jones

DALE STUART KING

The Jones boys. Standing, left-to-right, Bruce, Henry, Nib and Frank. Sitting, Sam, Tom, Bill and Jim. John, the oldest, had died before this picture was taken.

try an' got the headquarters place. You don't have time to look after all of them. Why don't you sell that lower place to him?"

Sam thought it over and told Cape it was a deal. The latter warned him that he might have to keep an eye on Trayner for awhile; anyway, it would be advisable until he got the down payment on the ranch, which the next remittance from his father would make. With the market steadily advancing anyone should make money.

TRAYNER bought the ranch, an adequate remuda, a wagon, saddles and other necessary equipment. Sam waited for him to get down to the primary essential, but he apparently overlooked the idea of cattle.

When Sam suggested it he bought a brand and, also at Sam's suggestion, hired the youngest of the Jones boys, Bruce, as ranch foreman. Bruce tallied Trayner's cattle, and tallied them honestly. In those days when one worked for a man he worked for him. And he fought and died to protect his employer's property if it became necessary.

At Bruce's request Sam sold Trayner a gentle horse, one upon which his little daughters had learned to ride. Trayner's mount, Bruce said, did not throw him. It just walked out from under him.

The next time Sam saw Willingham he commented on the progress of their protege. "Don't know nothin'," Sam said, "an' won't listen to nobody that does. If he was to listen to Bruce he might come out all right. But he has no idea what it costs to run a ranch.

"There's a good adobe house on that ranch. I had them Mexicans make the walls thirty inches thick and put in windows—little ones so it wouldn't take much heat. Now he's tearin' them out and put-in' in big ones. An' he's buildin' more rooms, two of them with twelve-foot ceilin's."

"Don't pay no attention to what you're tryin' to learn him?"

"Nary a bit."

The trouble was, Willingham said, Trayner was getting his education too cheap. Nobody valued anything that came easily. Why not try making him pay for it? Education, Cape conceded, was expensive, but being without it was even more so.

"You and me," replied Sam, "we didn't get any."

"But we did," Cape explained. "Not from colleges, but from experience, and by listening to older men who were sucessful." He repeated his belief that the Englishman should pay for what he learned, and pay high.

(Continued on page 57)

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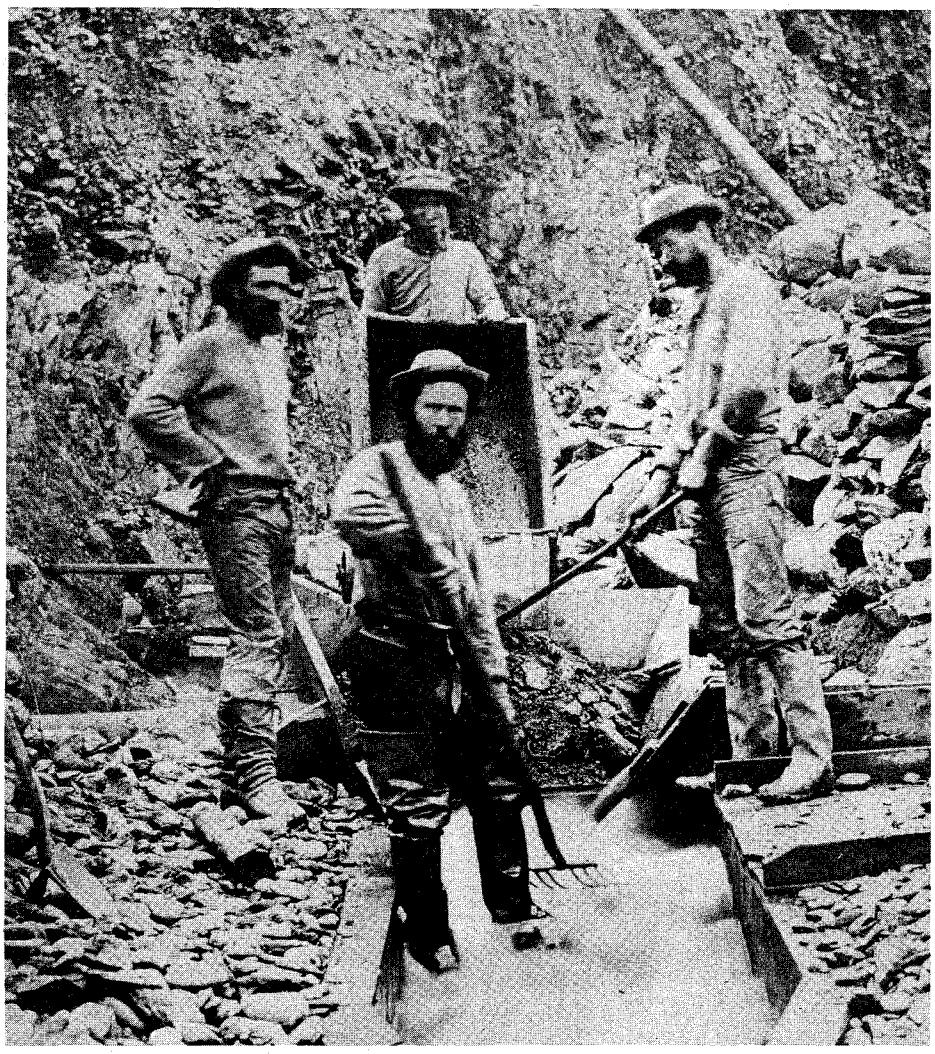

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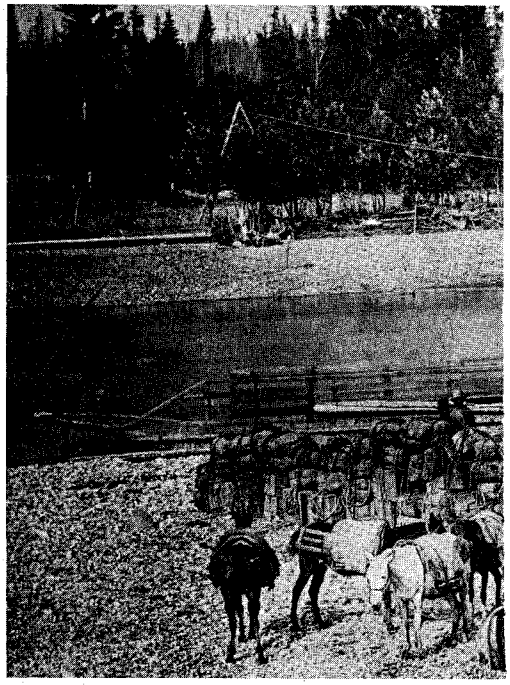
Pick-and-shovel pioneers at the Lowhee Mine.



F. W. LINDSAY

The Fabulous Richard Willoughby

By F. W. LINDSAY

Gold in British Columbia! Already a successful miner whose California holdings were paying off, Richard Willoughby turned his back on sure success and crossed an Indian-infested trail to seek new adventure beyond the Okanogan.

RICHARD WILLOUGHBY was one of the most dynamic men who ever came to Cariboo. He was born in Boone County, Missouri, in May, 1833. At the age of sixteen, young Willoughby was already engaged in the Indian wars with his father, a famous scout and Indian fighter. During the next two years the boy became a mature and hardened frontiersman.

In 1852, shortly after the California gold rush was at its peak, young Willoughby, now nineteen, undertook a 2,000 mile journey to the goldfields from Missouri. He organized the party and appointed himself as wagon boss. There were over 400 men and women in the Willoughby wagontrain. They used oxen and traveled in the great creaking Conestoga wagons. At this time all the Indian nations were on the warpath and when Willoughby's caravan was crossing the plains they picked up many wounded white men and stopped to bury many more victims of the Indians' justified ferocity. But the nineteen-year-old wagonmaster made it through.

Richard Willoughby mined successfully at Hangtown, and reputedly could have returned to his native state as a wealthy man but the spirit of adventure was by now his driving force. He organized prospecting and mining trips into the Indian territories of Arizona and New Mexico. However, so many of the miners were killed that after a few of these sorties Willoughby could not get men to go with him. He traveled into Nevada and thence back to his Missouri home, but even the Missouri of those wild freebooting days was too tame to hold him. He joined another wagontrain heading west, again as wagonmaster, and so returned to the goldfields of California, where, until 1858, he was a successful miner.

That year rumors of the gold strikes on the Columbia, the Fraser and in that strange new country called "The Land of the Cariboo" reached the ears of the restless Missourian. He tried to get boat passage from San Francisco but the great rush was on. A lesser man would have

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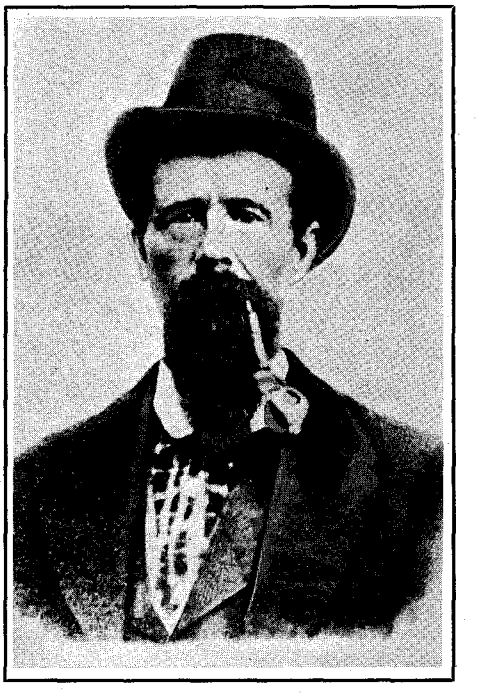

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES

Left, packtrain near the mouth of the Quesnel River, 1880. Right, Richard Willoughby in 1858.

waited for a later boat, but Willoughby, seasoned Indian fighter and scout, was constitutionally incapable of waiting for anything. He sold his California holdings, organized a party of twenty miners, bought fifty pack and saddle horses, outfitted in Sacramento and started for British Columbia on March 15, 1858.

WILLOUGHBY'S luck held good. The Indians were on the prod in Oregon, Idaho and Eastern Washington. After talking with some trappers and scouts he decided to travel by the headwaters of the Rogue River and thence through the Blue Mountains. En route, the party found a good prospect on the Rogue and stopped to work these diggings. On their second day in camp Indians appeared. They seemed peaceful and despite Willoughby's exhortations for extreme caution, his men responded in a friendly manner. Several nights later the Indians reappeared in force, and after much powwowing, attacked the miners who were caught completely off guard. Their horses and supplies were taken and the whites escaped into the open sagebrush country with their rifles and ammunition but little else.

By a series of maneuvers of almost military precision, Willoughby managed to jockey the Indians into the open where he could pick off the chief while his men scattered the balance of the warriors with rifle fire. They then headed for a lake where the pursuing Indians would have to expose themselves to follow up the attack. In this engagement only one miner was killed but their troubles were far from over.

Another tribe, forewarned of their coming and eager to kill the white men, surrounded the almost exhausted party two nights later. These Indians fought as the Plains Indians fought. They attacked early one morning, circling the camp and shooting as they rode. Under Willoughby's direction the miners replied to the Indian fire with deadly accuracy, shooting thirteen Indian horses and killing an undetermined number of warriors. After this skirmish the various tribesmen left Willoughby and his companions severely alone until they reached the Willamette River.

AT PORTLAND, many of the miners outfitting for Cariboo had decided to travel by Walla Walla and up the Columbia by boat for by the end of May the Indians were active on the Snake and the Bitterroot Valley and as far north as the Kootenai country. The United States military post was at Vancouver, Washington, and an advance force at Walla Walla under General Steptoe had been forced to retreat from Spokane Falls.

Indians were increasing in strength and scouts brought word that the Okonogans under the famous Chief Tenasket (or Tonasket) were massing for an attack on the whites at Walla Walla and outlying forts. Under these circumstances Steptoe forbade any parties to travel north.

Richard Willoughby had cut his eyeteeth in the Indian wars. He had also roamed wherever he chose and the idea of anyone's stopping him was, to say the least, annoying. He had no fears regarding the Indians of the Northwest.

There is no record of his interview with General Steptoe. We do know that he asked for volunteers from the miners who were camped at Walla Walla. They were not slow in volunteering and Willoughby was soon in command of 100 men as tough as he was, eager to get to British Columbia and spoiling for a fight under any circumstances.

Near the fort Willoughby's force took up a position on a high bluff which lay on the enemy's flank. The miners were armed with buffalo guns which were .40 and .60 calibre breech-loading rifles. Willoughby split his force in two—one half loaded rifles and the others fired at the Indians as rapidly as they could. Before sunset of that day the Indians were in full retreat. Whether or not General Steptoe rewarded his citizen's army is not reported.

Having allayed the General's fears, Willoughby with most of his 100 gold seekers continued up the Columbia to its confluence with the Okanogan River. This was prairie country with many buttes and high bluffs and the Indians doggedly followed the miners who posted scouts ahead, on the flanks and in the rear.

Chief Tenasket set up an ambush at Okanogan Canyon which the scouts reported. Once again under Willoughby's leadership, the miners deployed and flanked the tribesmen on both sides of the canyon; and once again, by using half his men as rifle loaders while the others acted as riflemen, Willoughby's 100 whipped Tenasket's to a standstill.

Two days later at Crow Lake, Tenasket presented a flag of truce but it was only a token surrender as was proven when several members of the Willoughby party were captured, tortured and mutilated while out prospecting. Finally, after sporadic fighting, the party of miners reached Okanogan Lake. Here game was plentiful, the Indians were peaceful and the party rested, fished and hunted for the better part of two weeks.

Pushing on to Kamloops and beyond, they crossed the Thompson at what is now Savona. Willoughby traveled up the Bonaparte to Hat Creek and prospected Marble Canyon. Then deciding to visit the coast, he and several of his party built rafts and descended the Fraser.

At Hell's Gate, Willoughby tried to get his men to leave the rafts and go overland, but by now the impatient miners decided that river travel was easier than fighting underbrush, canyon walls and possibly more Indians, so while Willoughby struck off alone on foot, the rest of the party attempted to run Hell's Gate with the result that most of them were drowned.

IN 1861 Richard Willoughby worked Emory's Bar near Yale and cleaned up $20,000. He sank the works in an adjoining bar and lost every cent. He prospected Hope Mountain and the Similkameen country; found gold on Ruby Creek and cleaned up on Silver Creek; he prospected the mountains behind the

(Continued on page 46)

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The Ordeal of Surgeon Tappan

IT WAS AN ARMY DOCTOR'S DUTY TO SAVE THE LIVES OF HIS MEN. BENJAMIN TAPPAN DID—BY LOSING HIS OWN!

By ALEXANDER BROWN

THE ROLE of the army doctor in the American West has been largely over-shadowed by more flamboyant characters—cowboys, gunfighters, dashing cavalry leaders. Most doctors in the Indian-fighting army bore the title "assistant surgeon." They were usually civilians under military contract, and were considered to have rank equal to that of a second lieutenant.

In the far-flung network of forts and trails across the West it was not unusual for command responsibility to fall upon an army doctor. An assistant surgeon was often assigned to small escort parties and scouting patrols traveling in dangerous country. If no trouble occurred, his duties were light, but if a sudden raid put the officer or officers in charge out of action, the surgeon assumed command.

During the spring of 1866 in the Apache country of Arizona, three army doctors became separately involved in a harrowing struggle for survival against Indians and the desert. Their story is representative of what doctors of medicine could expect to experience at that time and place in the service of the Army.

Two Arizona Apaches, circa 1866.
NATIONAL ARCHIVES

On March 25, Assistant Surgeon John E. Kunkler marched out of District of Arizona headquarters at Tucson with a small detachment of First Cavalry California Volunteers. Because of a shortage of regular officers, Dr. Kunkler was in command. He and his men had served throughout the Civil War in the Southwest and when the war ended had volunteered to remain another year to guard stagecoach routes against Apache raiders. Now at last they were on their way home to be mustered out.

Early in the afternoon Kunkler led his men into Picacho Station, finding there two men near exhaustion and starvation. One was Corporal John Berg, Company F, Fourteenth U.S. Infantry, the other a civilian teamster, Stevens Sumner. They were survivors of an Apache attack against a small escort troop which had occurred three days earlier. According to Kunkler, Corporal Berg "was in a bewildered and exhausted condition; the teamster had an arrow wound in his scalp, not serious."

Their story was pieced together by Kunkler. On March 7, Berg and five soldiers had been detailed to escort Captain James F. Millar and Assistant Surgeon Benjamin Tappan of the Fourteenth Infantry from Fort Yuma to Fort Grant, a journey of almost 300 miles across arid land inhabited almost exclusively by hostile Apaches. One wagon was provided to transport baggage and supplies, with Stevens Sumner, a civilian employee of the quartermaster, as teamster. For sixteen days the march was uneventful.

Then, about two o'clock in the afternoon of March 22, near Cottonwood Springs, they were attacked suddenly by a large party of Tonto and Pinaleno Apaches—perhaps seventy-five or a hundred Indians. The place selected for the ambush was typical—a canyon broken by boulders which narrowed the trail to thirty paces. The Apaches, armed with guns and arrows, concealed themselves in a brush-filled arroyo parallel with the trail and attacked without warning.

Captain Millar, the only officer, was killed almost instantly, a bullet through his heart. One soldier was also killed in the first moments of attack; two others attempting escape were pursued and slain. Dr. Tappan received two wounds

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through the body and one in the foot. Teamster Sumner was struck a glancing blow on the head by an arrow.

The five survivors—Corporal Berg and two privates who had escaped unhurt, the slightly wounded teamster, and the thrice-wounded Dr. Tappan—fled south on foot. The Apaches, eager to seize the spoils from the army wagon, soon abandoned pursuit.

TAPPAN, as an acting second lieutenant, was in command. And his men were without food and had very little water. Their only weapons were an army six-shooter and a derringer which Tappan had on his person at the time of attack. The country through which they were escaping was a dry plain covered with cactus and broken by dry ravines. The officer decided their best hope of survival was to find a waterhole, then work their way southwest to the stage route.

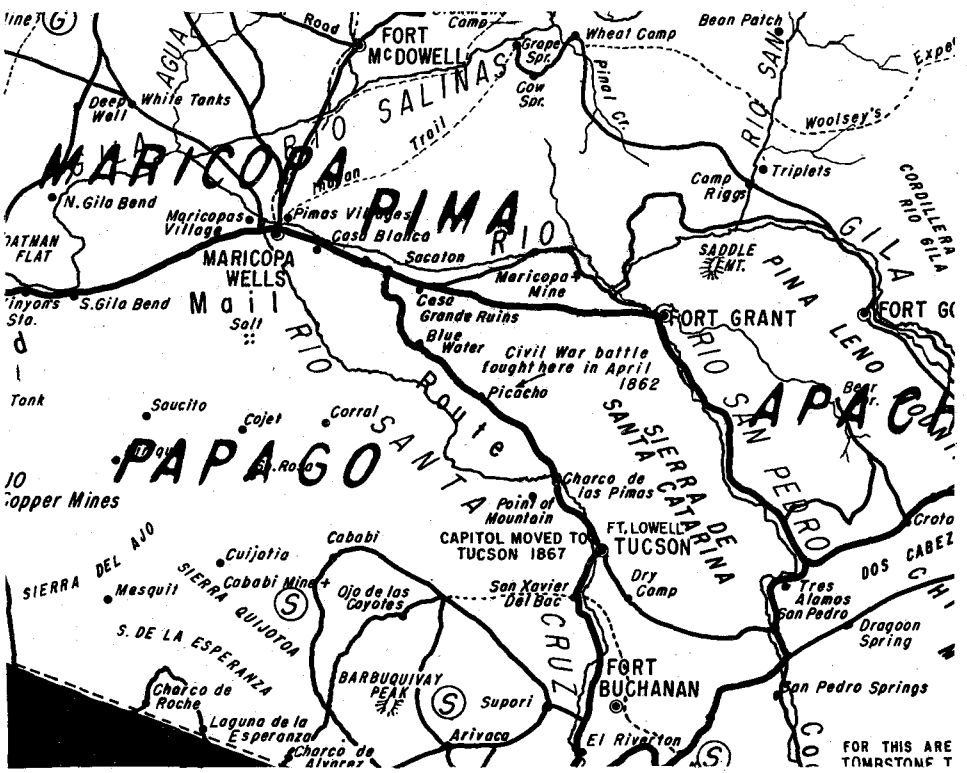
Tappan, however, was weak from loss of blood, and his foot wound was so painful that after marching a few miles he was forced to discard his boot. Before nightfall they found a waterhole, but it was dry.

All of the following day the surgeon held his men together while searching desperately for water. On the morning of the twenty-fourth, he attempted to resume the march, but by nine o'clock his strength failed him. He suggested that the party split up. If the Apaches found them, five exhausted men could offer little resistance.

Perhaps, if each of them went in a different direction, some would survive. The men refused to leave the doctor alone; they knew he could not travel another mile on his swollen foot. It was finally decided that Corporal Berg and Stevens Sumner would go in search of water and assistance. The two privates and Dr. Tappan would make camp and wait for the pair to return.

Tappan agreed reluctantly. He gave his derringer to Berg, and the corporal and the teamster started out. They searched all day without finding any water or trails of any kind. Before nightfall they tried to rejoin Tappan, but without natural landmarks to guide them, they became lost.

At dawn the next day, Sumner made a careful study of the horizon and finally decided that sunlight reflecting from a peak far to the southwest marked the Picacho stage station. It was approximately thirty-five miles away, and this was their third day without water, but he persuaded Corporal Berg to make a try for it. Much of the way Sumner had to help the faltering soldier, but they staggered into Picacho early in the afternoon. The station was deserted. The waterhole, the horse trough, the barrels were all dry. They dropped in the shade of the stage stop and waited. Two hours later Surgeon Kunkler and his California Volunteers found them and gave them food and water.



Part of Arizona Territory in 1866. An unmounted copy of the complete map is available for $5.00 from Wilson Austin, Box 728, Phoenix, Arizona.

As soon as Kunkler learned of the desperate plight of Dr. Tappan, he selected one of his best horsemen to ride back to Tucson with a message for help. Within a few hours a search party had departed and a fast messenger was en route to Fort Grant to start another party from there. Among these men was Dr. Charles Meyers, a colleague of Dr. Tappan and the third surgeon to become involved.

After unsuccessful searches across the lonely desert country, the two parties rendezvoused at Cottonwood Springs late on the 27th. The following morning they discovered the bodies of Captain Millar and the three enlisted men. The Apaches, Dr. Meyers said, had stripped Millar's body, "cut off the genital organs and the upper part of the ears, then turned the body over on its face and shot nine arrows into the back, which were sticking in it when I saw the body."

One of the enlisted men had been killed as he rode in the wagon and had been "thrown out by the Indians and had a gaping lance wound inflicted in the left loin after death." The second enlisted man evidently had attempted to escape with Dr. Tappan's party, but had been overtaken by the Apaches and tortured to death.

"His left arm was broken close to the shoulder and twisted until it assumed the appearance of a twisted rope; his whole scalp was skinned off from the eyebrows upward down to the back of his neck; whereas in scalping a victim after death the Indians merely cut the central portion of the scalp, and from the above indications, therefore, it is almost certain that this man was tortured before he died. After stripping the body the Indians fired seven arrows into the back, which were in it when seen by me."

The third enlisted man had managed to flee 250 yards west of the wagon but had been overtaken, slain, and stripped. "By the man's side was found paper of the cartridges he had torn, and also the marks of the butt of the musket, while loading." He had died fighting while his surviving comrades escaped to the south.

AFTER BURYING the bodies, the search party picked up the trail of Dr. Tappan and the four men with him. Their footprints were six days old, but accompanying the search party was a first-rate civilian guide accustomed to trailing in difficult country. Near sundown the expedition was camped at the same dry waterhole which Tappan's party had reached on their first day's march.

Captain J. B. Hager, in command of the combined detachment of fifty-eight men, now began to find himself in a predicament similar to that of the party for which he was searching. His men had exhausted their water supplies.

"March 29," he reported later, "I pursued the trail over the mountains to the desert south of them. The trail was difficult to follow on that portion of the desert and the progress was exceedingly slow, but it was finally followed to a point about five miles from the water hole in the mountains.

"At this point the men (Tappan's) were all together, but here they divided, each taking a different direction. By this time the command was out of water, and the day very warm. It being impossible for want of water to follow up either of these trails I determined to cross the desert to Picacho, about thirty miles, hoping to find some trace of them and also to find water there.

"I intended, if water was obtained there, to prosecute the search from that point. I found no trail during our transit through the desert, and was so unfortunate as to find no water at Picacho. The men were suffering dreadfully. Some fell fainting by the wayside, and another showed some symptoms of insanity. We reached Picacho at 7 o'clock in the evening.

"I dispatched a man to point of mountain with all the canteens of the detachment with orders to return as soon as possible and meet the command, which would leave Picacho at twelve o'clock at night for that well. This man was met returning not until long after sunrise, and not until many of the men had arrived within a few miles of the well. I have no doubt this supply of water saved the lives of several men."

Meanwhile, one of the two soldiers left behind with Dr. Tappan had been found by travelers on the stage road north of Tucson. "He was completely bewildered,

(Continued on page 44)

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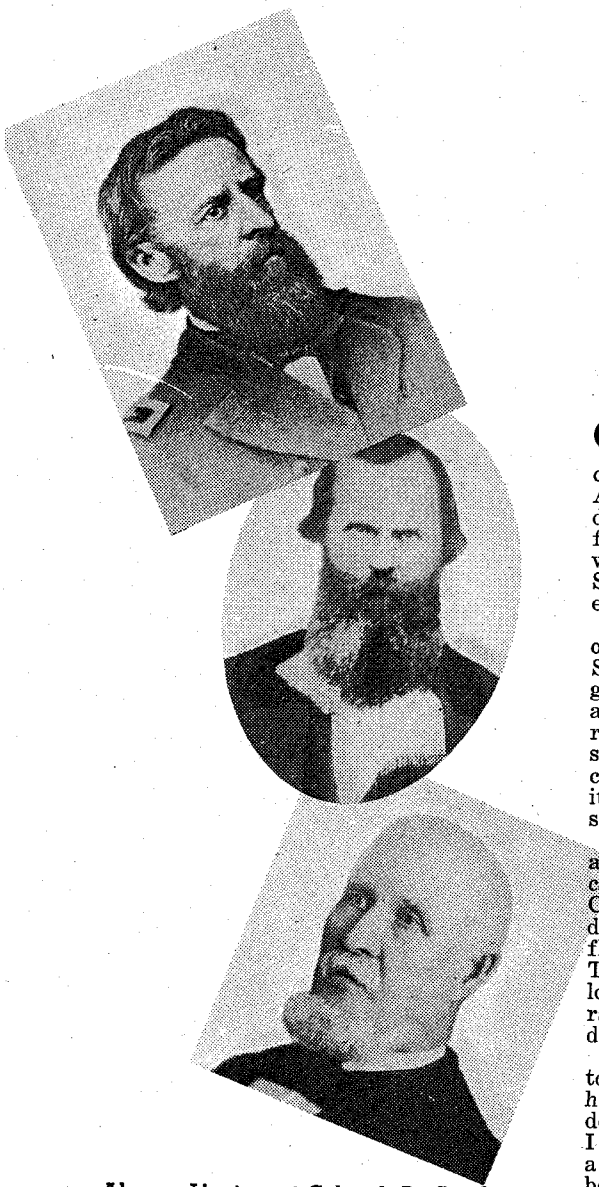
Wild Old



Above, Lieutenant Colonel P. St. George Cooke; Lieutenant George P. Dykes, and Lieutenant Philemon C. Merrill of the bull-fighting Mormon Battalion. Below, Arizona Territory in approximately 1850.

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BATTLE OF THE BULLS!

By WALTER R. AVERETT

ONE OF THE strangest battles ever fought by the U.S. Army occurred December 11, 1846, southeast of Tucson, Arizona, when the Mormon Battalion, under Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, fought a pitched battle with a herd of wild bulls. This incident occurred in the San Pedro Valley, not far from the present boundary of Mexico.

The Mormon Battalion was marching on foot from Fort Kearney, Nebraska, to San Diego, California, to reinforce the garrison there and to assist in the war against Mexico. They had been on limited rations all the way from Santa Fe; as soon as they entered the range where wild cattle were accessible they killed so many it was necessary to spend a day or two smoking the meat.

Two large ranches, the San Bernardino and the San Pedro had been stocked with cattle until the Apaches under Mangus Coloradas forced the inhabitants to abandon them. The cattle ran wild afterward, flourishing on the tall grass in the valley. These cattle were totally unlike the Texas longhorns; Colonel Cooke said, "They are rather wilder and more apt to attack individuals."

There were regular hunting parties to bring in meat, but some of the bulls had to be killed by the soldiers in self-defense. Cooke stated, "One died (that I saw) only after twenty wounds, half a dozen fired at ten paces." Other members of the Battalion said buffaloes were no harder to kill than were those wild bulls.

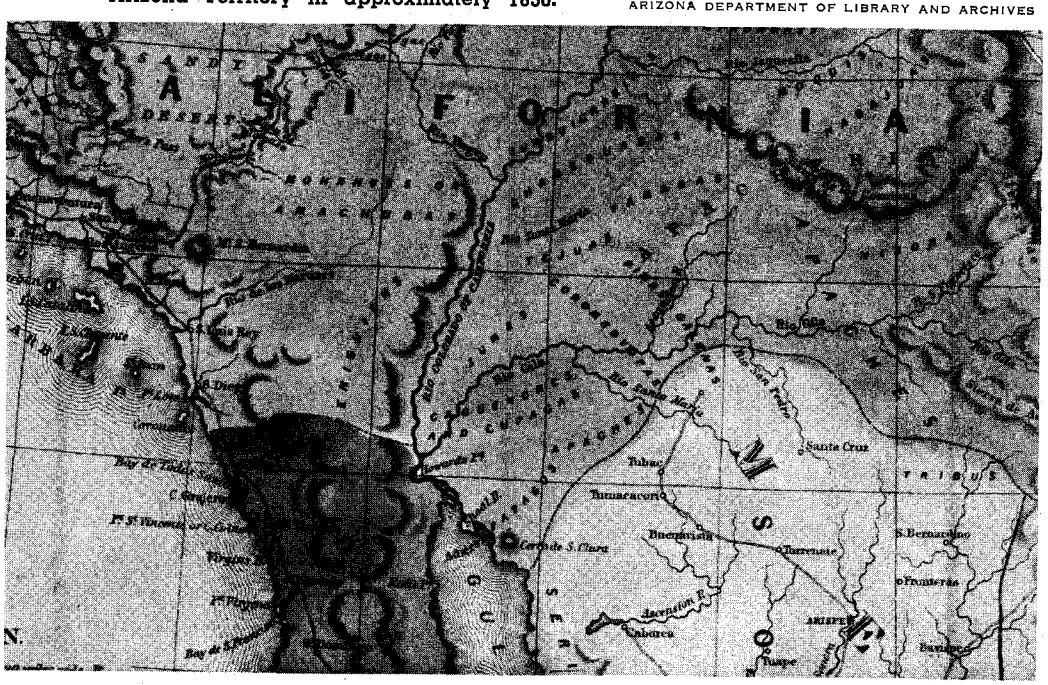
On the morning of December 11, 1846, a party of soldiers had started out to hunt when two wounded bulls charged out of the high grass. One of them knocked down Sergeant Albert Smith, bruising Smith severely as the bull's horns went on either side of the soldier's body. In contrast to the wide, sweeping spread of the Texas longhorn, the horns of these bulls curved forward and up and were rather short; they made extremely dangerous weapons, as the Battalion learned.

Smith was put into a wagon and the party started to rejoin the main body when another bull charged Amos Cox, of Company D, and threw him into the air, ripping a deep gash in Cox's thigh. The bull then attacked Cox's mules, knocking down and killing one and disemboweling the second.

Colonel Cooke, seeing the attack, ordered the men to load their muskets. One large, coal-black bull charged Corporal Frost of Company A, near where Cooke stood. Frost calmly watched the animal charging him; finally Cooke became alarmed for Frost's safety and shouted at him. Frost, however, waited until the bull was within ten paces and then fired; the bull fell dead almost at the corporal's feet.

Another bull charged a wagon, turning the rear end halfway around and knocking down a mule. One man saved his life by throwing himself on the ground as a bull charged, whereupon the bull jumped over him and turned his attention elsewhere. Lieutenant George Stoneman, the quartermaster, was wounded sometime during the fracas when his five-shooter went off accidentally and shot him in the thumb.

The bulls were finally driven off with no fatalities among the soldiers, and nine or ten bulls killed. The hardiness of the animals is indicated by Cooke's statement that he saw the heart of one bull with two balls through it and yet with those wounds, plus two in the lungs, the bull had charged a man!



JUSTICE WAS BLIND

By Lorena A. Olmsted

THE EARLY DAYS of California saw many strange and weird happenings. Perhaps none was more ludicrous than the first murder trial held at Sutter's Fort in January, 1849.

Charles E. Pickett and a man named Alderman had rented store space from John Sutter. One day an argument broke out about who should have certain storage rights. Maybe they both had imbibed a little too much, or perhaps they had seen too much of each other during the long winter months. Whatever the reason, the quarrel got out of hand. Suddenly Alderman grabbed up an ax and went for Pickett.

Pickett, alarmed, reached for a shot-

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Days!

gun and warned his angry companion to keep his distance, but Alderman was beyond reasoning. Stubbornly he advanced, the ax raised. Pickett retreated but when he found himself blocked by the wall, he fired and Alderman fell.

It was definitely a case of self-defense (as several witnesses were ready to testify) but Sam Brannan, another storekeeper, insisted that Pickett be arrested. At that time California was still operating under Mexican law, interpreted by an alcalde. Brannan took the case to the alcalde and demanded that Pickett be accused of murder.

The chief alcalde, Frank Bates, had already heard the facts and tried to talk Brannan out of having Pickett arrested. When Brannan angrily insisted, Bates resigned his position rather than accede to Brannan's demands. The assistant alcalde, John H. Fowler, also resigned for the same reason.

Brannan next approached the sheriff. That officer refused to arrest Pickett and turned in his badge when he saw he couldn't budge Brannan.

It is hard to understand just what actuated Brannan. He may have been honestly convinced that it was a case of murder, or perhaps he saw how advantageous to himself the removal of both storekeepers would be. At any rate, he was determined to have his way. He called a meeting of the townspeople at his store and informed them they had to elect a new alcalde. When no one would accept the job, Brannan took it himself.

THE NEXT ORDER of business was to elect a prosecuting attorney. Again there were no takers, so Brannan announced that he would be attorney as well as alcalde.

After a great deal of argument, a man named A. M. Tanner was persuaded to become sheriff and, with Brannan leading the way, headed for Pickett's store. Pickett was formally placed under arrest for murder. Brannan, who was running the whole affair, announced that the trial would take place immediately. A jury was hastily chosen and included John Sutter himself.

The whole thing was a farce. Some of the jurors were also witnesses, which under normal circumstances would make them ineligible. Drinks began to circulate freely in the close-packed room inside the fort and before long no one was paying much attention to what was going on, with the exception of Brannan and Pickett.

Pickett and his lawyer, a teamster who had volunteered for the job, got into a fight over who should question the witnesses. Pickett won when his lawyer became so drunk he couldn't distinguish who were witnesses and who were jurors.

Pickett wasn't amused by the antics as he realized he was fighting for his life—with the cards stacked against him. He charged that Brannan was trying to intimidate the witness in his position as judge. Brannan retorted that when he tried to intimidate the witness he was acting as prosecuting attorney.

Several of the jurors, including Sutter, had so many drinks they fell asleep, rousing only when Pickett and Brannan began shouting at each other.

Soon after midnight the case went to the jury, which by now was thoroughly befuddled. However, they deliberated until next morning, part of them sleeping while the others argued. Then they announced that it was impossible to agree on a verdict.

It isn't hard to imagine Brannan's fury at this. He commanded the sheriff to lock Pickett up and was told there was no jail. He then demanded that Pickett be put in irons and was informed blandly that they had no irons. Finally, two of the jurors offered to go Pickett's bail and he was released.

Later a new and more impartial alcalde was elected and another trial was held. With the jurors and public officials sober, Pickett was acquitted as he should have been the first time.

OH, FOR THE LIFE OF A COWBOY!

By George Phillips

EVERY SPRING the boss would say, "Boys, get your mount of horses and shoe 'em good and go to the general roundup down on the Pecos" or some other place fifty or seventy-five miles away. It was quite a task to shoe eight or ten horses. Why we wanted to follow that kind of life is beyond me, but we got a thrill out of it. I guess most likely it was all part of being young and full of beans and vinegar.

After the first day's roundup we had to stand night guard about three hours, and then get up at daylight to go on the drive. After the drive came the calf branding, which was hard work but we enjoyed it. For night guard it was necessary to have a gentle, sure-footed pony, that could see in the dark. Should a cow or a bunch of cows decide to quit the herd, the pony would gather himself and he'd bring every one back. His rider probably wouldn't see a single cow, but the wise night hoss would take care of everything by himself.

Cowboying was hard work and poor pay but we didn't know any other life and wouldn't have liked it if we had. If we were lucky we'd get about four or five hours sleep out of the twenty-four and when we had a stampede we wouldn't get any shut-eye for two or three days. Yet hardly ever did a cowpoke take sick. Maybe it was the good solid grub that held him up—beefsteak and beans and sourdough biscuits and coffee so strong it would float an iron wedge.

"Oh, my slicker's in the wagon and I'm out in the rain,
And I swear that I'll never trail drive again!"

That was one of the old songs and wet cowboys sang it every time we got caught in a storm. But we kept on a-ridin' and a-ropin' until we got too old to straddle a hoss and we loved every minute of it. We drew $25.00 a month and found, and if we made top hand we got $40.00 a month. If a feller got soaking and was on the verge of pneumonia, the boss would grin and say: "Son, you're a cowboy! If you ain't man enough to dry your clothes with the heat of your body, you ain't got no business on a cow work!"

Of all the hard times an old-time cowpoke encountered, nothing measured up to a stampede. A herd of cows and calves among them wasn't as liable to spook and stampede as a straight bunch of steers. If they did, they didn't run as far. The mamas would stop and bawl for their babies and the cowboy had a chance to straighten things out.

You never knew what might start them off. First thing you knew the whole damn herd was up and gone like the clattering wheels of hell. You didn't know which way you were going, but you stuck with the cattle come what may.

As long as some of the herd was on their feet and browsing around, there wasn't much danger of a stampede. But let them all be lying down, peacefully asleep, and you'd better look out! The fellers not on guard had night hosses saddled and bridled and ready to go. Scared cattle, like scared humans, don't look to see where they're going. Feller don't take time to dress and adjust his tie and set his hat on just so. No sirree!

IN THE old days we had no corrals and no wire fences to tangle up in. Later, ranchers built corrals for branding, but it was a long time before we held herds in pens. Then one or two men would ride round and round the corrals on the outside, watching and waiting. You could could build pens horse-high and bull-strong, but if the cattle stampeded they'd just stack up against the fence. The weakest would go down, and the strongest would go on over the top. It was a pitiful thing to see those busted up cows and calves—a sight that would make a rancher's heart ache. (He also got a sharp pain in his pocketbook, seeing all that ruined stock.)

Cattle ranching is all pasture work now. Now the cowboys use $100 saddles and $40.00 boots and if it rains (which it seldom does anymore in Texas or Arizona), your gentleman cowboy has a change of clothes handy so he won't take his death of cold. For breakfast he has oatmeal or some fancy cereal, nice crisp bacon and coffee with sugar and cream! That modern grub won't stick to a feller's ribs like a mug of Arbuckle and a plate of beefsteak and beans, with a couple of sourdough biscuits on the side!

"IN THE PALE MOONLIGHT"

By Don Ashbaugh

MANY A masterpiece of doggerel spawned by old-time prospectors was written and lost. Here is one that wasn't.

In the Spring of 1926 an old character who signed himself "Kid" F. C. Smith, and who claimed to have struck an asbestos lode along the Colorado River in the Boulder Dam area, composed a ditty he called *Prospector's Blues*. It was printed in the *Las Vegas Review-Journal* on May 26, 1926. Here it is . . .

"I can see the horned toads crawling
Over the old desert sand;
I can hear the rattler's warning—
He is not afraid of man.
I can smell the sagebrush blooming
With an odor that I like—
Oh, I love to be on the desert
In the pale moonlight!

"I can hear the coyotes whining
And I like their haunting trill;
I can hear the nighthawk screaming
As it perches on yonder hill;
I can see the rabbits playing
Out upon the sand so bright . . .
Oh, I love to be on the desert
In the pale moonlight.

(Continued on page 46)

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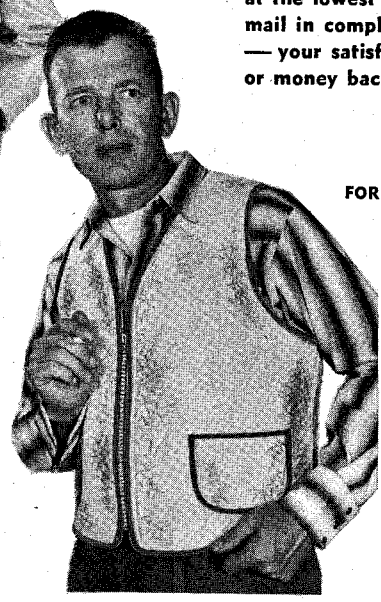

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No. 4855	Sizes 36 to 46	**$24.95**
No. 4855L	38 to 44-longs	**$24.95**

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No. 744 Sizes 36 to 46 **$17.98**

New, long brush jacket (31-in. length) of supple split cowhide, for the man who wants added protection. Bottom of jacket is split at sides for comfort. Thick Orlon Acrylic pile body lining and collar. Rayon lined sleeves. Slash pockets. Heavy duty snap fasteners. Golden Tan Color.

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"We thought Gruber was looking for the Lost Badger Mine and I began to spy on him . . . I didn't know his secret search was a much more fearsome thing . . . !"

HANS GRUBER'S SECRET MISSION

By TOM BAILEY

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

IN MARCH, 1904, a man called Hans Gruber came from Coblenz, Germany, to occupy a cabin about two miles from our home near the Applegate River, fourteen miles from Grants Pass, Oregon. He was about forty, stockily built and somewhat stooped from a childhood spinal ailment. He wore his graying hair long so that it covered abnormally large ears; his arms were longer than most men's, it seemed, and he walked with a peculiar gait. Habitually he wore a Bavarian hunting cap with a red feather in the crown and his clothing was that of a middle-class German—homespun gray trousers baggy at the knees and a brown corduroy jacket much too short for his long arms.

Despite his physical imperfections, the newcomer seemed neighborly and eager to make friends. He claimed to have spent most of his adult life as a janitor for the Church of St. Castor in Coblenz.

When Gruber first took up residence in the cabin, rented from its owner in Grants Pass, he had a stubby mustache that he gradually let grow into a full-sized beard. In a few weeks, his facial appearance changed so much that anyone who had known him in Germany would no longer have recognized him.

My father was the first to suspect that Hans Gruber had come to the area to search for a lost mine that another German had discovered in the hills north of us. Karl Meyer had made the find in 1878 when he followed a wounded badger into a narrow cave. When he tried to go back to it, the wooded Oregon hills confused him. Before he could locate the cave again, he fell ill and died and since then the Lost Badger has been the object of many fortune seekers (See FRONTIER TIMES, Spring, 1959).

My father's interest in learning whether or not Gruber was looking for the Lost Badger caused my brother Norman and me to spy on the German. He could converse with us in broken English fairly well but was more talkative speaking German. A school chum of ours, Herman Wolke, spoke the language fairly well so we induced him to accompany us to the cabin on several occasions.

Gruber was delighted to find someone who understood his native tongue. We learned that he had been brought up along the Moselle River, where his father had had a winery. He worked for his father until he was eighteen and was an expert wine taster, he said. At twenty he became janitor for the Church of St. Castor, a position of high honor in the minds of the congregation, and had held the position for twenty-two years before deciding to come to America. His wife and only child, a daughter, were dead, he told us.

ONE MORNING Herman and I, having little else to do, picked up a couple of shovels and started for an old Indian burial ground a half-mile from Gruber's cabin. When we had nothing else to do we dug into the 200-year-old graves for bones and artifacts, including arrowheads, stone implements and beads which we sold to a curio shop in town.

Gruber said he would like to go along. While we excavated he sat and watched as we unearthed a few arrowheads and some bones. We dug in a couple of places that produced artifacts and when we were tired he suggested that we leave the graves open. He wanted to come back and study them. This was a strange request, we thought, for a man who had spent most of his life cleaning a church, but we complied. Always before this we had covered the graves so others would not be attracted to them.

A few days later Gruber rented a team and wagon from Herman's father, saying he wished to see some of the country. He planned a trip up the Applegate River and over the old emigrant pass to the historic town of Jacksonville, then down the Rogue Valley and home by way of Grants Pass.

He was gone a whole week. When he returned we rushed over to hear about his trip. The first thing I noticed was a new Winchester .25-35 repeating carbine (I had long cherished such a gun and hoped some day to own one). He said he had bought it for deer.

Knowing the country he had driven over, I questioned him and found him a little evasive about certain things, particularly Gold Hill, which he would have passed through on his way down the Rogue. He was vague about it, saying he must have driven through it without paying much attention to where he was.

When we left the cabin I told Herman that I thought Gruber had gone somewhere else than over the pass to Jacksonville.

"But where else could he go?" Herman said.

"Maybe to Crescent City." Crescent City was on the coast, in the opposite direction from Jacksonville.

"But why should he lie about where he went?" Herman said. "What difference would it make?"

These were questions I could not answer and they hung in my mind for the next several days.

I was working in my mother's vegetable garden when Herman dropped by. "I just came by Gruber's," he said, "and he's not home. The rifle's gone. Do you suppose he went deer hunting?"

I doubted this for I hadn't heard a rifle shot in weeks. Rifle shots anywhere in the region had a way of echoing through the hills like distant thunder.

"Come on," I said, dropping the hoe, "let's go see."

We found the cabin unlocked and

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"As we came back from the creek we saw Gruber returning to the cabin along the trail that led to the Indian burial grounds. In one hand he carried a shovel and in the other his recently acquired rifle. He told us he had gone back to refill the graves that we'd uncovered . . ."

looked briefly for the rifle, but it was nowhere in sight. Back of the cabin Herman paused suddenly to peer down at a dark circle in the dry grass beneath a tree limb. "Gee, look! Blood."

To make certain it was blood I touched it. "Yep, it's blood."

"Must be deer blood," Herman said.

"If he did kill a deer, why would he be out hunting now?" I wanted to know.

We looked along the creek to see if he had hung his kill in a cooler place, but didn't find anything.

As we came back from the creek we saw Gruber returning to the cabin along the trail that led to the Indian burial grounds. In one hand he carried a shovel and in the other his recently acquired rifle. He told us he had gone back to refill the graves we'd uncovered. It had just occurred to him, he said, that there was a law against opening Indian graves and he didn't want to get in trouble with the authorities. He advised us against molesting any more of the graves and warned us not to tell anyone he had been present when we'd committed our last offense. Never, he declared, would he again go near the Indian burial ground.

After the shock of discovering we had violated some kind of law wore off, Herman said, "I see you killed a deer. We saw the blood over there under the tree."

"Ach!" said Gruber. "You are wrong, my boy. It was only one of your Oregon jack rabbits I shot for meat. I hung it up there to skin it."

"It sure bled a lot for only a rabbit," I said. "Are you going to have it for supper?"

"I already cooked it—for breakfast."

"I DON'T believe a word he said," I told Herman when we left. "If it *was* a jackrabbit, he sure didn't eat all of it for breakfast." Oregon jacks are huge.

We doubled back and went by the Indian burial grounds. Gruber had been telling the truth—he had refilled the graves and even scattered pine needles over the freshly disturbed soil.

That evening I asked my father if there was a law against opening Indian graves. He gave me a reproving look. "I don't know if there is or not. Why, have you been molesting those graves again?"

"Herman and I dug up some more bones," I admitted. "Mr. Gruber went with us and he said there was a law against it."

"How could anyone over here only a few months from Germany know about such laws? Seems to me he's quite an old windbag. You boys better stay away from him from now on, hear?"

This was the first indication I'd had that my father disliked Gruber and it made me cautious. I told Herman about it.

"My father doesn't want me fooling around with Gruber either," Herman said. "He's been after me to quit going over there ever since he found blood on the wagonbed."

"Blood on the wagonbed!" I gasped. "What blood?"

"I didn't tell you this before but when Hans brought Pa's wagon back there was some blood in the bed of the wagon like he'd hauled a deer or something. Or he could have killed somebody's young calf, pa says. He might be a rustler, who knows?"

Herman further stated his father felt sure Gruber had not made the trip to Jacksonville. A man from Myrtle Creek had told Mr. Wolke he had recognized the team and wagon on the road to Jump Off Joe. "I knew it was your team and I recognized the wagon," the fellow said. "I didn't get a good look at the man driving it. He was sort of humped over in the seat and had a red feather in his cap."

After not having seen the old man for several days, I dropped by the cabin one morning to see if he were all right. He was not home, which gave me an opportunity to look around a bit. In the back yard I found a pile of fresh ashes where he had burned something. Prodding around in them with a stick, I uncovered several buttons that might have come from a man's coat or trousers, a couple of metal buckles and the remains of what had been a pair of men's shoes.

Suddenly, I had a premonition that I should not be fooling around the cabin, particularly alone. I ran home and told my brother never to go near the cabin again and we hurried off to warn Herman. *(Continued on page 54)*

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF COLORADO

Foy played the "Theater Comique" in Leadville, visible on the left.

Everyone's heard of Eddie Foy. But did you know he began his career as one of America's most charming comedians in the dancehalls and ramshackle theaters of the toughest towns in the West?

Frontier Funster

By LOUIS WILLIAM STEINWEDEL

THERE ARE probably quite a few people living today who can remember laughing at the antics of little Eddie Foy. Far fewer know that he achieved his initial success as a frontier variety performer riding the circuits from the dancehalls of Dodge City to the raucous theatres of Leadville and Tombstone.

Foy, traveling with minstrel shows that grossed $13.00 a night, thought even the weatherbeaten and dusty facade of 1878 Dodge looked hospitable. He and his partner, Jim Thompson, arrived in the middle of a dry spell which reduced the appearance, if not the spirit, of the village to a yellow desolation.

Stepping out in front of the entertainment-starved crew of cowboys at Springer's Concert Hall, Foy gulped a little harder than his slightly more experienced partner and the show was on. At that time, the team was doing an act which consisted of a song-and-dance routine, a smattering of comedy and, if the occasion called for it (and many times even when it didn't), a little acrobatics.

By today's standards, their brand of humor was about as corny as a moonshiner's still. Luckily, however, a cowboy who had been riding for months in the dust of a smelly herd of Texas longhorns was ready to laugh at anything. Even jokes like this invariably drew a roaring response:

"Mr. Thompson, why is a dog's tail like the end of the world?"

"I am sure I do not know, Mr. Foy. Why *is* a dog's tail like the end of the world?"

"Because it's fur to the end."

"But Mr. Foy, suppose the dog has no tail?"

"Well, Mr. Thompson, then it ain't so fur."

Another part of the repertoire which went over well in Dodge City was Foy's famous *Kalamazoo in Michigan*, at least a part of which had been written a few years earlier by another of Foy's partners, Ben Collins, who had a knack for rewording classic poetry to make it appeal to popular taste. This is an example:

"A bum in front of a theater door stood waiting for a check;
The police tried to drive him off, but he firmly stood on deck.
His stomach yearned for lunch, so he turned and entered a saloon,
But the barkeep hit him in the eye with an Etruscan brown spittoon.
The weary bummer faltered as he sadly murmured, 'Sure, you wouldn't treat me thusly, only you know I'm poor.
Why, I've been mistaken for Vanderbilt, but you can see I'm not the man,
For I was born in Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo in Michigan."

Eddie hastened to explain that much of the punch lay in the name "Kalamazoo," a word which for some obscure reason was considered immensely funny in those days regardless of the context in which it was used.

THE COWBOYS of Dodge City were noted for miles around as hilarious pranksters. One of their favorite tricks was to dress like Indians and chase dudes over the prairie to scare the daylights out of them.

After Eddie's show, the cowboys decided that it would be a good joke to haze the dude with the "Fifth Avenue swaggering strut." Robert Wright, one of the town merchants, later recorded, ". . . this led to their capturing Foy by roping,

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fixing him up in a picturesque way, ducking him in a friendly way in a horse trough, riding him around on horseback, and taking other playful familiarities with him, just to show their friendship."

Foy, evidently unaware of the jocular intent, said that he was "determined to be nonchalant and not let them see that they were worrying me, even if they broke my neck. The whole affair ended in a laugh and a drink all around and Thompson and I got more applause than ever, and we stayed at Dodge all summer." Even though Eddie was given to some rather raw jokes about cowboys, Wright observed, "Nothing he could say or do offended them; on the contrary, they made a little god of him."

Among the first people introduced to Foy by his new employer was Bat Masterson, whom the young entertainer described as "a trim, goodlooking young man with a pleasant face and a carefully barbered moustache, well-tailored clothes, hat with a rakish tilt, and two big silver-mounted ivory-handled pistols in a heavy belt." During Eddie's extended stay in the Queen of the Cowtowns, a camaraderie developed between him and Bat. Of all the friends Foy acquired among frontiersmen, gamblers and gunmen, he maintained that Masterson was one of the few who knew him as he really was and not just as an on-stage clown.

Perhaps Eddie's run-in with Ben Thompson, an English-born professional gambler, gunman and ex-Confederate soldier, accounted for much of his fondness for Masterson. One night as Eddie was in his dressingroom preparing for a performance, Ben Thompson burst in stone-drunk, a big .45 in his hand.

Steadying himself, he surveyed the room for a few seconds. Sighting a kerosene lamp, he cocked his Colt and roared at the surprised little actor, "Get your head out of the way, I want to shoot out that light."

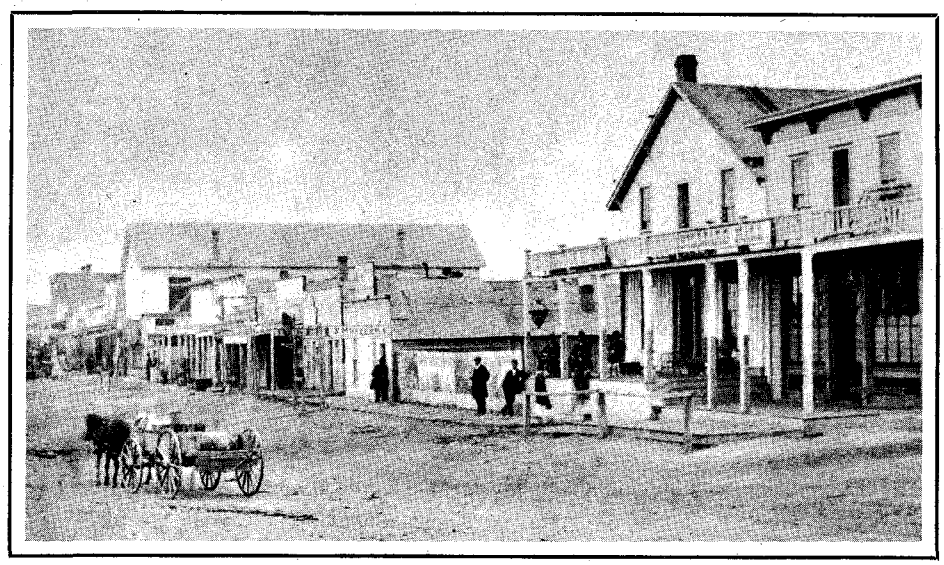
Foy, quite unable to grasp what was happening, froze, very much aware that his head was precisely between Thompson's gun muzzle and its intended target. Just then Bat Masterson, overhearing Ben's boast through the thin walls, jerked open the door and pushed the gunman's weapon aside.

A few years earlier Thompson had saved Masterson's life in Sweetwater, Texas, thus Bat was one of the gambler's few friends in town. This at least partially explains why Thompson, who could be a very unpleasant customer when he wanted, raised no further fuss and left with Masterson gently but firmly shoving from behind.

THE NEXT time Eddie's head was used for a target the trigger was pulled by a fellow thespian. Down the street from the concert hall where Foy and Jim Thompson were billed, a rival place called the Varieties Theater was headlining an actor named Charles Chapin in a series of melodramas. "He somehow got the impression," Foy later wrote, "that I was making eyes at a girl with whom he was infatuated."

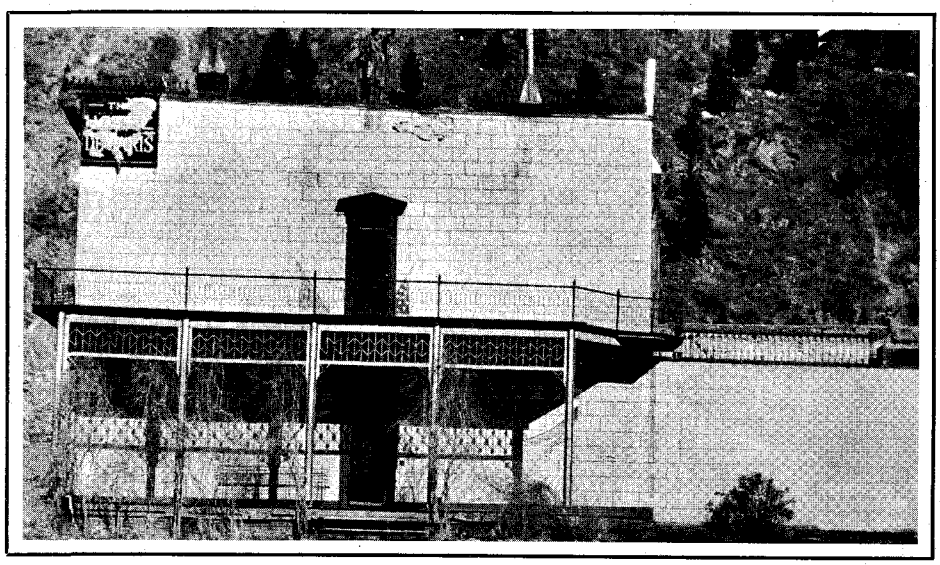
One night the distraught lover tiptoed up to the shack where Eddie was living and emptied a revolver through the window. Chapin was a bum shot and, since Foy came out of the fray unscathed, nothing much was made of the affair. Foy noted "that was the only time I was ever actually shot at although I was threatened more than once." Later in life Chapin murdered his wife and spent the remainder of his days at Sing Sing tending a rose bed.

(Continued on next page)



KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

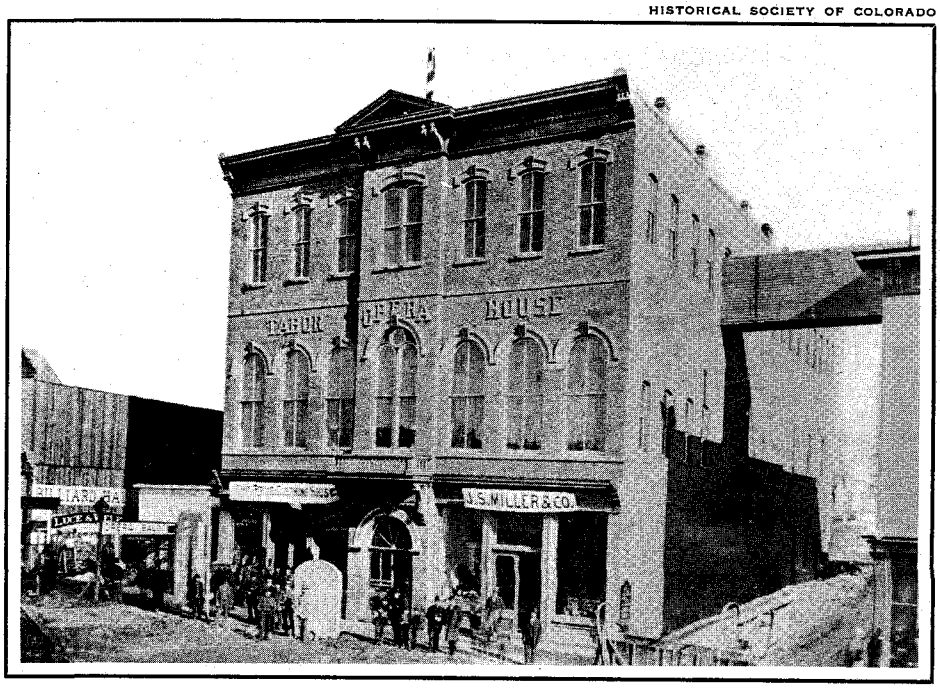
Above, Dodge City as it appeared when Foy was there.



HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF COLORADO

Above, the Hotel de Paris in Georgetown, Colorado. Below, Horace Tabor contributed to Leadville's culture by building the Opera House.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF COLORADO



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The actor did indirectly participate in one other shooting while in Dodge—a plot to assassinate Wyatt Earp. George Hoyt, a Texas fugitive, was supposedly promised $1,000.00 and a dismissal of criminal charges against him if he would do the job. Accepting the offer, Hoyt was told by his employers that Earp would be on duty outside the theater where Eddie Foy was playing.

Hoyt, after one trip up the street to make sure Earp was there, wheeled his horse and galloped past, firing as he came. Inside the hall the strains of *Kalamazoo In Michigan* halted abruptly as windows smashed, women screamed and chunks of lead splintered the thin board walls. Afterwards Foy said of the incident, "Everyone dropped to the floor at once according to custom. Bat Masterson was just in the act of dealing a game of Spanish monte with Doc Holliday and I was impressed by the instantaneous manner in which they flattened out like pancakes on the floor. I though I was pretty agile myself but those fellows had me beaten by seconds at the trick."

In his memoirs, Foy records that a "gang of rough lads from Texas" did the shooting with "eight or ten big pistols," but there were actually only two participants in the battle, Hoyt and Earp, who in returning the fire brought the Texan down as he fled over the wooden toll bridge out of town. After the fracas had subsided, Foy retired backstage to find the coat of his new $11.00 suit punctured by three bullets, one of which had started the cloth smouldering.

Eddie saw a bit more of the "Wild West" when he was literally abducted into an Indian-hunting posse. Eddie had never fired a gun in his life and by his own admission represented more of a danger to his fellow posse members than to any Red marauders. Fortunately for both sides, not a shot was fired at the capture and Foy laconically commented, "We white men give these Indians guns and whiskey and make them what they are and now we are going to kill them for what civilization has done to them."

By now Eddie had seen enough gunplay to steer clear of it. When the feuding Denver & Rio Grande and Santa Fe Railroads were recruiting anybody who could pull a trigger, Eddie prudently refused the extra few dollars he could have made. Newspapers later reported that the impending battle was averted when the treasurer of the Rio Grande bribed the Santa Fe's private army with a suitcase of banknotes.

LATE IN 1878, the rising new comedy team of Foy and Thompson, reinforced both experience-wise and financially by their long and successful run in Dodge, arrived in the booming new Colorado town of Leadville to open at Tom Kemp's Dance and Gambling Hall. If Dodge was rough, tough, and wide open (which Eddie denied), Leadville was ten times as bad.

When the pair of entertainers arrived, the population was about 20,000 and, Eddie said, "was still growing like a mushroom." As might be expected, even basic accommodations could not be provided. Eddie and Jim Thompson were fortunate enough to secure a couple of straw mattresses, blankets and bunk backstage at the theater.

During Eddie's tour of duty at Leadville, an entrepreneur named Sullivan came to town with a production of "The Black Crook," a play which had evoked sensational comments back East. Foy landed the part of Rudolf, the hero in the

Eddie Foy

Sketch by Bill Wittliff

piece, but through a combination of insufficient rehearsal and overzealousness kept breaking in on Sullivan's villain part. At one point in the play Sullivan was to deliver the line, "Well said, me lad, well said." Irritated by an evening of Eddie's unintentional upstaging, Sullivan barked out, "Well said, me lad—but said too damn soon!"

Next rung up the ladder for Foy and Thompson was Denver, a growing western metropolis which had telephones, electric lights and a genuine elevator. Denver was also gaining renown as one of the more civilized cities in the West. A murderer had been arrested and executed *only* after being legally and properly tried by a jury and condemned! (The only possible blemish in this claim to civility was that it had all happened in a single day.)

In Denver the aspiring thespians met a man named Chase, who was opening a big new entertainment hall. He offered the little troupe a job, which included a salary only if his big venture succeeded. It succeeded handsomely—but the theatrical presentations had little to do with the success. As Eddie explained, "There were fifty-two games of chance in his place, and a sucker couldn't win a dollar at any of them."

Foy and Thompson next found work at the famous Bird Cage in the appropriately named Arizona town of Tombstone. Eddie characterized the town in four succinct but highly descriptive words: "Heat, desert, dust and cactus," noting that the rough jagged mountains in the distance were the "only restful, beautiful things in sight."

Eddie implied after leaving Tombstone that perhaps the town's toughness was a little overrated; certainly, he pointed out, the place was no more free and easy than Colorado's combination of silver, vice and gunsmoke called Leadville. Nevertheless, on the wild frontier, there was a certain amount of decorum in the theater. "I was never shot at or made the target of eggs or cabbage by dissatisfied patrons, nor did I ever see another actor suffer such indignity."

While in Tombstone, Eddie met numerous local characters, including one Dave Rudabaugh, cattle rustler, train robber and, as Foy phrased it, "general bad egg." One night at the Bird Cage, Eddie wondered why Rudabaugh, a devotee of the Foy brand of comedy, left in the middle of the show. He later found out that it was to dispatch a disgruntled faro player with a .45 blast in the forehead. Foy characterized his friendship with Rudabaugh as something like "getting chummy with a vigorous, partly tamed tiger."

Foy rather logically explained his associations with the gamblers and gunmen of the West by saying, "The stage had a glamor and a fascination for all of them. Some few of them, I think, had a vague idea that a comedian was a devilish, jolly, carefree, irresponsible fellow whose private life was as merry as his stage antics, who never meant anybody any harm, never meant seriously anything he said and was not to be held to strict accountability.

"Some liked me because I made them laugh and forget for a few moments the stain and ugliness of their lives."

AFTER TOMBSTONE, Eddie and his partner reached the pinnacle of the Western theatrical circuit by playing the gay, golden metropolis of the West, San Francisco. In those days, San Francisco was an adolescent town with the body of a full grown city—but still with the mind and heart of a roaring mining camp.

While Foy and Thompson wisecracked on the stage of Ed Buckley's Adelphi Theater, an audience clad in Prince Albert cutaway coats, brocade vests and diamond stickpins pushed English theater customs to the breaking point and sipped French champagne as they watched.

Eddie Foy classically summed up in one line all the splendor, glory and fascination that was old San Francisco: "One may consider a great deal of life's misfortune and unhappiness counterbalanced if one has had the joy of knowing the old San Francisco."

Eddie eventually returned to the brighter lights of New York but he held close to his heart the big, wild, wonderful land that had taken time out from its mining, cattle herding, gambling and gunfighting to laugh at a little man daring to venture there armed with a banjo rather than a revolver.

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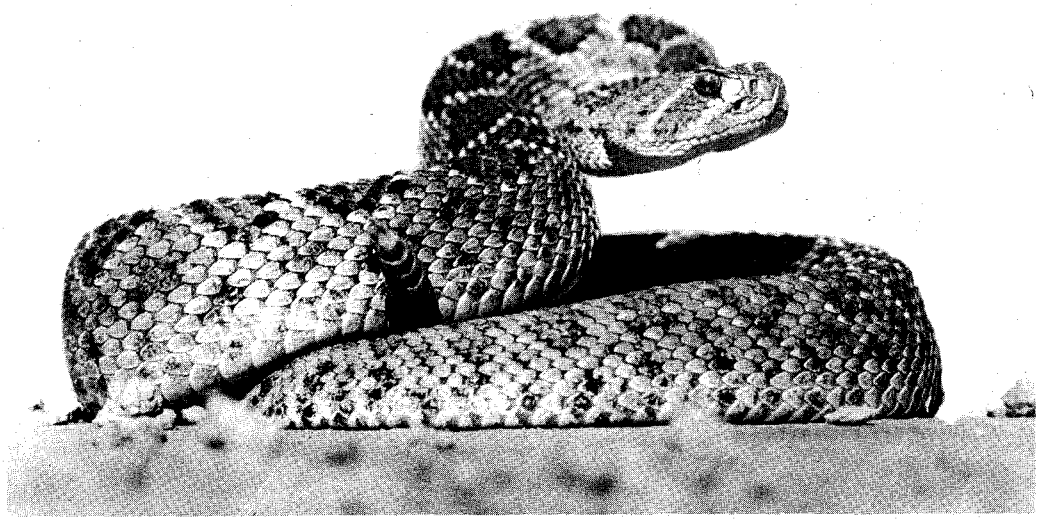
Fingo could shoot the head off a rattler—

but had never tried it before under such circumstances!

Belly-Full of Snake



TEXAS GAME & FISH COMMISSION

By FRANK ARIZA

Author's Note: This story was told to me by Charley Campbell himself, forty-two years after the events occurred. He was then Doctor Charles A. R. Campbell, the only man in the world's history to colonize bats.

ONE LATE spring day in 1888, Bill Haley, a Texas cattleman, prepared to cross the Rio Grande at Laredo and pick up some good cattle south of the border. He could buy them cheap, bring them to Texas, fatten them and make a nice profit. In addition to his three cowboys, dependable fellows, and a very fat, goodnatured German cook named Sam Overmeyer, he decided he needed an interpreter. A doctor friend of Haley's told him of a smart sixteen-year-old named Charley Campbell who could speak German as well as Spanish, English and Texan.

"When we'd crossed the river and ridden out into the cattle country and made camp that first night," Dr. Campbell related, "word had gotten 'round that a cattle buyer 'with lots of gold' had arrived. A crowd of perhaps thirty peons gathered as we unloaded. Most of them were desperate looking fellows, and hungry looking, too.

"One of Haley's cowboys was a tall, grey-eyed fellow who had a lazy look that was deceptive. When he had to, he could move like chain-lightning and was a crack shot with either a six-gun or a rifle. He was called 'Fingo.'

" 'One of you fellows toss up a can and we'll show you some fine shooting!' I said to a Mexican who appeared to be some kind of leader. No one had a can, but one fellow, a very tough looking hombre with a savage Villa-like face, said he'd toss up his sombrero. 'Don't be foolish,' I said. 'He can hit that if he's blindfolded.' So the fellow took a boy's small homemade rag baseball and gave it a fling.

"Fingo blasted the rag guts out of it and the crowd gasped. Then I tossed up one of our few potatoes, a small one about two-and-a-half inches in diameter. You'd think Fingo was waiting so long he would surely miss, then that old six-gun spoke and the spud joined the rag ball. The peons gasped with astonishment. After some more fine shooting, with never a miss, we shoved on and made camp near a small creek a quarter-of-a-mile away, convinced that the tough looking hombres had learned the lesson we wanted them to learn—avoid that gringo camp!

"Fat Sam rustled up a dandy supper. Supper over, he said, 'Now, boys, I won't sleep in camp with you for if I do, *none of you will sleep,* as I am the loudest snorer in the world!' Haley agreed with him. As we spread our blankets and Fat Sam prepared to go to the jungle he said to me, 'Charley, you won't have to call me in the morning. I'm a powerful snorer but I can get up on time.'

"WE were all up by six o'clock. The horses had been fed, but Fat Sam hadn't shown up.

" 'Charley,' one of the boys said to me, 'go down through them willows an' roust that ol' scoun'rel out. An' if he kicks, tell him Cassidy'll kick th' kraut out of him!'

"As I neared the clump of willows I could see Fat Sam's big fat chest and belly and, darn me, if his eyes weren't wide open!

" 'Hey, Mister Sam,' I called, 'the boys are all yowling for their bacon an' pancakes an' coffee . . . y' better get goin'!'

"I knew he'd heard me, for his eyes were wide open, but he didn't move a muscle. I was about twelve yards away, and the thought came to me that when people die their eyes stay open until someone closes them. I edged a little bit closer.

"On Fat Sam's naked stomach, just above his navel, I saw a very thick, yellowish-black diamondback rattlesnake lying stretched out as complacently as though he were sunning himself at the edge of a clump of guajillas. Apparently the warmth of Sam's huge belly was just to his liking.

"Without alarming the reptile or exhibiting the terror I felt, I moved slowly backward, then ran to camp and told Mr. Haley and the boys what was keeping Sam.

" 'Go get that snake, Fingo!' Haley ordered. 'Charley, you go with him, but stay a little behind!'

"Fingo took his rifle. As we slowly moved to the creek and got within a dozen yards of Fat Sam, Fingo called to him in a low voice, 'Sam, I'm gonna get that snake. Steady!'

"The snake either heard or saw us, and raised its head ever so little, but just right for Fingo.

"His rifle cracked, and the snake fell from Fat Sam's belly, in our direction, its head almost pulverized. Its body lashed around a bit. Then Fingo called to Sam, 'O.K., Big Boy, get goin' an' rustle up some chuck!'

"The snake's body, meanwhile, had lashed and hurled itself three feet from Sam.

"Sam looked a trifle pale around the gills as he explained that he was lying there wide awake, about five o'clock, when he felt the snake crawl along his thigh. 'Then th' fust thing I knowed, I see his

(Continued on page 50)

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Above, Cynthia Ann Parker and Prairie Flower. Below, Ben J. Parker speaks during ceremonies at Fort Parker Indian and white reunion, 1953.

Comanche Reunion

(Continued from page 18)

the sacred resting place of Cynthia Ann and Chief Quanah, is now part of Fort Sill, and the bones of the illustrious Indians have been re-interred in a military burying ground. Many relics of the Comanches and their famous chief can now be seen at the Fort Sill Museum.

The 1962 reunion was held at Camp Eagle on the Fort Sill military reservation near Lawton, Oklahoma, August third through fifth. Of special interest was the unveiling of a re-creation of Chief Quanah's bedroom as it was in his original home near Cache, Oklahoma. Featured in this room are the native religious instruments used by the famous Comanche chief.

Buffalo Drives

(Continued from page 11)

support the village had to be at hand and the area had to be a favored feeding ground of the buffalo.

RUNNING buffaloes was developed to a highly specialized art among the Blackfeet of Montana. They usually located their encampment in a valley with high, vertical walls and built a large corral at the base of the cliff. Above, on the prairie, large piles of rocks were set up forming a funnel, the narrow end leading to the cliff's edge directly over the corral.

When the camp needed meat, a select group of warriors—"buffalo watchers"—kept watch for a herd of the right size to appear opposite the funnel opening. When all conditions were right, the buffalo watchers reported the fact back to camp.

The buffalo caller, usually the outstanding warrior of the village, then took over. His responsibility was to attract the attention of the animals and get them to follow him in a straight line to the cliff edge. In preparing for his duty, he painted all the exposed portions of his body with the sacred red-earth color.

Before dawn, the older men and most of the women hid behind the rock piles, camouflaging themselves with robes or other material that blended with the earth.

When all was ready, the buffalo caller appeared wearing over his hunched head and shoulders a buffalo robe with the tail and hindquarters dragging on the ground. It gave him the appearance of a broken-backed buffalo calf.

The caller would go up the center of the funnel, zigzagging toward the herd which remained undisturbed by his seemingly aimless wandering. When he had approached within a couple of hundred paces, the caller paused and gave the cry of an injured calf. Gaining the attention of an old cow, he continued to give the distress call. If the cow remained motionless, he coaxed her toward him with a limping, injured gait. Other cows followed the leader and soon the whole herd was in motion, coming to the aid of the calf in distress.

The buffalo caller headed straight down the center of the funnel, keeping close watch behind. As soon as the last of the herd had entered the funnel, the old men and women, hidden behind rock piles jumped up, screaming and waving blankets. The farther the buffalo ran, the more narrow the gap between them and the people became.

THAT WAS the moment of greatest danger for both the caller and the people. The former had to time his escape just right; too soon, and the buffalo might swerve and trample the beaters; too late, and they might overrun him. When everything was right, he cast aside his buffalo skin and ran behind one of the rock piles.

Driven frantic and blinded by the waving of blankets and the screaming people who suddenly had emerged from an empty prairie, the buffaloes rushed to their destruction over the cliff edge, falling hundreds of feet into the corral below. At the foot of the cliff, warriors rushed to dispatch the buffaloes that had survived the leap over the cliff.

The whole village gathered to butcher the hundreds of animals, curing meat and tanning hides for the months ahead.

The Cheyenne held a buffalo drive very similar to that of the Blackfeet. The Cheyenne buffalo callers were two medicine men who advanced and retreated before the herd, slowly waving eagle wings and singing medicine songs.

Buffalo drives were the most popular method of securing meat until the introduction of firearms. With the coming of the gun, a surplus of hides was accumulated for the first time among the Plains Indians. Although they did not realize it at the time, this surplus forecast the end of the buffalo and, hence, of the free life of their people.

The Ordeal of Surgeon Tappan

(Continued from page 33)

but on getting some water soon revived and was able to point out the direction and something near the spot where he left the doctor and the other man." He told his rescuers that the day after Corporal Berg and Stevens Sumner had left to go in search of water, Dr. Tappan had ordered him and the other soldier to try to save themselves as best they could.

In obedience to the surgeon's order, the two soldiers had set out in different directions. (This accounted for Captain Hager's finding four trails leading in different directions from Tappan's last camp.)

Tucson headquarters soon afterward dispatched two other expeditions, one "a party of Mexicans mounted, men who are accustomed to the country." On March 31, the Mexicans found the second of the soldiers who had left Dr. Tappan on the 25th. This man had kept himself alive by living on moisture from cactus plants until he found a spring in the mountains. Dr. Tappan, he reported, had told him "to look out for himself as he did not expect to live."

The search would go on for another ten days, but there was now no hope for Assistant Surgeon Benjamin Tappan. As a temporary commanding officer he had managed the survival of all his men. But he himself had escaped the Apaches only to be claimed by the implacable desert. In official records his death date is recorded as March 22, the day of the attack. The exact date, the exact place, no man will ever know.

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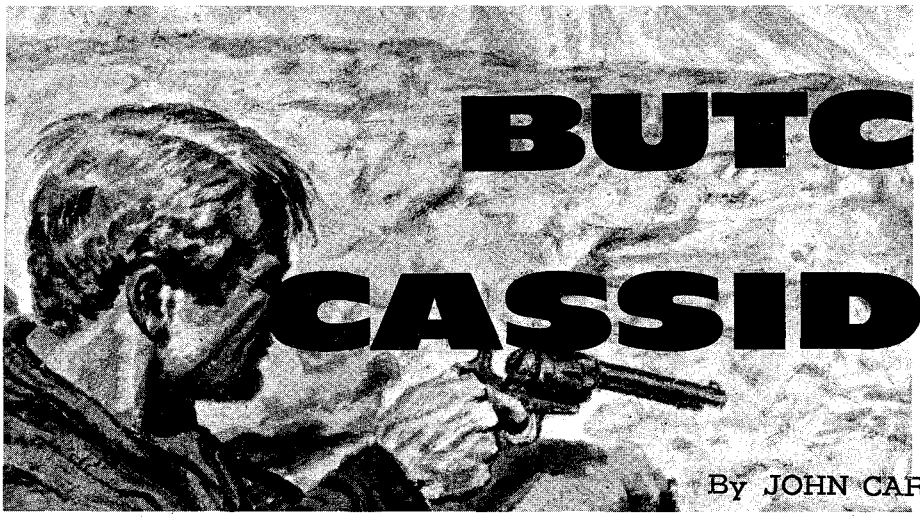


BUTCH CASSIDY

Sixth in a series— Backgrounds of Famous Western Badmen

By JOHN CARSON

TWENTY-FIVE miles north and a bit east of Liverpool, England, lies the quaint little town of Preston, different now than it was in the first decade of the 19th Century when Robert Parker was born. While still a youth, he became attracted to the Mormon religion, brought to his country by zealous young missionaries from America.

An enthusiastic convert, he soon became leader of the mission in Preston, was exposed to the glowing tales of the homesick American missionaries, and determined to make his home in this new country where the promise of religious freedom beckoned.

Robert married Ann Hartley and in 1855 the Parker dream, which Ann shared, came true. With the help of the Mormon Church, a number of converts from the British Isles and the Continent were transported to Iowa. These people were, for the most part, too poor to buy wagons and oxen—to poor, almost, to even buy food.

It had been decided that these new recruits, some of whom had not yet learned the new language, would leave immediately for Salt Lake Valley, capital of Mormonism in America, even though it was late summer and the long, arduous journey would have to be completed in two months if they were to avoid the severe mountain winter.

These destitute people, determined to reach Zion, built two-wheeled handcarts on which they stacked their possessions and, led by Captain Edward Martin, 576 of them (including old people and babes in arms), toughened themselves walking across the plains of Nebraska.

When the party reached Independence Rock in late October, snow and freezing winds were already sweeping in from the mountain slopes to the west. Drifts formed, some of them twenty to thirty feet deep, but the desperate pioneers continued their westward climb toward South Pass.

The strong were in the lead, breaking trail. Robert Parker was among those gallant leaders; his efforts to keep the disillusioned band together so weakened him that he sickened and died.

Robert Parker did not die alone. There, in what is now called Martin's Cove along the Sweetwater River between Rawlins and Casper, Wyoming, 145 of the gallant, but foolhardy, emigrants froze or starved to death. The survivors, among them Ann Hartley Parker and her children, found a mail station near Devil's Gate and in the spring left the graves of their loved ones and continued their westward trek.

ANN PARKER settled near Salt Lake City and her oldest son, Maximilian, age twelve, became the man of the family. Maximilian soon moved the family to Circle Valley and in 1865 married a young Mormon girl, daughter of a rugged and dour Scotsman. Ann Campbell was a good wife, bringing into the world seven children, of whom George LeRoy was the eldest.

These hard-working Mormon people took up a ranch near the little town of Circleville, and there the Parker children learned to ride and shoot. They raised fine horses (throughout his life, George LeRoy would ride only the finest of horses).

Respectability, but never prosperity, came to the little ranch family. George had two fast horses which he decided to race at fairs and Fourth of July celebrations. At Telluride, Colorado, he met another Mormon cowboy, chubby Willard Christiansen, who later was better known to lawmen from Colorado to Washington as "Matt Warner." Matt had already been introduced to illegal activities, being the brother-in-law of the McCartys —who were horse thieves and accomplished bank robbers.

Matt was trying to make both ends meet, and was able to persuade young Parker to give serious consideration to holding up the Telluride bank. Although Parker had perhaps stolen a few horses and maybe a cow or two, he had not actually crossed that great divide into pure lawlessness from which there is no return.

While still a boy, George Parker had idolized his father's horse wrangler, a sometimes cattle rustler named Mike Cassidy. To avoid embarrassing his parents while out gambling and consorting with undesirables, he usually called himself "George Cassidy." When Matt promised that Tom McCarty, the bank expert, would ramrod the Telluride robbery, young Cassidy was enthusiastic.

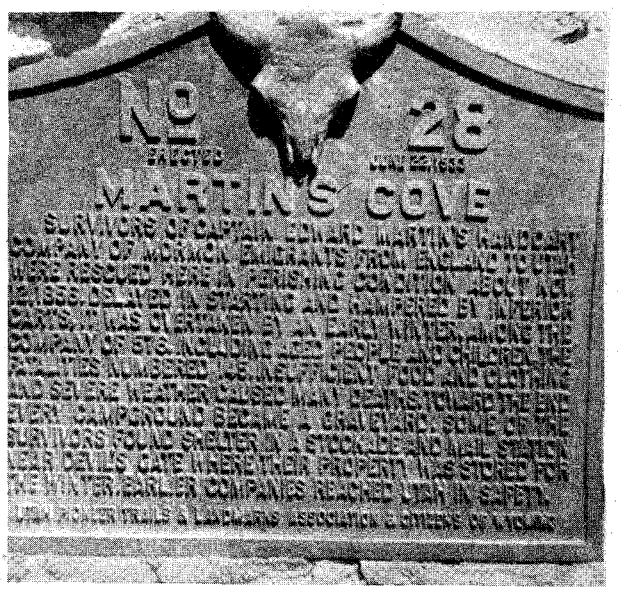
The robbery was committed as planned and was successful, although dozens of posses crowded the trio pretty close. At one point, when the outlaws were fording a fast-moving stream, one posse member, foolishly riding far in the lead of his fellow officers, got too close for comfort. Young Cassidy was by far the best rifle shot of the three so in midstream Matt pulled his big Sharps rifle from the saddle scabbard and handing it to Cassidy, said, "Here, George, take old 'Butch' and kill that s.o.b.'s horse—that'll discourage 'em."

DISMOUNTING and handing his reins to Matt, Cassidy braced himself on a wet, sloping rock and took careful aim.

(Continued on next page)

JOHN CARSON

Monument to the handcart company.



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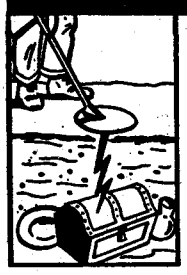

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"B-u-r-r-o-o-m!" went the big gun and "splash" went Parker as the recoil knocked him loose from his support. History hasn't recorded what he said and Warner and the usually surly McCarty were too polite—or too cautious—to comment.

A few miles later, though, Matt could contain himself no longer. Turning to the disgruntled young rider, he said, "Well, Butch, you shore discouraged that fellow." Both McGarty and Warner roared with pent-up laughter and finally Cassidy wryly joined in.

That is Matt Warner's version of how Butch Cassidy got his name. He was to use it, with few exceptions, for the rest of his life. An illustrious career as leader of the greatest gang of robbers to ever plague the railroads and Pinkertons, awaited him. He would command such gunmen as Kid Curry, Sundance Kid, Elza Lay and Harry Tracy, eliciting always the greatest cooperation and respect from them.

Butch, when it became evident that bank robbing and train robbing were obsolete in the States, went to South America with Harry Longbaugh, the Sundance Kid. Although they ranched there and could have become wealthy, their restless natures would not allow the slow accumulation of wealth so they resumed outlawry and went out in a hail of bullets in 1909.

Butch was forty-two years old and had been an outlaw for twenty years. So far as is known, he never killed a man until the day of his death. He had a saddlebag full of gold and would, during those last few minutes, undoubtedly have gratefully traded it for a loaded Winchester.

The Fabulous Richard Willoughby

(Continued from page 31)

Skookumchuck rapids, on the Lillooet and the Fraser, and finally in 1861 Willoughby arrived in Cariboo. He was broke but not discouraged. He picked up a grubstake on the Quesnel River, moved on to Keithley Creek, panned a few ounces there and moved on to Williams Creek and Burns Creek. His luck had apparently changed. The storekeeper at Burns Creek carried him for food and clothing and Willoughby kept on digging, but the night he camped on Lowhee Creek (at that time unnamed), Richard Willoughby had reached an all-time low.

He was next heard of when he walked into the Burns Creek trading post, threw a poke of gold on the plank counter and settled his account. The storekeeper asked him where the gold came from.

"It's Williams Creek gold," Willoughby said.

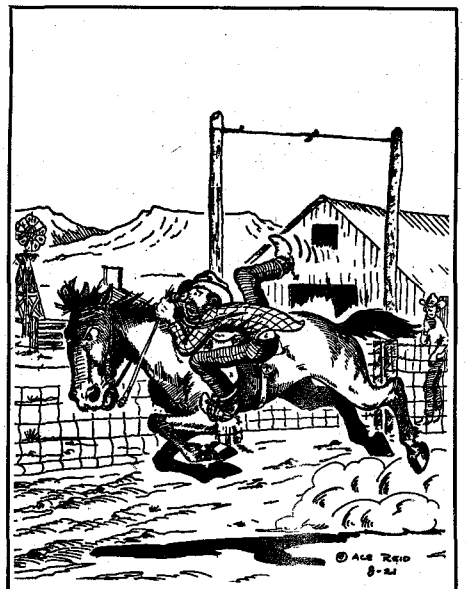
The storekeeper shook his head dubiously. "I know the Williams Creek gold," he replied. "Where did this come from?"

Willoughby refused to answer, and after buying his supplies, hit the trail again. He waited until midnight before he set out to stake his new claim but by the time he reached the creek, there were several hundred men on his trail. He turned to the men and asked if there were very many more following.

"There are quite a few," one miner said. "They are strung out for a mile or more."

"We'll wait for them, then," Willoughby said. And wait they did. Finally when the last straggler had arrived, Willoughby announced: "I am standing on the ground I took the gold from. Right here is the commencement of my Discovery Claim."

At once there was a mad scramble.



"Hoss, either you're gettin' faster on the take off 'er I'm gittin' slower on the get on."

Land was staked and restaked and in the end many of the claims had to be untangled through the court. Willoughby, however, cleaned up $70,000 and it is reported that he sold out for an even larger amount.

With this stake he bought a pack train ($400 per mule) and a sawmill and is reputed to have financed F. J. Barnard of the "BX" Express in that endeavor. Willoughby was a generous, openhanded man and anybody who required financial aid received it, when he was in the chips.

In 1867 Willoughby started a cattle ranch near what is now Chilliwack and did well with it, but gold still called. He grew restless and two years later was in the new field of Cassiar. There he did fairly well but pushed on to McDames Creek where he took out $12,000, which still wasn't enough. In 1875 he was at Wrangel, Alaska, and the following spring at Sitka. At last Willoughby made his big strike at Nome, and there he settled down.

Richard Willoughby, adventurer, explorer and prospector par excellence cashed in his chips in 1904, and since he couldn't take it with him, he left an estate of $200,000. All things considered, that wasn't bad for a man who was fighting redskins when he was sixteen years old and just couldn't get the wanderlust out of his veins.

Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 35)

"I can see my old Pal
With long ears—you have heard
He is always watching—
And never says a word.
I can hear my gold pan ringing
It is sure to be a strike.
Oh, I love to be on the desert
In the pale moonlight.

"I have no house over me
For I am free from man.
I know what my wages are
When I look down in my pan.
I am free from all the towns—
My clothes don't look so nice.
Oh, I love to be on the desert
In the pale moonlight."

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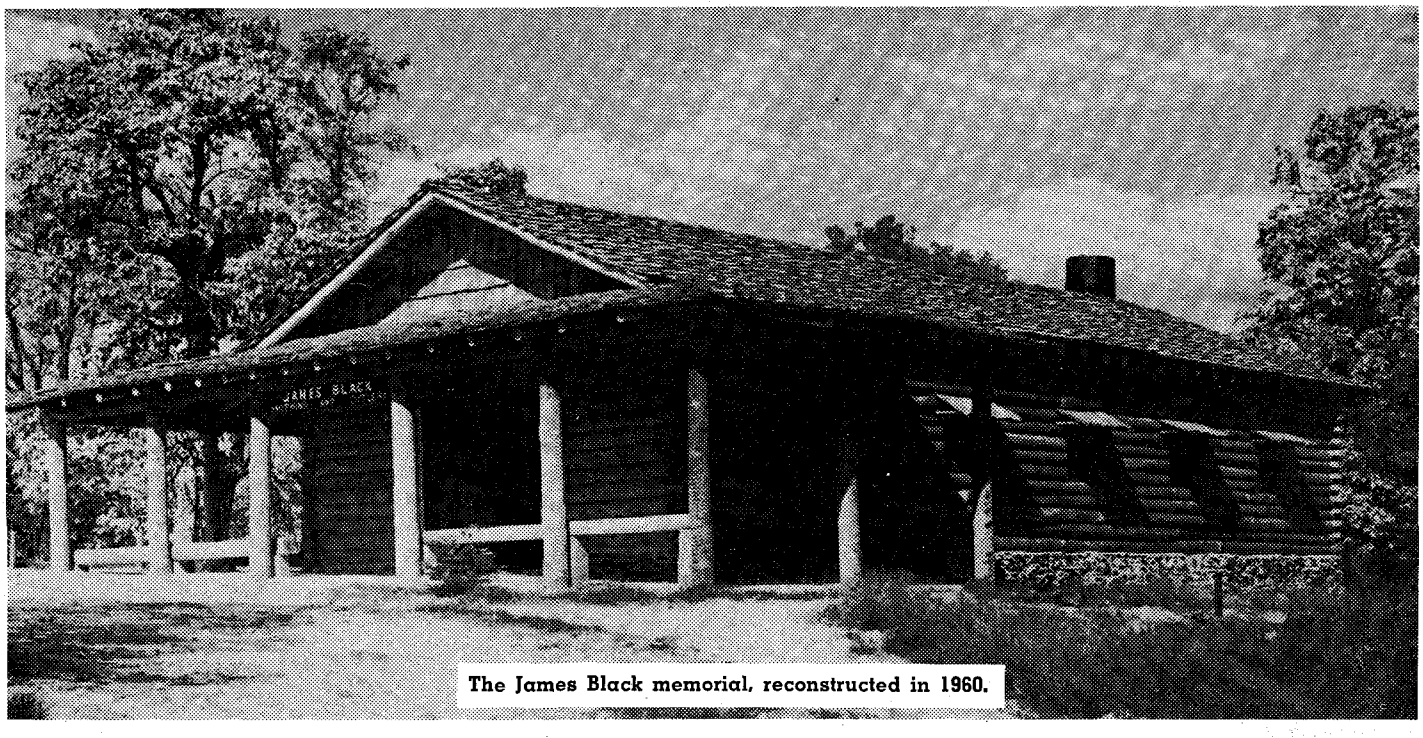

The James Black memorial, reconstructed in 1960.

Was James Black, Washington, Arkansas' mysterious recluse, really the . . .

Inventor of the BOWIE KNIFE?

By J. FRANK DOBIE

FOR YEARS after Jim Bowie stabbed a man to death on the Mississippi sand bar below Natchez in 1827, claimants arose, each asserting that he had made the original Bowie knife. The most interesting narrative pertains to a blacksmith who was dead long before his name entered the lists. According to Dan W. Jones, governor of Arkansas from 1897-1901, one James Black made the "genuine" Bowie knife.

Black was born in New Jersey in 1800 and after having served as apprentice to a manufacturer of silverplate in Philadelphia, came south in 1818, settling at Washington, Hempstead County, Arkansas, where he found employment with Shaw, the village blacksmith. Shaw was an important man; when his daughter Anne fell in love with the young smith, Shaw objected.

The young people married, nevertheless, and James Black set up a smithy of his own. He specialized in making knives, which very soon won a reputation. "It was his rule," Governor Jones wrote, "after shaping and tempering a knife, and before polishing it, to cut very hard wood with it, generally an old hickory axe handle which had been used for a long time and had become quite tough and hard. This he would do for half-an-hour; then if the knife would not easily shave the hair from his arm, he would throw it away . . . .

"About 1831 James Bowie came to Washington and gave Black an order for a knife, furnishing a pattern and desiring it to be made within the next sixty or ninety days, at the end of which time he would call for it.

"Black made the knife according to Bowie's pattern. He knew Bowie well and had a high regard for him as a man of good taste as well as unflinching courage. He had never made a knife that suited his own taste in point of shape, and he concluded that this would be a good opportunity to make one. Consequently, after completing the knife ordered by Bowie, he made another. When Bowie returned, he showed both the knives to him, giving him his choice at the same price. Bowie promptly selected Black's pattern.

"Shortly after this Bowie became involved in a difficulty with three deperadoes, who assaulted him with knives. He killed them all with the knife Black had made. After this whenever anyone ordered a knife from Black, he ordered it made 'like Bowie's,' which was shortened into 'Bowie knife.' Thus this famous weapon acquired its name."

The blade was so superbly tempered and Bowie was so superbly dexterous in using it that one day, in order to give a storekeeper change for some article, he laid a silver dollar on a plank and with a single blow of his knife cut it in exact halves.

"OTHER MEN," the Arkansas governor continued, "made knives in those days, but no one has ever made 'the Bowie knife' except James Black. Its chief value was its temper. Black undoubtedly possessed the Damascus secret. It came to him mysteriously and it died with him in the same way. . . . He often told me that no one had taught him the secret and that it was impossible for him to tell how he had acquired it.

"Large offers were made for the secret, but he refused them all. He was stealthily watched in order that his process might be discovered but his reputation for courage was such that no one approached him too closely after having been warned to stay away."

About 1838 Black's wife died. Not long thereafter Black himself was confined to

(Continued on page 56)

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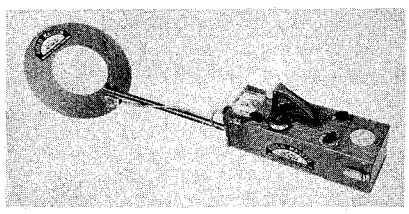

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Guns of the Old West: The Hawken

(Continued from page 23)

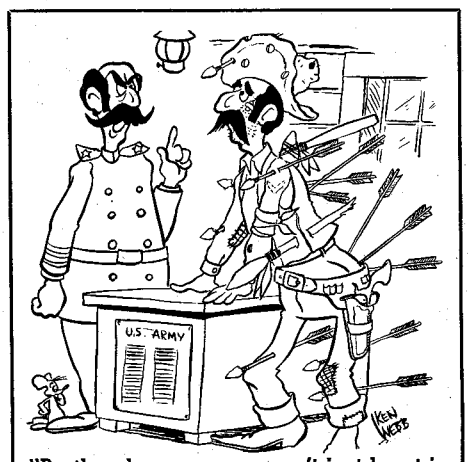
like this: Caliber: .44 to .53, except for special weapons made to the customer's order; weight: ten to thirteen pounds; sights: silver blade front, buckhorn rear; deep-curved butts, raised cheek-pieces, double-set triggers integral with the trigger-guard. The heavy Hawken octagon barrels were generally between thirty-four and thirty-eight inches long, rifled with seven grooves and lands, with a slow twist of one full turn in forty-eight inches. (Ironically, these heavy barrels caused the lamentable shortage of early-day Hawkens in the collections of cap-lock rifle fanciers today. The Forty-Niners used them as crowbars in their mining operations in California.)

Shooting and Fishing Magazine of October 1, 1896, published an account of a Hawken test by Horace Kephart, noted rifleman and historian. In systematic progression, at a measured 200 yards range, Kephart ran off the test of a .50 caliber Hawken with precise charges of 41, 81, 123, 164 and 205 grains of FFFg Deadshot powder.

"With forty-one grains of powder there was no perceptible recoil; with 123 grains it seemed about as heavy as a .38-55-330; with the 164 and 205 grains I experienced less shaking up than with a Springfield .45-70-500 fired in the same position. The results satisfied me that a muzzle-loading rifle of ten-and-a-half pounds can be fired with a half-ounce round bullet and all the powder that accuracy will permit, without any recoil that a soldier or hunter would notice. This test gave me the impression that on a calm day I could keep in a twelve-inch bull, which is all that I would guarantee to do with any gun fitted with such sights."

Kephart shot the Hawken in the off-hand hip rest position in this test and obtained best accuracy with eighty-two grains of powder. His unemotional, scientific account is invaluable as a gauge against fantastic claims made by irresponsible old-timers. One such character known only—and perhaps descriptively—as Rattlebrains, solemnly assured an Eastern "dude" that he had once shot an antelope with his Hawken at a range of 1,000 yards!

The Hawken shop continued in business long after the advent of the first cartridge rifles on the Plains in the mid-1860's, the last Hawken-type rifle being turned out as late as 1915.



"By thunder, man, you can't just burst in here and convince me that the Indians are on the warpath again . . . I need proof!"

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Ask TRUE WEST

"A Misdeal" by Frederic Remington.

Question: Please tell me what particular gunfight is depicted in Frederick Remington's drawing, "A Misdeal."—Bonny Lathrop, El Centro, California.

Answer: So far as we can learn, the drawing merely symbolized a tragic showdown which could have occurred in any barroom on the western frontier but was not intended to show any gunfight directly.

Question: Can you tell me the source of this statement: "Outlaws are more interesting than in-laws."—Sophie Fowler, Bar Harbor, Michigan.

Answer: This quotation is attributed to Eugene Manlove Rhodes.

Question: Who shot the rope that saved the life of Bill Longley in the first attempt to hang him?—Mike Jesky, McAdoo, Pennsylvania.

Answer: The vigilantes fired a parting fusillade toward the body as they left the scene. One of the bullets severed the rope and thus saved Bill for hanging at a later day.

Question: What was the amount of loot taken in the Skeleton Canyon robbery and who took part in the raid?—Dan Rogers, San Francisco, California.

Answer: This question is difficult to properly answer because no two of over a dozen accounts agree. But it is fairly well settled that the raid was led by N. H. "Old Man" Clanton, with Ike Clanton, Frank McLowry and Joe Hill participating. Close to a dozen mule drivers and guards were slain and at least $75,000 in loot secured.

Question: Please give me the correct interpretation of the Indian name Man-Afraid-of-his-Horse. — Oliver Hatcher, Nashville, Tennessee.

Answer: His Sioux name was Tashunka Kokipapi. It really means that he was so powerful in battle that the mere sight of his horse inspired great fear among his enemies.

Question: What was the fate of Frank Jackson, pal of Sam Bass? Was he Bill Downing of Arizona fame?—Myron Webster, Dungannon, Virginia.

Answer: We find conflicting answers to this question, but lean toward the following statements by Captain Thomas Rynning, one-time warden of Yuma pris-

(Continued on page 60)

Want the facts on the events of the Old West? If your question is of wide and general interest—like those above—and would make a good addition to this regular column, send it to George D. Wolfe, 509 East Scott Avenue, Knoxville 17, Tennessee. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you desire a personal reply.

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Last Days of the Range Wars

(Continued from page 21)

Bill stood looking at me. "Just how do you mean that?" he asked.

"Just like I said," I replied. "I pulled the steer out of the mud as a favor to the steer. I couldn't let an animal stay in the mud and die because it belonged to some lousy cowman. I've pulled a lot of them out of the mud in this desert for the same reason."

Bill took off his hat and ran his fingers through his hair as he looked at Tom. "How do you like that!" he muttered.

Things drifted along in about the same manner till the early spring of 1920. Then the cattlemen started an all-out drive to clear the range of sheep and homesteaders. They killed a fellow in the Blue Mountains and burned a sheep wagon and killed 700 head of sheep in the foothills east of there.

We had just come back from Red Wash where my wife's folks lived. Her brother Woodard had volunteered for World War service and had come back sick. He told us he had had all the range war he wanted and was going to move the folks to Jensen, Utah.

My brother Ned had also moved to Jensen but he came out while I was at Red Wash to help me round up horses to take to Craig and sell. Ned looked a good deal like me, but was heavier.

I was all nerves the next few days. I felt that something was going to happen. We put the horses in the pasture up by the lake as we gathered them. The moon was full those nights. My wagon sat in the yard with a top box on. Ned rolled his bed out in the wagon, as he preferred to sleep in the open.

One night after Ned had gone to bed (it was eleven o'clock and Sylvia and I were still up), we heard a blast in the direction of the lake.

"They are killing horses," Sylvia said.

I looked out the window. Ned was coming out over the top of the wagon-box, his rifle in one hand, his pants in the other. We put out the lights, took our rifles and headed for the horse pasture. We scouted around for an hour, but found nothing.

When we came back to the house, Sylvia said she had seen someone walk up near the woodpile west of the house, and when she called, "Who's there?" he turned and ran.

We got very little sleep that night. Next morning, at daylight, we found where two men had been near the house with gunnysacks on their feet. The ground in most places was so hard and dry that tracking was extremely difficult.

We got down on our hands and knees to trail them by whatever signs they had left. Here and there a pebble had been moved, grass, weeds, or twigs broken; now and then a partial footprint appeared where the ground was softer. In this manner we trailed them for half-a-mile and found they had set a dynamite blast under the corner of the cow corral. Here we found a glove and a pocket knife.

"I'll bet that's Cook's glove," I told Ned. "He has a big hand."

They had tied their horses nearby. Now trailing would be easy.

WHEN we returned to the house, Sylvia had breakfast waiting for us.

"Any luck?" she asked.

I told her what we had found.

"What comes next?"

"Get our horses and trail them home," I answered.

She shook her head. "I'm getting tired of all this. Why don't we pack up and get out before you get killed or kill someone?"

"Good idea," I agreed. "But first, I'm going to find out who set that blast. If it's Cook, I'm going to trim his whiskers."

After breakfast we took up their trail and it was easy. They had joined a cattle trail that ran north and followed it.

About noon we came to a log cabin that sat across a deep wash from us. Just as we approached, a big fellow came out the door buttoning up his shirt, and went into a small shop. He never glanced our way. We rode down a steep trail into the wash, dismounted, loaded our rifles and put them off safety. Coming out of the wash on foot, we stopped before the shop just as the big fellow came out.

He stood gaping at us, his long black hair and whiskers tousled.

"Mr. Cook," I said, "it seems you have been out sorta late. It appears you just got up."

"Yeh," he faltered, "been to a dance at Maybelle."

"You have like hell!" I took the glove from my pocket and held it out to him. "Here," I said, "try this on."

"It ain't mine," he sputtered.

"I think it is. It's just about your size." I took the knife from my pocket and held it out. "I got your knife, too. Found them both where you set that charge of dynamite at the cow corral."

"Not mine," he protested. "What are you talking about?" He looked from one of us to the other.

"You know good and well what I'm talking about. Who was the other guy that was with you?" I asked, pointing at two pair of chaps hanging on the side of the house.

"There ain't no other guy," he said. "Those are mine."

A drove of horses had crossed the trail a half-mile from the cabin, blotting out tracks, so I didn't get too tough. I could be wrong, I thought.

"Anyone go by here?" I inquired.

"No," he said, "I been here all the time."

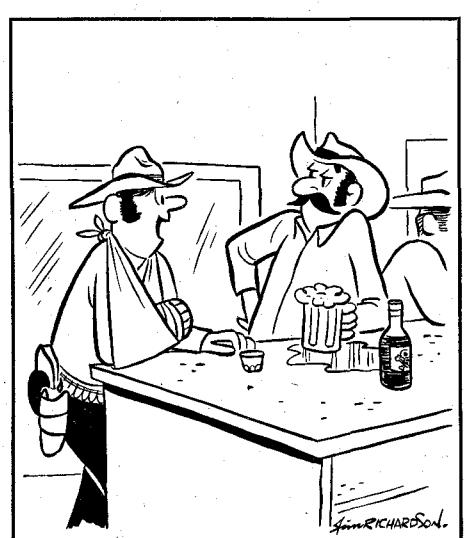
"Where do you get your drinking water?" I asked.

"Just around that hill there."

"Come on, Ned," I said, "let's go get a drink."

"He's lying," Ned said as we walked toward the spring.

It was about a hundred yards from the house, and there on a little grassy meadow near the spring his horse was picketed. The saddle lay nearby, gunnysacks tied to it, with holes in them where boot-heels had worn through.



"I've worn it for years. Keeps me from getting killed."

WE WALKED back to the house, side by side, our rifles ready. Cook stood in the doorway, his guns in easy reach, but he never made a move.

I said, "I don't like your looks. Come on out in the yard, I want to work your face over."

"I wouldn't have a chance," he whined. "You guys would double up on me."

Ned shouted, "Neither of us need double up on *you*." He grabbed Cook by the collar, jerked him out into the yard, took a wrestler's hold on him, raised him high and threw him on the ground.

"Now get up and fight," I shouted, as I stepped before him.

"I can't," Cook whined, "he crippled my back."

"The only place you're crippled is in the head," I told him angrily. "I never did like you a damned bit, and I think less of you now. You're not only a sneak and a thief, you're also a coward. I'm going to tell you something and you tell all your friends. The next guy that comes on my place better fly, or I'll track him home and he won't be as lucky as you are. He will hear the crack of a .250 Savage if he lives long enough. I'm staying there till I get good and ready to leave!"

From that time on, the cowboys gave me a wide berth. I'm not trying to brag, but it does rub off on you when you live among tough guys. You get tough. You've got to, if you stay. If I'd stayed there a few more years, I'd'a been so short-tempered I couldn't have got along with myself.

It's funny how different personalities affect you. You've always got a soft spot in your heart for a nice, friendly person, no matter who he is or where he came from.

In the early fall of 1922, Sylvia's brother Woodard died. He had come to our place often, and had been a real pal to me. It hit me hard. "The cowboys can have it," I told Sylvia, "we're leaving."

As we left the country, we met Bill Gibson, the fellow whose steer I had pulled out of the mud. He rode up to the wagon and asked, "Leaving, Harvey?"

"Yeh," I said, "it's all yours."

"I'm sorry you're going," he said slowly, and I could see he meant it.

"I thought you'd be good and glad to get rid of me," I told him wryly.

"Well, Harvey," he said, "I don't look at things like I used to."

He held out his hand and I shook hands with him, and I felt good about it and introduced him to my wife.

"Good luck!" he called as he rode away.

"I thought that man didn't like you!" she said.

"That's what I thought," I told her, "and I didn't care a darn about him till just a little bit ago."

It's funny what a friendly gesture will do.

Belly-Full of Snake

(Continued from page 43)

head come aboard an' it seems my ol' belly felt so warm an' snug he jus' natchally camped there. I knowed I dassent move or he'd strike.'

"Haley measured the dead snake. It was three-feet, nine-inches long. Just about average for a Texas diamondback, although some of them attain a length of five feet."

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Osage Terror

By GLENN SHIRLEY

Illustrated by Robert Blewitt

A horrifying monster treaded the Oklahoma hill country, wantonly killing and ravaging the hapless ones who crossed his path.

THE OSAGE, a hilly, timbered section of northeastern Oklahoma, came into the national limelight following the Civil War. The government purchased it from the Cherokee Indians and herded the remnants of the once-proud Osage tribe onto the reservation. In that region anything can, and has, happened.

In July, 1883, Karl Fentwick, (sometimes spelled Fentwek), a New Yorker, came west for his health and settled his family at the northwest corner of the Osage Reservation. A few weeks later he celebrated the birthday of his small daughter Katie with a feast and much merrymaking, and presented her with a valuable gold chain and locket of antique workmanship.

After dinner Katie went to play in the woods—and never returned. The alarmed father organized a search party, which combed the area for hours, but little Katie couldn't be found. That night a severe storm hit, uprooting trees and sending streams from their banks. The next morning, unable to uncover any trace of his child, Fentwick gave up, believing she had been drowned.

In December, George Bitters, a mail carrier, set out from Sedan, Kansas, for the town of Peru in the Osage nation. His horse was found in the timber, the saddle and bridle missing.

The following spring, Elmer Johnson went hunting in the hills and disappeared. His rifle was found with the stock broken. His hat lay nearby, covered with blood.

In September, 1885, a party of hunters came upon the skeletons of two horses and a weatherbeaten wagon that had been abandoned for at least a year. It contained the possessions of two men but no trace of their bodies could be discerned.

On February 12, 1886, Oscar Beach went hunting along the northern border of the reservation and vanished as mysteriously as the others. A tense gloom, shot through with anger and suspicion, settled over the country. Even the Indians feared and distrusted one another. United States marshals were unable to solve the mystery.

A RAILROAD being built across Kansas was extended south into the Osage. It was necessary to cut through a wild promontory called Cascade Hill. For this job the company shipped in a gang of Italian laborers under the supervision of a powerfully built Irishman named Pat Durfee, who always wore a gold chain about his neck.

The first night in camp some of the crew complained that there had been a prowler in their tents. Pat Durfee laughed at their fears. But the molestations continued and Durfee decided to sit up alone and trap the strange visitor. About midnight he dozed. Suddenly he was awakened by something tugging at the chain around his neck. A shadowy figure dashed away in the moonlight.

Durfee whipped up his rifle and fired. The marauder fell in the brush, thrashing about and screaming like a wounded animal. Durfee approached for another shot. Before he could fire, a huge man garbed in leather and skins leaped to his feet. The man seized him with one hand, and knocked Durfee unconscious with the club he wielded in the other. When the Irishman came to, his gold chain was missing.

Quickly he organized a posse and, with

(Continued on page 56)

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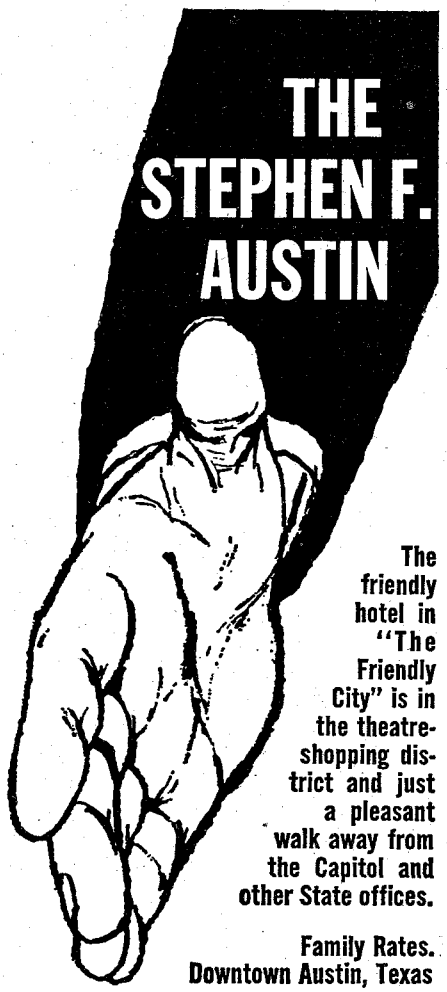

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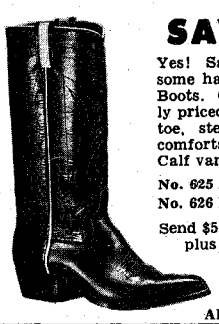

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Badman's Roost

(Continued from page 13)

distance of two feet and unloaded them at each other.

Back into the bar reeled Rough-and-Tumble Jack. His opponent—one arm shattered, reloaded his gun by holding it between his knees. A moment later Jack got a second dose which proved sufficient to end the career of Bodie's first badman.

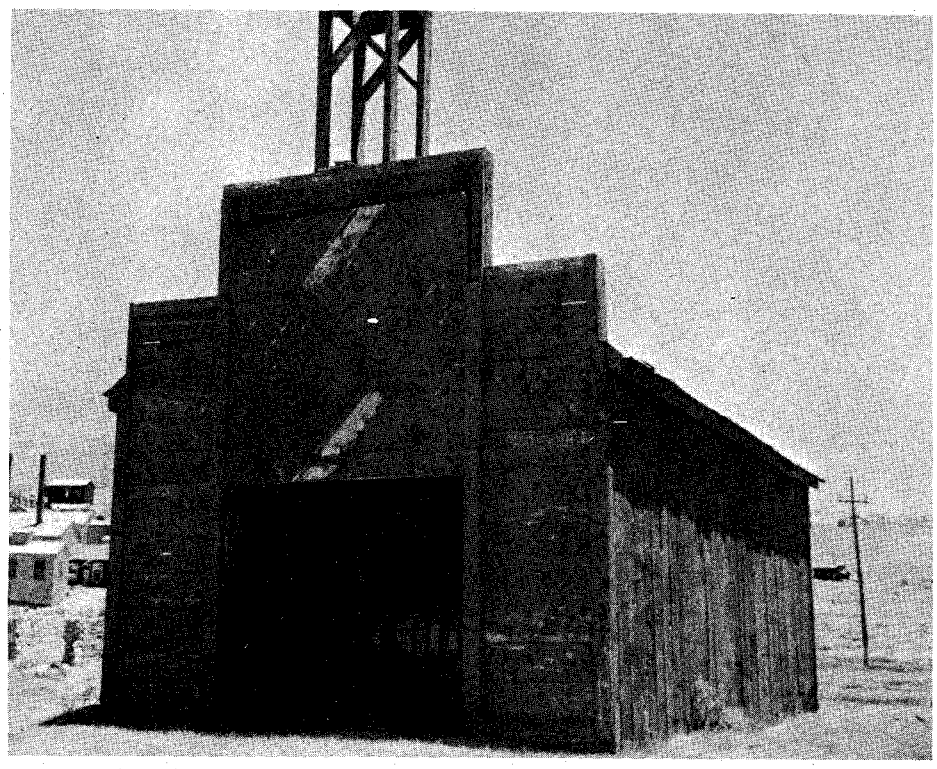
After that, shootings (which usually went unpunished) were weekly—or sometimes daily—occurrences. Bodie's badmen turned to the Concord stages which rocked out of town every day. The cliff-lined canyon through which they passed between Bodie and Aurora was made to order for banditry. During 1880 enterprising road agents stopped the Bodie stage no less than six times. On two occasions they robbed the upstage, then waited for the downstage and robbed it, also.

Wells Fargo Express began putting on two or more guards when a heavy consignment was shipped, transferring stage passengers to a light wagon which followed at a safe distance through the canyon. Before the last double holdup the company brought in its crack shotgun messenger, Mike Tovey, a Canadian shy of manner but full of nerve. On the afternoon of September 5, while Bodie still buzzed with news of the morning holdup, Tovey and a second guard rode the downstage while the passenger wagon brought up the rear.

Near the scene of the first robbery, Tovey got out and walked ahead. Undaunted by this precaution, two robbers fired a volley at Tovey, who retreated to the stage and cut loose with a shotgun. One bandit was killed outright and the other was frightened away. But when Tovey went to a nearby house to get his wounded arm dressed, the surviving robber went back and rode off with Wells Fargo's treasure chest.

SUCCESSES of the road agents failed to make a dent in Bodie's high prosperity. No extravagance was too great, no celebration too extreme, for this riotous camp. In 1879 someone remembered that old Bill Body's remains lay down the canyon in an unmarked grave. "Poor old Body!" said the boys. Nothing was too good for the town's noble founder! A search was launched forthwith, and his bones were brought back in triumph. For days they were on public exhibit, subject to handling and close scrutiny by every civic-minded citizen. On November 1, 1879, amid much speech-making (and doubtless elbow-bending) Bill Body's bones were laid to rest in Boot Hill.

What, then, of a suitable monument to Bodie's founder? For months the town waited while an elaborate headstone was ordered and hauled in by twenty-mule team. But when it arrived in September, 1881, Bodie was stunned by news of President Garfield's assassination. Nothing was too good for the nation's martyred President! The monument was erected as a memorial, and Bill Body's bones remained in a transplanted, but still forgotten, grave. Bodie's heart was big, but it was not always constant.



NELL MURBARGER

The Bodie fire hall as it appeared in 1950.

Meanwhile, the boisterous spot was about to gain the ultimate goal of all top-notch mining camps—a railroad. Since 1880 the narrow-gauge Carson and Colorado, a branch of the Virginia and Truckee, had been inching southward across Nevada sands. In its march toward California's Owens Valley it would come no nearer to Bodie than some forty miles.

This plan was hardly acceptable in that proud camp. Accordingly another branch was begun in the spring of 1881 to connect Bodie with Benton, a mining town situated next to the Carson and Colorado route. The practical purpose of the road was to supply Bodie's deep-growing mines with timbers from fresh forests south of Mono Lake.

When the boys in Bodie's bars were told

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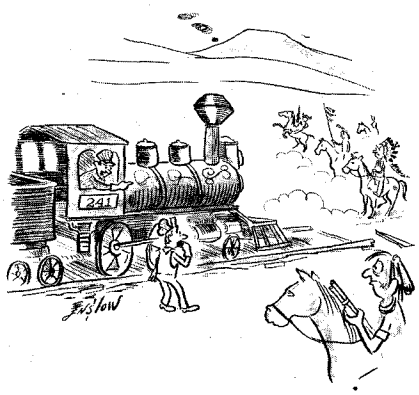
that Chinese laborers were being imported for the work, their enthusiasm for a railroad suddenly dimmed. At a rousing meeting in the Miners Union Hall, the boys resolved to carry out the popular slogan, "The Chinese must go!" A rough and not altogether sober mob, traveling by wagon, horseback and foot, moved toward the work camp east of Mono Lake.

Messengers for the railroad, however, had ridden ahead with the warning. Immediately the Chinese were placed in boats and carried to an island in the middle of Mono Lake. When the Bodie badmen arrived, they found the camp deserted and their intended victims protected by several miles of inhospitable water. The unholy crusade thereupon collapsed. For the next full day the ragged army came dragging back into town, somewhat sobered after a forty-mile round trip. Thereafter the Mono fiasco was a taboo subject in Bodie.

As for the railroad, its Chinese workmen went back on the job undisturbed. By November, 1881, they completed thirty-one and one-half miles to the Mono timber stands, as far as the road ever got. Over its rugged grades, sometimes as steep as six percent, soon chugged a



"You got to learn how to handle situations like this sometime. You don't want to be a fireman for the rest of your life, do you?"

quartet of little engines with quaint names such as "Mono," "Inyo," "Yolo" and "Como."

BODIE had its railroad, but its heydays were numbered. When a rumor reached the Mono County supervisors that Bodie's mines might falter, they promptly decided that there was no time to lose in building the new courthouse at Bridgeport, the county seat. With a stiff six-and-a-half percent tax levied on all property (chief of which was Bodie's Standard Mine), they erected the new building in 1881. The elegant Victorian structure, carefully maintained for eighty years, stands today as probably the most picturesque county courthouse in California—a monument to the Standard Mine.

By 1882 Bodie's citizens were deserting her for new silver strikes in Arizona and Colorado. Its mining stocks crashed the following year and the town faded fast. The Standard was merged with the Bodie in 1887 and continued to run intermittently, but the underground treasure was largely exhausted. It was the old familiar saga—a rich strike, an uproarious stampede, an hour of frenzied triumph and afterward the shell of a town standing in solitary, ghostly silence.

One man who would not believe that the camp was dead was Jim Cain, an original arrival of the late '70's. Living in Bodie with his family, he gradually bought up the mines and buildings until he virtually owned the town. For years he opened the Bank of Bodie every day at 10 a.m.—despite the fact that the only possible customers were the ground squirrels which scampered across the grass on the main street. When surfaced highways brought Bodie within reach of motorists in the 1920's, old Jim Cain showed off his ghost town to the wondering tourists, always assuring them that Bodie would come back.

Until 1932, when a fire swept away two-thirds of the business district, this was probably the best preserved ghost town in the Far West. Enough buildings remain, including the Miners Union Hall, the Protestant Church, the Fire House, and several saloons, to make Bodie well worth the thirteen-mile side trip from the highway. Jim Cain is gone, though mining and rumors of mining still persist at Bodie. But from her warped boardwalks to her sagging false fronts, Bodie keeps to the last her reckless and truculent air.

Hans Gruber's Secret Mission

(Continued from page 39)

Herman was not surprised when I told him what I had found. "Haven't you heard?" he said. "Hans left for town last night, in a big hurry. He got the Miller boys to drive him in. I guess he's gone for good."

We hurried to the cabin for a more thorough inspection of the premises. I was hoping that by some freak chance Gruber had left behind the .25-35. Oh, if he only had!

The rifle was not there, of course. The house was bare. Outside, only the ashes and their strange contents reminded us of its recent occupancy. Hans Gruber had disappeared without saying goodbye, in itself strange because he had always been friendly toward us, even when we inquired about the blood under the tree.

IN TIME our family moved to Grants Pass so my brother and I could attend high school. Herman Wolke moved with his parents to some place in the Willamette Valley where we lost track of him.

One night a man from the William J. Burns Detective Agency in Portland came to our house with Sheriff Ed Lister to ask some questions about Gruber. The detective was looking for a man from Germany named Von Wert, who had come to this country in 1902 and settled at Jump Off Joe Creek, where he engaged in mining. Early in 1904 his letters to relatives in Germany had stopped and his brothers feared he had been murdered. They had pooled their resources and hired the Burns people to investigate.

"But what has Gruber to do with it?" my father asked.

"He could have had plenty to do with it," the Burns agent said, and then told us Gruber's fourteen-year-old daughter had been murdered in 1902 in the yard of the St. Castor Church. Von Wert, in the vicinity at the time, was arrested and accused of the crime but the police soon turned up evidence that exonerated him. Gruber, however, held to the theory that Von Wert was the murderer and threatened to have his revenge. Fear of Gruber, coupled with the disgrace of being arrested, had prompted Von Wert to emi-

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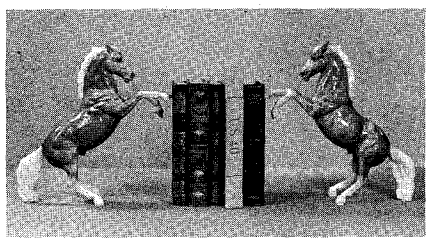

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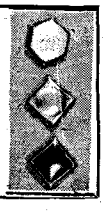

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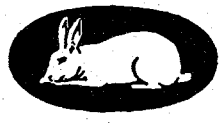

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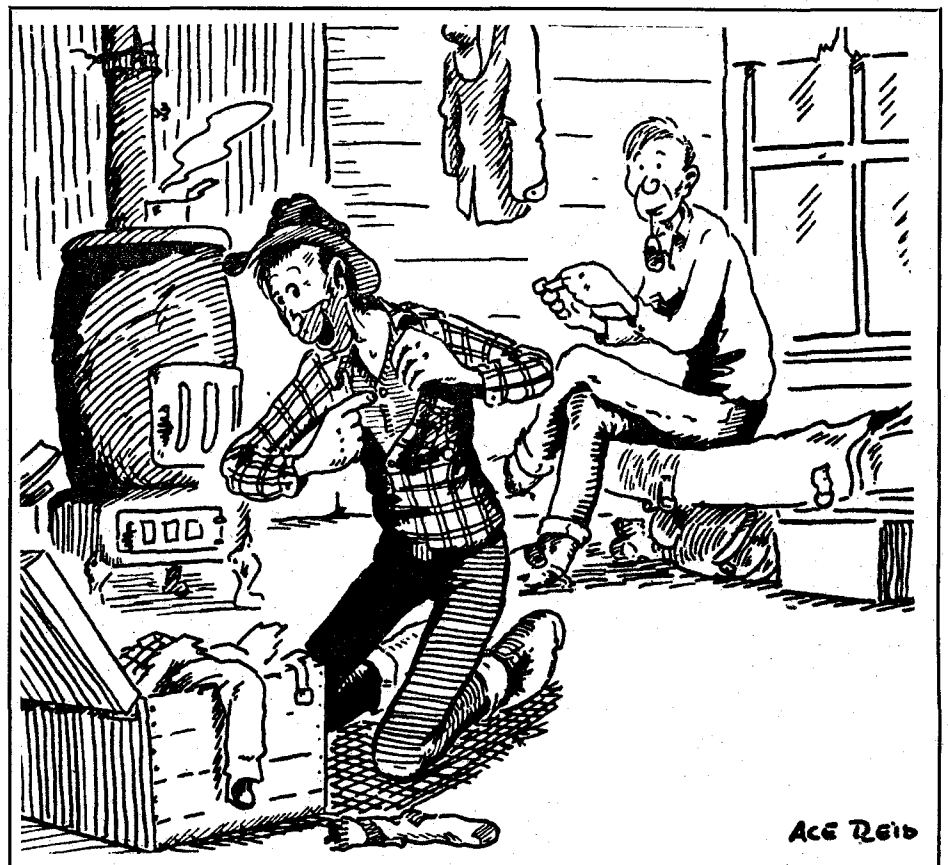

"No wonder last summer seemed a little hot. I forgot to take off my longhandles last spring!"

grate to America.

After the letters from Von Wert stopped coming, his relatives learned that Gruber, whose wife had died shortly after the daughter's murder, had left for America. They were afraid he had carried out his threat to avenge his daughter.

For two hours we recalled the things that had happened while Gruber lived near us. The sheriff thought the county might have a case against Gruber in the event Von Wert's body turned up somewhere. It might be, the Burns man said, that Von Wert had somehow learned of Gruber's presence and had chosen to leave for other parts. He also said that boys sometimes let their imaginations run away with them and all of the things we had noticed could be less incriminating than they appeared.

With that the pair left and we never heard from them again. Just what report the Burns people sent back to Germany we never knew. A few years ago I inquired about the matter and was told by the Burns Agency that they had no report on it in their files.

In 1913 some amateur anthropologists from the University of California went into southern Oregon to study Indian artifacts. Someone told them about the graves near our old home. They dug there and found plenty of Indian bones, plus a few of more recent vintage—those of a white man which came from two separate graves, the two graves Herman and I had left open at Gruber's request! We always thought he must have hung the body up under a tree in his back yard (where we found the pool of blood) and whacked it to pieces, then carried the remains to the open graves and deposited them there. As far as I know, no one ever investigated the case after the Burns people dropped it.

Last fall while visiting our old homesite for the first time in fifty years, I went back and found the old Indian graves. As I walked about I somehow had a strange feeling that old Hans Gruber was watching me from off in the bushes somewhere.

Lost Bonanza of the Santa Rosas

(Continued from page 10)

exactly where it started in the canyon.

From a former geologist we were able to confirm the probable position and amount of throw of the fault that supposedly cut off the bonanza National vein. Whether Daniely's vein is a continuation of the great National gold shoot is not known—Daniely's vein may be entirely separate with no connection.

The entire story seemed to be as complete as we could make it, except that we did not know the location of the tunnel itself. The final clincher was that Frank Stall found several small pieces of "float" ore on the hillside near the tunnel that he had started to drive. These assayed almost $200,000 per ton! Was it little wonder that Frank was so excited when he found the little bit of blue clay? (Of course these pieces of "float" might have been carried from somewhere else and lost where Frank found them.)

Will Daniely's gold ever be found? What about my brother Ralph and me? Why don't we get it? Well, someplace in the canyon of the National Gulch untold fortunes await those lucky enough to find what could easily prove to be the richest vein on earth. We may not be lucky enough to find it, but that's where you'll likely find us—digging for Daniely's Lost Bonanza of the Santa Rosas!

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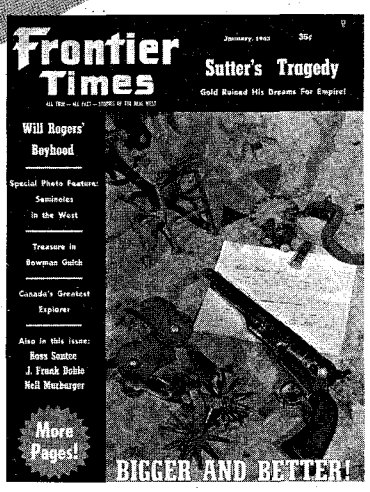

DESTINY'S TRAGIC EMPEROR—the story of John Sutter, the Californian on whose property gold was discovered in 1848. While others got rich, Sutter—struggling to retain what he believed was rightfully his—became poorer and poorer. His great dreams of ruling an empire vanished as "49ers" overran his lands.

THE GREAT HUMORIST—In a special exclusive feature, FRONTIER TIMES brings you the story—illustrated by rare old photos—of Will Rogers' schooldays in Vinita, Oklahoma.

WINE, WOMEN AND GOLD—From the gay and bawdy streets of San Francisco to the bleak muddy roads of Nome, Swiftwater Bill Gates blustered through fortunes and marriages with frolicking ease!

THE WEST'S MOST FASCINATING SCHOOL MISTRESS—Ever hear of Grace Howard? Few people have, but her story—like so many in the authentically-portrayed Old West—is as fascinating as anything in fiction. She had a penchant for strong men, white or red, and lived with a lonely heart.

RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL, by Ross Santee—The little lone cowboy didn't know where his folks were or where his brothers had gone. He only remembered the little shack in which they had lived for awhile, the windmill he had built and the way his father made horses civilize themselves.

WILDCAT IN THE WEST—Foes of the Comanches! Apache hunters! Guardians of the Mexican frontier! No fighting force on either side of the border could match in wits or strength the band of Seminoles who fought behind Wildcat.

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Above, Washington, Arkansas', "Pioneer Cemetery" where James Black is buried. Below, Governor Dan. W. Jones.

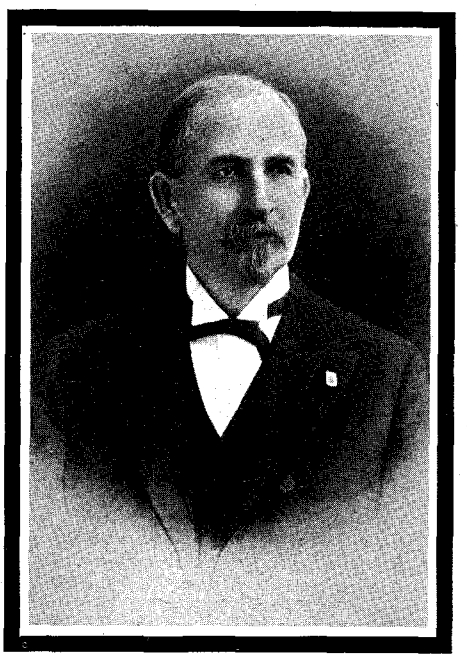
Inventor of the Bowie Knife?

(Continued from page 47)

bed by a fever. While he was down, his father-in-law, who had all along been jealous of Black's growing reputation, came in to him and beat him over the head with a stick. Probably he would have killed him had not Black's dog seized Shaw by the throat.

As it was, inflammation set up in Black's eyes and he was threatened with blindness. As soon as he had strength enough to travel, he set out for expert treatment. A quack doctor in Cincinnati made him stone blind. He returned to Arkansas to find what little property he had owned gone. Doctor Jones, father of the future Governor Jones, gave him a home. When Doctor Jones died, the blind man went to live with the son.

"Time and again when I was a boy," recalled Governor Jones, "he said to me that notwithstanding his great misfortune, God had blessed him in a rare manner by giving him a good home and that he would repay it all by disclosing to me his secret of tempering steel when I should arrive at an age to utilize it.



"ON THE first day of May, 1870, his seventieth birthday, he said to me that he was getting old, that I was now thirty years old, with a wife and growing family, and sufficiently acquainted with the affairs of the world to utilize properly the secret so often promised and that, if I would get pen, ink, and paper, he would communicate it to me and I could write it down.

"I brought the writing material and told him I was ready. He said, 'In the first place'—and then stopped suddenly and commenced rubbing his brow with the fingers of his right hand. He continued this for some minutes, and then said, 'Go away and come back again in an hour.'

"I went out of the room but remained where I could see him. Not for one moment did he take his fingers from his brow or change his position. At the expiration of the hour I went into the room and spoke to him. Without changing his position or movement, he said, 'Go out again and come back in another hour.' I went out and watched for another hour, his conduct remaining the same.

"Upon my speaking to him at the expiration of the second hour, he again said, 'Go out once more and come back in another hour.' Again I went out and watched. The old man sat there, his frame sunken, immobile, his only movement the constant rubbing of his brow with the fingers of his right hand.

"When I came in and spoke to him at the expiration of the third hour, he burst into a flood of tears and said, 'My God, my God, it has all gone from me! All these years I have accepted the kindness of these good people in the belief that I could repay it with this legacy, and now when I attempt to do it, I cannot. Daniel, there were ten or twelve processes through which I put the knives, but I cannot remember one of them. When I told you to get pen, ink and paper, they were all fresh in my mind, but they are all gone now. My God, my God, I have put it off too long!'

"I looked at him in awe and wonder. The skin from his forehead had been completely rubbed away by his fingers. His sightless eyes were filled with tears, and his whole face was the very picture of grief and despair. . . .

"For a little more than two years he lived on, but he was ever after an imbecile. He lies buried in the old graveyard at Washington and with him lies buried the wonderful secret of the genuine Bowie knife steel."

Osage Terror

(Continued from page 51)

three Indians as guides, set out in pursuit. Blood spots on the ground showed that Durfee had wounded his attacker, apparently in the right leg. They followed the trail all night and the next day. Late in the evening they entered a ravine in a wild, broken section of hills so choked with undergrowth it was almost impenetrable. The trail ended at the mouth of a cave.

Without warning, their quarry launched an attack, hurling heavy stones with such unerring aim that the posse suffered three casualties before it could retreat. Durfee fired until his rifle was empty without hitting the animal-like being.

As he attempted to reload, the figure leaped from the rocks and charged him, its screams echoing through the hills. Using his rifle as a club, Durfee struggled with his foe until some of his Italian hands drew knives and rushed to support him.

The fierce struggle finally ended when the monster collapsed on its wounded leg and lay shrieking in diabolical rage. A knife, plunged into the heart, ended his wild cries.

THE INDIAN guides took one look at the man-animal's face and fled. The Italian laborers shuddered and Durfee gasped as they gazed down at the most horrible features they had ever seen. The wild man's face was burned black and seamed with scars. The nose had been broken and had grown back horribly twisted. Where the upper lip had been torn away, broken teeth jutted like fangs. Shaggy hair was matted about his head and jaws. Around his wrists were heavy steel bands. From one still dangled a link of chain.

Inside the cave another ghastly sight met their eyes. On a shelf of rock sat an array of sixteen grinning skulls. There was a crude fireplace, some cooking utensils, and a grass bed. Hanging from pegs driven in the wall were George Bitters' saddle and bridle and empty mail pouch, the clothing of Elmer Johnson, the gun of Oscar Beach, and many other items from anonymous and forgotten victims.

Stuffed in a crevice with several other pieces of jewelry were little Katie Fentwick's locket and the gold chain Pat Durfee had worn about his neck.

They identified the killer as Tangdhangtanke (the panther), a Delaware half-blood who had been placed in irons for tribal crimes. He had escaped years before, and was thought to have died from exposure. He lies buried in the ravine where he was captured and slain.

Reprinted from TEXAS RANGERS, December, 1955.

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HELEN REYNOLDS COLLECTION

San Antonio, the cattlemen's mecca. Photo shows the main plaza.

You Can't Raise Cows with a Whiskey Bottle

(Continued from page 29)

One morning Sam woke up to find Trayner's saddle horse standing outside the gate. He turned him into the corral and waited for the Englishman.

"Sammie, that horse I bought—he ran away," Trayner said.

"Did?"

"And I can't get along without a horse."

"Sell you this one, Trayner."

"Looks a lot like mine."

" 'Course he does; same sire and dam."

"Gentle?" inquired Trayner.

"He's gentle as a dog, Trayner. $60."

"That's $10 more than I paid for the other one."

"This here's a better hoss."

A few days later the horse returned again. Sam put a bell on him and turned him loose in the canyon. When Trayner came he took him to a thicket from which he could hear the tinkling, and showed him the horse.

Trayner squinted and said that it looked like a fairly good animal but not the equal of the last.

Solemnly Sam informed him that he was mistaken; that this was a bell horse, and consequently worth more.

"How much more?"

"At least $25."

Trayner shook his head, but he bought.

Lord Trayner went to San Antonio and invited Sam to go, at the company's expense. Sam had never ridden on a train and he wanted very much to see the Buckhorn Saloon, which he had heard about. He surmised that Trayner, too, would be interested, for he was a heavy drinker.

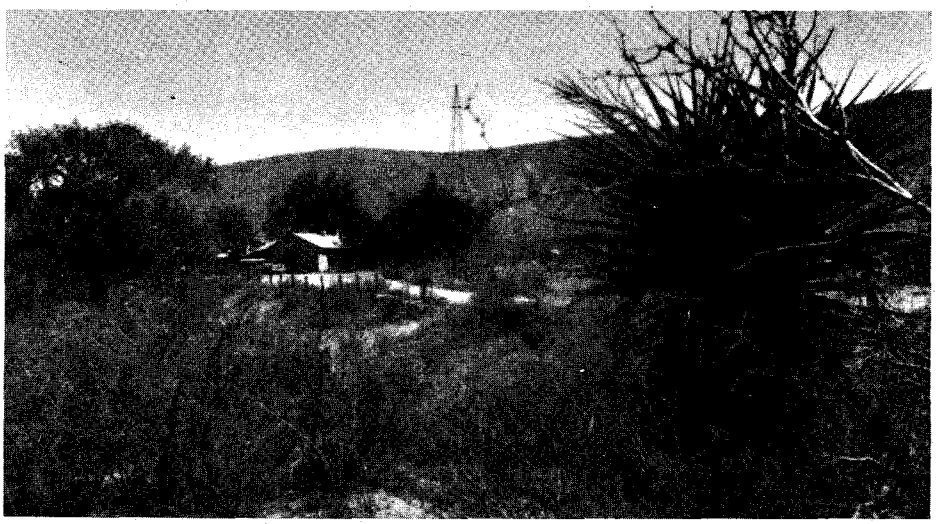
Sam said, "Trayner was payin' for it; leastways, I thought he was. 'Course, he was supposed to pay me by the year, an' he hadn't done it, but nobody asked a man for money then. Figgered that when a man got it he would pay, and he generally did. When I sold him that ranch I didn't make out no papers. If a man's word wasn't no good, what did you want with his writin'?"

(The Englishman's idea of a ranch was the organization of a company recorded upon paper with a fancy ribbon. Sam's was an abundance of water and grass.)

Sam Jones was delighted with the Buckhorn; he felt at home. "Pair o' horns on a elk head with a card sayin' it was killed by James Jones on the Mescalero Reservation. And it mighta been. My brother killed lots of 'em up there. Once he sold a head to Pershing—he was a lieutenant at Fort Stanton then. An' that fool give Jim a watch an' chain for it, silver, too."

TRAYNER liked Bruce, and except that he called him "Chappie," treated him well. That riled Bruce; he had to lick almost every man on the Pecos before they quit calling him that. Once a feller in Lovington went up to Bruce's room to have a drink and said, "Thanks, Chappie,"

Bill Jones' New Mexico ranch.



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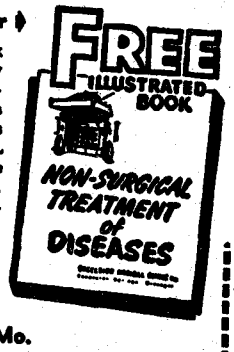

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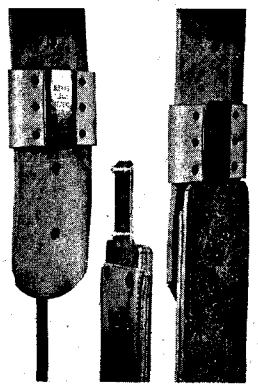

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and Bruce locked the hotel room and whipped the poor man with the water pitcher. When Bruce let him out, the bozo looked like he'd been clawed by a mountain lion.

Once when the wagon came in from Corpus Christi, it brought some clothes. Trayner unpacked and held up a "monkey suit"! Bruce looked at it and asked if his employer were going to wear it.

"Got it for you, Chappie. Going to promote you and raise your wages. No more outside work for you! This is for you to wear when you serve dinner."

Sam Jones shook his head. "I reckon Trayner never knowed how close he come to sudden death."

From then on Trayner was minus a foreman. Sam secured one for him, but the man became so discouraged with the attitude and ignorance of his employer that he did not stay long.

When the workmen finished the house they built a winery. A winery! That winery caused more talk on the Pecos than any murder ever did. But then murders were common occurrences while a winery was a novelty. Nobody in that country had ever had enough wine to last till daylight, much less fill a house. Trayner sent wagons to Corpus, and they rolled in full of bottles, all laid down. And he had them put on shelves that way, too. People thought he must be going to open a saloon, but he intended all of it for his own use. He was generous to those who stopped; it could not be said that he did not invite them to eat, nor that he did not offer them liquor.

He sent three wagons to Corpus and they came back full of boxes and old furniture. He went along on the next trip and returned with an English lady whom he had met and married at Corpus. For some reason his neighbors surmised that his family opposed the marriage, though why they should have done so nobody knew. Lady Trayner was a charming and beautiful young woman. She endeared herself to the local people by her friendliness and cordiality. She showed the women her wedding dress. It was made of white satin, and was trimmed with lace and pearls. She showed her china, too, which she had inherited. When asked what it cost she replied that each plate was probably worth $25. This profligacy was more incomprehensible than the winery, for $25 would buy a good cow with a calf.

"For awhile after she come it looked like Trayner was really tryin' to 'tend to business," Sam said. "He come to the round-up. He was up on a bluff about a mile from home, and got *lost*! I hollered to him to go to the wagon and had to show him where it was. He hadn't even learnt to *see*. Said he had a cow up there. I told him to take it to the wagon and pick up everything he run acrost on the way. We got in about sundown with 400 critters—and no Trayner. Some thought we ought to look for him but I remembered what Willingham had said and told them to let him roll his own.

"We was gettin' in the bedrolls when he showed up with a cow. It wasn't even his!"

SAM JONES used to bring the mail for all when he went to town. He got a letter addressed to Lord Trayner for the Earl of Something, whose name was on the envelope. When he delivered it, Trayner apologized for reading it, and put it in his pocket. Then he asked Sam why, when everyone else was making money, he could not. Sam replied that everybody was making a little, and asked if he were not. He shook his head.

"I hated to come right out and say he was drinkin' his ranch up. 'Course, everybody drank, but not as he did. So I sidestepped. I ask him if he really wanted to know."

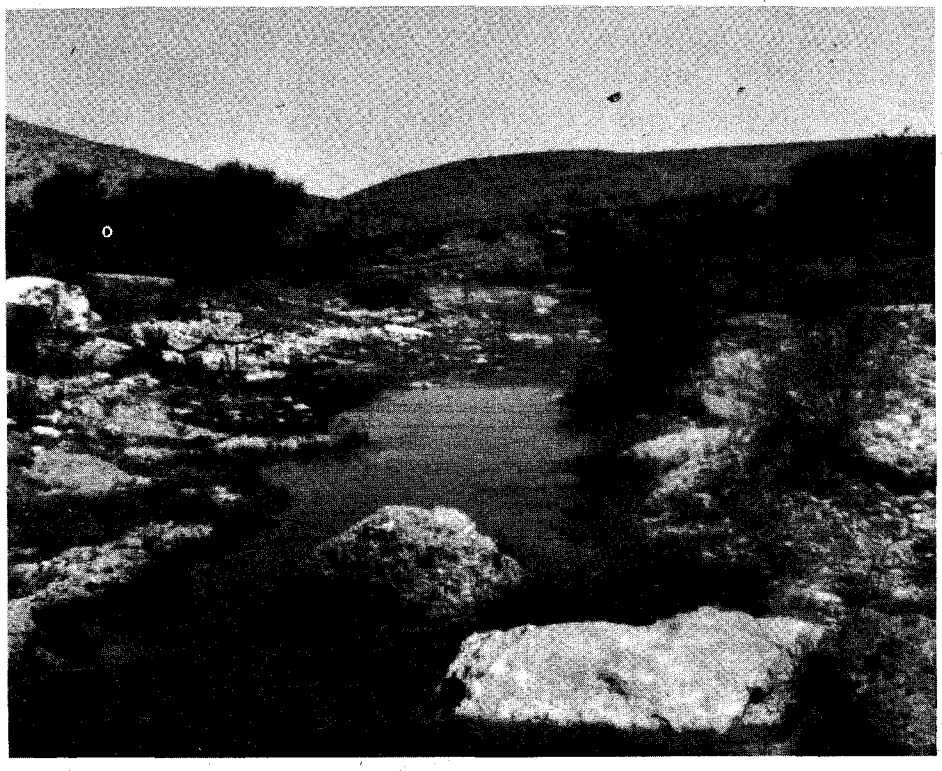
"'I do,' he told me.

"'All right. If a man wants to get things done right he's got to know how to do 'em. Got to know how hisself.'

"'But I pay men to do them.'

"'An' you don't know whether they're done right or not. Generally they ain't. Take that wagon now—I bet it ain't been

Dead Man's Gulch, in the area Trayner made his ranching failure.



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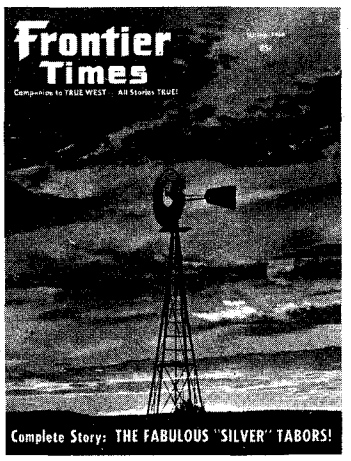

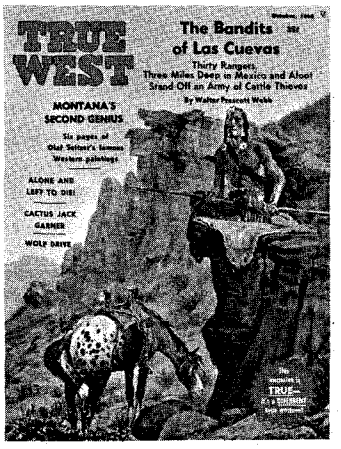

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greased since Bruce quit.'

"'Greased?'

"'The axles, Trayner! Go git that can in the barn and I'll learn you how!' I set my hoss while he struggled with the wheel. Finally he got it off, daubed the axle with grease, and put it back. Took might' nigh an hour. He looked up at me sort o' pitiful and says, 'I don't have to do the rest, do I, Sammie?'

"'Hell, no! It'll soak through to the rest!' I quit in disgust."

Sam began to notice that Trayner's cattle were diminishng in number. "Nobody was stealin' them cattle," he said. "Them really was my cattle—long's he hadn't paid for 'em. And they knowed if they rustled critters from the Joneses they paid for 'em with high interest. He was sellin' 'em—a few at a time to furriners, outsiders, for just anything they offered. Hosses, too.

"An' one day in Carlsbad—it was called Eddy, then—I seen some o' them fancy plates in a restaurant. Them $25.00 ones. I bought nine of them for five bucks. Don't know what Trayner got for 'em.

"I found out he'd been selling Lady Trayner's jewelry, too. Then he began haulin' the furniture to town. Bill Jones paid $5.00 for his dish cupboard. Trayner said it was more'n 200 years old, so I guess he got all it was worth. But that jewelry! It musta cost a lot."

People were sympathetic with Lady Trayner; the women rode over to have tea with her. While it was evident that she was worried, she was gracious and spoke well of her husband even when the last man on the place, unable to collect his wages, left. (Since there were no animals remaining, they did not need cowboys.) She even joked about her efforts to ride. To expert horsewomen, she ridiculed her own attempts to learn. "The horse," she explained, "bounded and rebounded; and I couldn't remain."

"One day," Sam said, "I went past an' the wagon an' team was gone. The whole place looked deserted—you can kinda feel it when a house is empty. I rode around first and didn't see a critter on the place. Then I went in the house. Just a few chairs and some clothes left. They'd cleared out—went to Corpus, I reckon. Even so, they'd lasted longer than I'd expected—mighty nigh two years.

"But I don't guess you could expect more from a Pilgrim. Especially an eddicated one—that didn't know nothing. Nothing at all!"

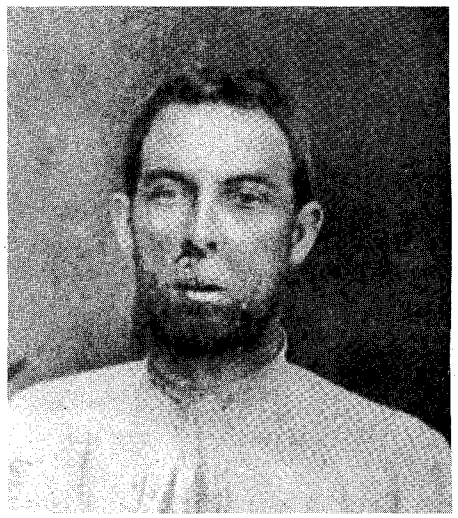
Mrs. Nebo Jones

Ask True West

(Continued from page 49)

on. Rynning states that Jackson, alias Downing, while a prisoner at Yuma, was positively identified by Dick Ware, an officer at Round Rock. Later, after Jackson, alias Downing, had been released from prison he was killed by Ranger Billy Speed. Rynning states that Jackson was identified to the satisfaction of the court when Speed was tried and exonerated.

Question: I wish to write a thesis on the Custer fight from the standpoint of an Indian in the battle. Which would you recommend I choose and where can I find source material?—Estelle Carpenter, Chicago, Illinois.
Answer: The narration of Young Hawk, a Ree scout, is one of the best. It is very factual and high in human interest. You can find a full account in W. A. Graham's *Custer Myth.*



Jim Younger

Question: Is it true that one of the Younger brothers killed himself? If so, what were the circumstances?—Art Hartsell, DeKalb, Illinois.
Answer: James (Jim) Younger committed suicide in a St. Paul hotel, October 19, 1901, shortly after his release from prison. His wounds and long imprisonment undermined his health to a degree that brought despondency and suicide.

Question: I once saw an Indian scalp that was reputed to be that of Tall Bull, a Cheyenne. Can this be verified?—Warner Ridgly, Topeka, Kansas.
Answer: Tall Bull was slain June 11, 1869, at Summit Springs, by Major Frank North, and one of the Pawnee scouts took the scalp. Later Major Gordon Lillie acquired the relic and exhibited it in Pawnee Bill's museum at Old Town, near Pawnee, Oklahoma.

Question: What does the headband worn by the Apaches signify?—Frieda McCormack, Honolulu, Hawaii.
Answer: The headband had both an ornamental as well as utility purpose; it kept perspiration from the face, cooled the brow and kept the long hair of the Apache in place. It was also a kind of badge of the tribe.

Question: I have heard that the Comanches trained their horses to signal the approach of game or enemies. Is this true? —W. B. C., Montreal, Quebec, Canada.
Answer: I would not say "trained." It

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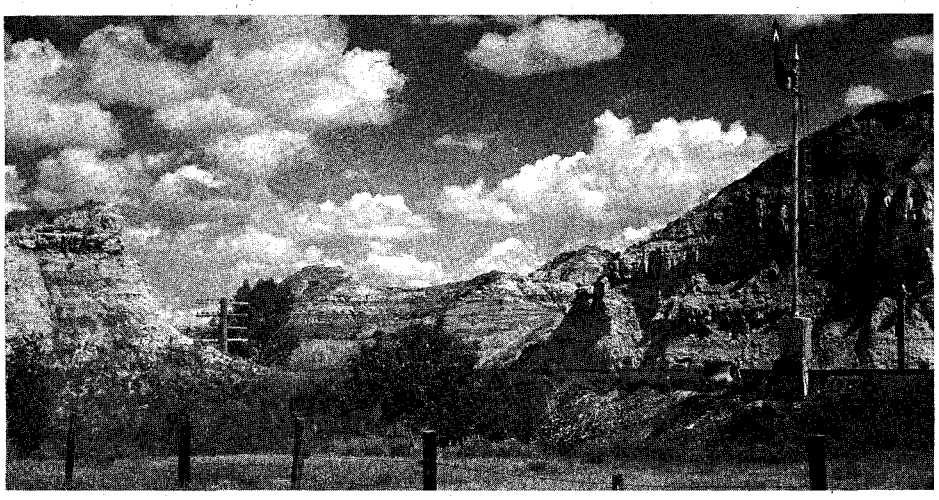
was a built-in faculty in horses, and the Comanches knew their horses. The warrior kept close watch on the head movements of his mount, whether in motion or standing. The horse "waved" his ears in a certain manner when it detected buffalo or other game and at detecting man, pitched its ears forward.

Question: Did Death Valley Scotty really have a secret gold mine?—"Shorty," Los Angeles, California.
Answer: Most people "in the know" are in agreement that if Scotty had a gold mine it was in reality Scotty's long-time friend and financial backer named Albert Johnson.

Question: I have heard much about the famous Badlands of the Northwest. Would you please run a photo of same?—G. H. Allesandro, Berne, Switzerland.
Answer: A photo is hereby submitted. But you should really visit the region to fully appreciate it.



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The North Dakota Badlands.

Behind the Ragged Curtain

(Continued from page 3)

traption went haywire and in our somewhat impatient attempts to juggle an ancient doorlatch wangdoodie into submission, it fell off on the floor. There was a hole left in the door and that was all. You could stick your finger in the hole and open the door, but it wouldn't stay all the way closed for obvious reasons. And with the temperature hovering around 100° this past summer, it was a must to keep all the cooling inside that a dilapidated machine could put out. So there was only one thing to do—put the gluepot behind the door to keep it closed. Naturally, it was a bit confusing to rush into the room, send the pot slithering across the floor and wonder if, this time, it would turn over. We could have called up a building contractor, a carpenter or even an odd job man, but the trouble seemed relatively insignificant, so we decided my boy could take care of it. Time marched on and he'd forget to get a new set when in town, etc. etc. and the situation deteriorated with an increasing tempo.

Finally, in a burst of righteous emotion, I told my son to drop everything and fix the door. He did, and the following appeared on the bulletin board next morning, a product of the ever-appreciative Pat:

ATTENTION EVERYBODY!

During the morning hours of Wednesday, July 25, you are invited to drop by the Upper North Wing of the building for the formal OPENING OF THE DOOR.

As our personal protest against the crass commercialism of our most sacred and sentimental occasions (Graduation and St. Patrick's Day, to mention only a couple), there will be no admission charge, no entertainment, no refreshments.

All we want is YOU—your immediate family—anybody who happens to deliver anything—or people walking along the street. Each visitor will be allowed to open and close the door once, to examine the knob and to sign the guest book. Cameras are allowed but not encouraged.

The one most closely associated with this project will not be present, unfortunately. For many years the architect on this job, Mr. Robert Small, has refused to make an appearance directly after completion of a major work. His spirit has to renew itself and there are witnesses to the fact that through sheer guts, determination, a couple of bolts, some sheared-off wimwams, and cussing, he was able to get this knob to stay in the socket and the door to swing on the hinges about 4 p.m. yesterday afternoon.

For a few moments upstairs, there wasn't a dry eye in the crowd. Frank Wright especially seemed to almost break down, as he had never been able to keep from jumping when the gluepot doorstop fell over (which it did with regularity every time he walked into the room). You know you can't jump around on the average of forty times a day for two months and not develop a certain nervousness!

We'll be expecting you and someone will be on duty except for a few moments around 10 a.m. when there is a general milling around of people drinking Instant Puncho-bean downstairs.

DOWN WITH THE OLD!!
(Swingin' Doors)
ON WITH THE NEW!!
(Crystal Knobs)

This should give you a clear picture into the personalities, trials, heartaches, and triumphs of a part of our organization. I thought you should at least get a gnat's eye glimpse into our way of life because we shall outgrow this staunch domicile in twenty or thirty years and what a pity to be in a more modern place and have nothing to write about!—Joe.

Order By Mail

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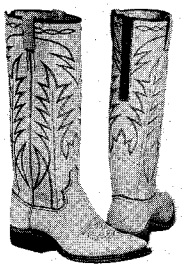

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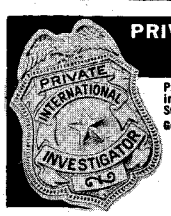

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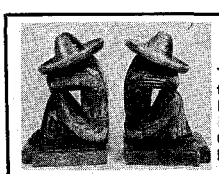

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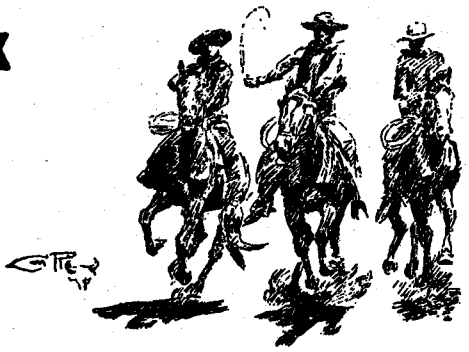

By The Old Bookaroos

"LAME WITH A PEN"

When one of the Old Bookaroos writes something other than a book review it is news deserving top billing. When it is a top job by the number one expert in his field in the country it is doubly deserving. *Paper Talk* (Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, $5 in wraps, $7.50 in cloth) is a great catalogue of an exhibition of Charles M. Russell illustrated letters assembled by Frederic G. Renner for the Museum. Renner wrote the introduction and the commentary on the letters and he is always at his best when writing on his favorite subject. Russell claimed he was "lame with a pen" but Renner proves that Charlie's friends prized and kept his letters quite as much for the words as for the drawings and water colors that adorned them. In addition to the letters, there are numerous other Russell illustrations (several from the noted Renner collection) relating to them, plus photos of several of the friends to whom Charlie wrote. The front cover photograph by Dorothea Lange is an unusually fine study of Charlie's painting made while he was talking with Maynard Dixon and without his knowing it. This is a big, handsome book and the 120 pages have over 160 illustrations. The exhibition is on tour—see it if you can, but either way buy a copy of the catalogue —worth the money!

CARRINGTON: CO

Fort Phil Kearny: An American Saga (Putnam, $4.95) by Dee Brown is no mere tale of the building of a military post on the Bozeman Trail. It is a fine character study of Colonel Henry B. Carrington, its much maligned builder and first CO. The discovery of gold in Montana and the pressure on the Federal government to provide army protection to the miners and their suppliers on their way to Virginia City by the shortest possible route led to the decision to build Forts Phil Kearny and C. F. Smith in 1866 and to maintain and improve Fort Reno (known as Fort Connor until 1866). Col. Carrington, a lawyer by profession, organized a regiment of Civil War volunteers in Ohio but so valuable were his services as a recruiter and organizer that he saw no field action during that conflict. This was his first field command—he was short of men, guns, ammunition and horses and charged with protecting the travelers on a road through Cheyenne and Sioux country that the U.S. had by treaty set aside for the exclusive use of the tribes. Under the circumstances he did a good job but some of the junior officers with much field service thought he was over-cautious and were inclined to disregard his orders. Captain William J. Fetterman and eighty men paid with their lives when the Captain reputedly failed to obey orders. There were no survivors and public clamor led to Colonel Carrington's being relieved of his command with a tarnished reputation. This is an unusually well-documented account. General William T. Sherman had encouraged all wives of officers of the regiment to keep diaries, and several, including Mrs. Carrington, followed his suggestion. This is good history, illustrated with a number of photographs and one drawing by Charles Schreyvogel. The bibliography is extensive and the index and maps adequate.

INDIAN LORE

Ojibwa Myths and Legends (Ross and Haines, $4.50) is a collection of stories told by the Indians to Sister Bernard Coleman, Ellen Frogner and Estelle Eich over a period of years. These teachers visited the eight Ojibwa reservations in northern Minnesota many times to gain the confidence of older members of the tribe—and to record the stories. Forty-four story tellers and informants between sixty-five and ninety-seven years of age contributed to the lore and legends included in this book. The authors heard more than one version of many of the stories and were able to compile complete versions from the variants and, in a case or two, have included more than one version of the same tale. The book is enhanced with some small drawings by Ruth Maney, and with an index and bibliography. It is a worthwhile addition to American folklore.

WAYS OF LIFE

Only John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the Franklin D. Roosevelt administration and life-long student and friend of the American Indians, could have written *On the Gleaming Way* (Sage Books, $3.50). This is a book about the Navajos, Eastern Pueblos, Zunis, Hopis and Apaches and their homeland in the high, dry Southwest. It has a message for all but unlike many books with messages is both readable and informative. It should be required reading for all members of Congress, all government personnel who have contacts with Indians, and for all United Nations officials concerned with colonial peoples emerging to independence. John has written about the Indians and their land but he has probed much deeper—into the beliefs and ways of life that have permitted these southwestern tribes to survive tremendous changes over the centuries. The cultures of these Indians were old when the first white man came to this continent. A few well-chosen examples from John's vast store point out the effectiveness of these tribes in dealing with the problems of the 20th Century. He wrote the book in the late 1940's—Dr. Allan Swallow, teacher, historian and publisher, earns John's thanks, and ours, for now issuing it. There are some fine photographs, carefully chosen to enhance the text. Recommended.

NINE LIVES!

Tubac—Town of 9 Lives (Paragon Press, P. O. Box 1511, Tucson, Arizona, $1.25) is the story of Arizona's first town by Jane Spooner. It was a Pima village long before the white men arrived in Arizona and is located just over twenty

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miles north of Nogales and the Mexican border. This booklet is packed with history—Tubac certainly had its share. Father Kino, Captains Beldarrian and Anza, Charles D. Poston and Geronimo are among those involved in Tubac's saga. In 1958, Tubac became Arizona's first State Park. A dandy little item with interesting illustrations. Congratulations, Mrs. Spooner.

CANADIAN GOLD CAMP

Barkerville (Mitchell Press, Vancouver, Canada, $1.50) by Bruce Ramsey is an attractively printed guide to the fabulous Cariboo gold camp. Barkerville was the gold capital of British Columbia and one of the most important names on the map north of San Francisco in the early days of the province. Gold was discovered in the remote northern part of British Columbia in 1858 and the rush was on. It was said that over 30,000 would-be miners left San Francisco for the new Canadian diggings. There is a lot of history in this guide book with the numerous old-time photos of people and buildings being particularly noteworthy. Barkerville is not a ghost town—many tourists visit this rustic little village of golden memories each year. Worth the money.

MONTANA GHOSTS

Shallow Diggings (Caxton, $6.50) compiled by Jean Davis is a collection of true stories about 100 of Montana's fabulous ghost mining towns. Late 19th Century prospectors burning with gold fever stampeded through hostile Indian country to dig for gold in the Montana Rockies. Some struck it rich, many starved or froze to death, others died in shooting scrapes and holdups. The worst known hardcases were strung up by vigilance committees. But out of the turmoil and hard work, the country was settled and a solid ranching industry evolved and prevails today.

Most of the narratives came from original letters and historical accounts which tell about the hard times, social events, black markets in snowbound towns, sporting girls, vigilance committees, Indian raids, Chinese miners, family life and numerous other historical events that characterized the rough and tumble existence on the Montana frontier. There is is much new material and the freshness of detail in this book will appeal to western readers.

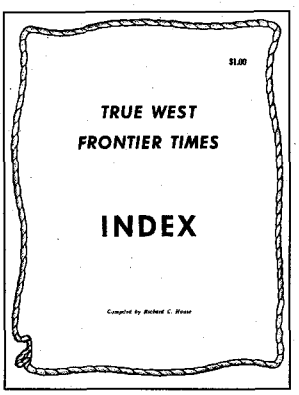
BONUS!

The Far West and Rockies: General Analytical Index to the Fifteen Volume Series (Clark, $12) was prepared and edited by LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen. It is a joy indeed for a good index is the indispensable tool of the researcher. However, this is far more than just an index to the series—over one hundred pages are devoted to a supplement of *Forty-Niners' Journals*. The inclusion of the additional accounts that came to light after the publication of Volume II is a fine bonus as subscribers had only been promised the index in Volume XV. Adequate notes and two illustrations enhance the added material in another typically expert Clark job of book-making.

WESTERN CLASSICS

Lippincott has released reprints of four rare 18th Century histories authored by adventurers with talents for brilliant narration. These are choice items featured in their Keystone Western American Series. They are as follows:

The Personal Narrative ($4.50 hard-



LIKE TO REMEMBER WHERE YOU READ IT? WHEN YOU READ IT? IF YOU READ IT? or DID YOU JUST DREAM IT?

If it appeared in **TRUE WEST** or **FRONTIER TIMES**, your wondering is over!

For those of you who missed our announcement in the last issues, an Index has just been put together that starts at the very beginning of both magazines and extends through 1960. Everything and everybody that we mentioned is listed—it took two years to complete, AND, MAN, IT'S COMPLETE! Same size as the magazines and will fit right into your binder; if you haven't seen all of the back issues, you can check what you missed and start filling in—if we still have some copies. Just don't fiddle around too long to order—this Index sells for only one dollar (cash, check or money order) and it will simplify things all around if you will order direct from the guy who did all the work—DICK HOUSE, P. O. Box 265, Coolidge, Arizona. If you are not satisfied, send it back in ten days and Dick will refund your dough.

NEW TREASURE BOOKS

(All in pictorial wrappers)

MORE WESTERN TREASURES, by Jesse Rascoe. A sequel to "Golden Crescent" and "Western Treasures" both so well received by Western fans, this book has no duplications of accounts in the others! Strong on the Southwest, from Texas to the Pacific, but including lost mines, gem locations, treasure etc. in Arkansas, Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Mexico, New Mexico, Nevada, Oregon, Texas, Wyoming and several other Western states. Rockhounds and adventurers will like this one! 128 pp. $2.00

* * *

THE GOLDEN CRESCENT, The Southwestern Treasure Belt, by Jesse Rascoe. Detailed accounts of dozens of hidden treasures and lost mines, all located in that golden crescent, the Great Southwest, which stretches from East Texas to the Pacific. Heretofore practically unknown accounts, from old archives, old papers; locations in Texas, the Panhandle, New Mexico, Arizona, Southern California and Old Mexico! A sequel to "Western Treasures," with latest news, but no duplications. About 160 pp. $3.00

* * *

1000 OLD ARIZONA MINES, by Richard Hinton. Originally published in 1878, now reprinted, with a bunch of old photos added! Information about hundreds of old mines, Spanish diggings, some known, but in this modern age, mostly unknown. Here are actual locations, types of ores, value, names of former owners, etc. 128 pp. $2.00

* * *

WESTERN TREASURES, Lost & Found, by Jesse Rascoe. Authentic archivial reporting of treasure plants and caches, both lost and found, in many Western states. This book has received spectacular acceptance from those who laud its authentic reporting, giving heretofore unknown clues and information. No duplication of account in "The Golden Crescent," published later. 124 pp. $2.00

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CALIFORNIA GOLDEN TREASURES by Chas. Peters. Detailed accounts of finding huge gold nuggets and boulders, Mother Lode country, California, a hundred years ago. Information old mining camps, lucky finds, hidden riches, etc. 150 pp. $3.00

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THE TREASURE HUNTER'S GUIDE, by Karl von Mueller. A thick book, crammed with tips, clues and T. T. gems that only von Mueller could come up with! While this remainder remains! $7.50

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This area has such a tremendous growth potential, such a fantastic unlimited future, that wise investors have purchased large acreage. Bing Crosby's ranch was one of the largest ranches in the county. James Stewart is Honorary Sheriff. Yes, the smart experienced investors have sensed the future and are buying TWIN RIVER RANCHOS in Elko County, Nevada.

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HUNTING: The hunting of your life. Big game species Mule Deer, are abundant. Duck, Quail and Geese are plentiful.

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INSURE YOUR PROFITABLE TOMORROW

Yes, wise investors are buying in TWIN RIVER RANCHOS. America's largest corporations who buy in advance of population explosion are also investing in Nevada. Anaconda Copper has just completed a $32,000,000 plant. North American Aviation, Curtiss-Wright and Kaiser Steel have secured building sites. U.S. Census Bureau Fact: Nevada is the Nation's fastest growing state—8 year population increase, 70%, highest in U.S.A.

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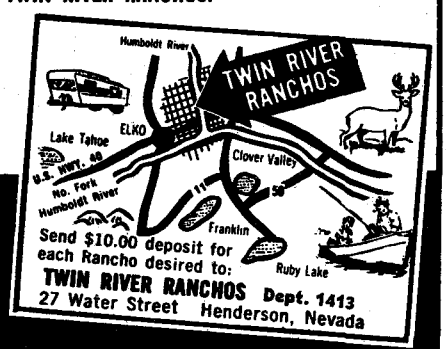

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7½	30	30
10	40	40

Name:_____

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City:_____ Zone:_____ State:_____

Indicate No. of Ranchos____ Total enclosed $____

cover and $2.35 paperback) by James O. Pattie presents the 1831 edition unabridged, plus an introduction by William H. Goetzman.

Pattie, an inquisitive wanderer, left St. Louis with his father and headed into the little explored western wilds toward the Pacific. His father accompanied him and they suffered unheard of hardships and dangers, had various conflicts with Indians, and were made captives. His father died in captivity.

The author rambled for six years, covering vast leagues in the Great Plains, Southwest and California and visited Mexico City and Vera Cruz. Those today who have traveled the same country in modern conveyances will note remarkable contrasts with conditions there when Pattie made his tour on foot and horseback.

Commerce of the Prairies ($7.95) by Josiah Gregg is one of the classic narratives of Western history. The 1844 edition, unabridged, is reproduced in two volumes with a new introduction by Archibald Hanna. Gregg, a Santa Fe trader, describes his eight freighting expeditions across the western prairies and includes thrilling incidents of his nine-year sojourn in northern Mexico. Those wanting precise information on the origin and operation of Santa Fe Trail commerce can learn about it in this remarkable book.

Those wanting to learn about Indian and Mexican customs of 150 years ago should buy *Three Years Among the Indians and Mexicans* ($3.50 hardcover; $1.95 paperback) by Thomas James, reprint of the 1846 edition, unabridged, with a new introduction by A. P. Nasatir. James was another old-timer with itchy feet who traded with Indians and trappers on the upper Missouri branches, when Manuel Lisa and John Colter worked the fur lines. Later journeys took him south to the Santa Fe Trail where he engaged in complicated commerce with Mexicans and Indians of the Southern Plains and Southwest and finally was adopted by Indians. He saw firsthand the crimes and intrigues of political adventurers during the conquest of the Rio Grande and Arkansas Valleys and has written a handsome account of his robust experiences.

Mountains and Molehills ($3.95) by Frank Marryat is from the 1855 edition, unabridged, and has a new introduction by Robin W. Winks. Few have told California's gold coast story better than Marryat. Had he lived he might have equalled Charles Dickens as a writer. Winks points out that he had a gift for caricature that clearly shows Dickens' influence, and was a facile storyteller who filled his tales with rich comic overtones.

The lore of the California countryside charmed him and while a city tenderfoot, he records his experiences with remarkable clarity. He was enchanted by the Hispanic culture and while his Mexican spelling was poor, he interpreted actions and events accurately. This one is a real charmer. Libraries, impecunious collectors, and the general reading public owe Lippincott votes of thanks for the Keystone books. Every one to date has been a real bargain.

SONGS OF THE SAGE

If you go for western poetry, you'll want to read *Songs of the Sage* (Big Mountain Press, $3.50) by Mae Urbanek, author of *Uncovered Wagon.*

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

A bench was placed next to the washer; on it two tubs of rinse water were placed. We ground the clothes through the wringer from the washer into the first tub of clear water. Mother doused the clothes up and down, then we ran them through the wringer into the second tub, which contained bluing water. Again the dousing, then the dresses and such were starched and put up to dry.

I remember several varieties of washers. One was like the one pictured; it was operated by that push-pull handle which oscillated what looked like a four-legged milking stool back and forth through the lye-soapy water. Another, on the same principle, had inverted cups attached to rods which worked up and down squashing the water in and out of the clothes.

We ironed with sadirons. They were solid iron and were heated on top of the cookstove. We used rags for hotpads to protect the hand from the heat of the handle. To test to see if the iron was hot, we grabbed a heated iron, moistened a finger on the tongue, touched the wet finger to the iron (quickly, or a finger got burned!). A quick dry snapping sound meant the iron was hot. We'd dash to the ironing board, give a couple of smoothing swipes at the garment, then dash back for another iron.

The water left in the boiler after washing was used to scrub the kitchen floor and the outside toilet. The latter was usually a four-by-six lean-to. Most were two-seaters—the big hole for the men, the smaller for the women (sometimes the rear views of some folks made me wonder why!) and, if there were children, perhaps a lower bench for them. We were plutocrats—we had hinged covers to flop down over the holes when they weren't in use.

What child of those days can forget using a privy that had no children's bench? That awesome apprehension as we teetered on the edge of the "manhole" scared us to death! Our feet wouldn't reach the floor to give us balance and we didn't dare double up or lean back, we might fall in. But what could we do? Or who can forget brushing the dry cold snow off the seat? And remember the melted-snow outline we left? *Nobody* dallied after the first snow set in!

We will soon be gone and the memories of our era will go with us. They may not be considered interesting now, but in another twenty-five or fifty years, who knows?—Leota A. Larson, 3208 East Presidio, Tucson, Arizona.

Editor's Note: Here's something else you may remember—the hard work that went into digging the holes for those devilish things! (We just hope you didn't live in hardpan country where the topsoil was eight inches deep and below it was half-a-mile of hardened clay!)

You Can't Paint Whiskers!

Dear Joe:

Some readers have asked, "Why didn't the Indians grow beards?"

Indians were not entirely beardless. It was the custom to go without whiskers, but not the rule. Several early white explorers reported bearded Indians among the Sioux, Pawnees, Pottawatamies and Shawnees and there are paintings extant which portray bearded Indians.

Hair on the face of an Indian apparently came in more sparsely and slowly

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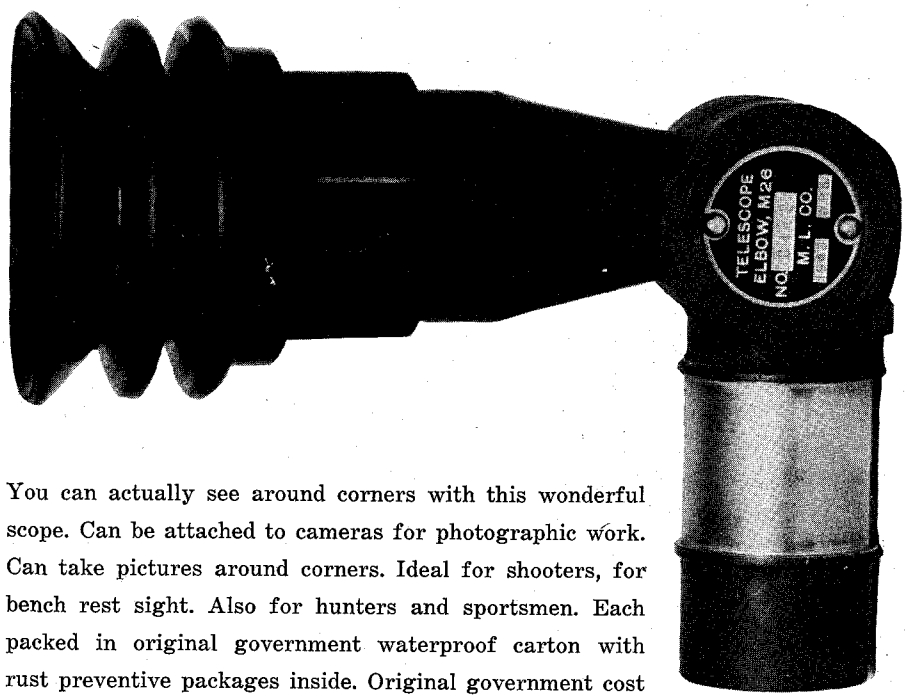

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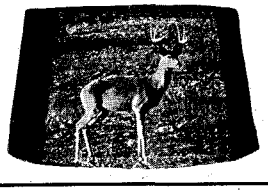

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than on a white man. An Indian, in time, could grow a beard as full as that of a white man but apparently Indian women did not care for their men's appearance during the time required for a beard's development.

A full set of whiskers on the face of every warrior would have concealed identities, making it hard to distinguish among individuals. This the Indian scorned, as he wanted his enemies to know and fear him.

Face painting was considered much more distinguished (and distinguishing) than whiskers. The Indian male was a very vain person and chose paint over beards as an enhancement to his manly beauty.

Face hair was plucked, not shaved. Before the Indian had mirrors, squaws were responsible for keeping the faces of their men plucked. With the advent of mirrors, men did the plucking themselves. Mention is made of warriors' sitting for long periods removing newly-grown hair. The most commonly used aid was a split hardwood stick which served as tweezers. More time was consumed in keeping beardless in this way than modern man is accustomed to devoting to shaving.—Bill Judge, 2154 South Box Elder, Casper, Wyoming.

Let the Old Towns Die

Dear Joe:

I can't agree with the sentiment expressed in "Save Our Ghost Towns" in the August issue of TRUE WEST.

It is only too true that posterity suffers and we lose another link with the West's historic past each time one of these old towns is obliterated. It is a rare and wonderful feeling to stand alone among the gray and windswept relics, but this feeling is lost in the atmosphere you propose for them.

These places have had their moments of glory. They were born and grew rapidly, enjoyed a wild and fast life, then died just as quickly as the men who had spawned their growth. The fate of these old ghost towns parallels the lives of many of their inhabitants—those old

"We need someone for a hanging party —and picked you!"

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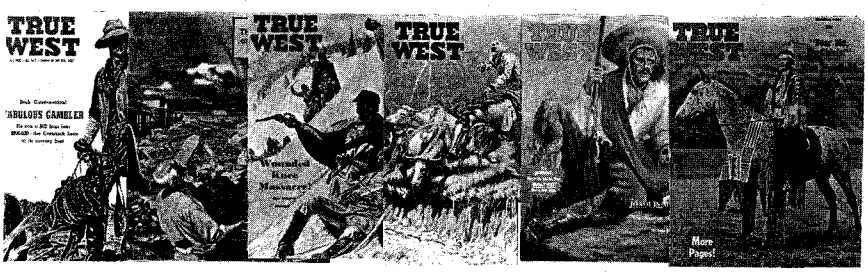

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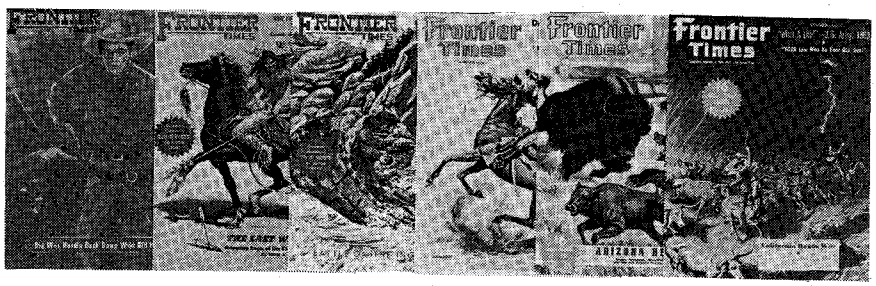

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prospectors never doubted for a minute what their fate would have been had they died out on the desert. They would be forgotten, their bones picked clean by vultures. The only monument to their memory would be the hills and prairies that had given them existence.

They at least passed on believing that their graves would remain peaceful and that their bones would not be gathered up later on and strung on a length of wire to be displayed in the carnival surroundings of some sideshow for people to gawk at.

I believe it is better to let the old towns remain with us only as long as nature allows, rather than desecrate them by decorating their dead bones with neon lights, popcorn stands, fast-buck artists and "cowboys" who couldn't find their pearl-handled butts with both hands. You don't need to rob graves to have that sort of thing: it can be manufactured at half the cost and the paying customers couldn't care less about historic background.

Your editor's note sounded a little ghoulish to me. I presume the article was printed as a public service and the author donated it as such.—H. N. McElroy, 9114 Parkette, Houston 28, Texas. P.S. You have a fine magazine.

Editor's Note: There must be a point somewhere between starving to death and dying of gluttony! We have always stayed away from encouraging a "False West"—over-heroized, ultra glamorous, fictitiously tough or bloodthirsty. But we do believe that that part of our national heritage which can be preserved (preserved—not fancied up!) should be preserved. We think most of you readers will agree that remainders of the WEST AS IT REALLY WAS need to be treated and restored with care and thoughfulness. Their future depends on today's discrimination.

Old Memories

Editor, TRUE WEST:

That photo of Tenabo, Nevada, in the August 1962 TRUE WEST brought back old memories. I lived in the house labeled "Tenabo Bar" in 1934. At that time it belonged to old man Rawleigh. The front room was full of mining tools and equipment; I lived in the back rooms. I was leasing the Gold Pan group of claims from Rawleigh.

Later I dry-washed in Tenabo Gulch, which runs in front of the buildings shown in the photo. Tenabo turned into a pretty good placer camp. People flocked in from all over—Salt Lake City, Carladeen, Reek, and other places. John Smith found rich ore in the old Gold Quartz Mine. I leased the old Rough and Ready Mine from him. John Prince and his partner had a block of claims below the camp. Sam Zunino moved in and opened a saloon and mined below the Gold Quartz. Gus Fowler had a lot of claims on Indian Creek and owned the old townsite of Lander, which had twenty-one buildings and a saloon.

I think McCracken finally used most of Tenabo's houses for lumber when he built a mill nearby. They dredged the whole country around there after I left. The old-timers are all gone now, but not forgotten by those who knew them.—Al ("Hi-Grade") Smith, 2101 Kentucky Street, Bakersfield, California.

Editor's Note: We certainly appreciated the fine response to "Save Our Ghost Towns." We want to remind you again to write Kenneth Sherwood Roe, 2406 Eureka Way, No. 3, Redding, California, if you know of any ghost town that you think could be purchased or should be preserved. Author Roe is especially anxious to acquire more photos of the various sites which you've found interesting.

Drinking On Foot?

Howdy!

A steer's horn damaged one of Salty's legs once and compelled him to get temporary employment as a bartender. He lived for the times when boys from his old spread came into town to "wet their whistles."

One afternoon the boys stopped at a few saloons along the way before arriving at the one in which Salty worked. Four of them forgot to hitch their horses outside.

An Easterner, seeking cover behind a table, demanded that Salty evict the mounted intruders. Salty glared at the tenderfoot and demanded, "What are you doin' in here afoot anyhow?"—Bish Curtis, Austin, Texas.

Editor's Note: This "Salty" is the same brush-country character who devised a bootleg brew for distribution to Indians. His recipe: add two gallons of raw alcohol to a barrel of Brazos River water; stir in two ounces of strychnine ("greatest stimulant in the world!") and three plugs of tobacco. (The latter was to make them sick—an Indian wouldn't figure it was whiskey unless it made him sick.) Add five bars of soap to give it a bead and half-a-pound of red pepper, then some sagebrush. Boil till brown. Strain into a barrel. Trade one bottle for one buffalo robe. After Indian has consumed first bottle, trade one bottle for three robes. After the second bottle has been gurgled, a third trades for ten buffalo robes. If the Indian comes back for a fourth jug, clear out fast. That's his ghost you're talking to!

Big Snake and Long Tail

Dear Friends:

On Page 63 of the August issue, John Ball of Fairbanks, Alaska, told about a big rattlesnake he killed and left in the Fort Collins Museum. The skin must have shrunk because they can't find it there. I received the following letter from the curator of the Museum:

Fort Collins Pioneer Museum
Clyde H. Brown, Curator
219 Peterson Street, Fort Collins, Colorado

F. E. Ayres
3005 Ranchland
Odessa, Texas
Dear Texas Friend,

Will say as of this date we have no snakeskin from John Ball on display. I just think that was a big snake and a long tail.

As Ever
/s/ Clyde H. Brown

See if you can straighten out John Ball's tale. We like the TRUTH in TRUE WEST.—Bud Ayres, 3005 Ranchland, Odessa, Texas.

Editor's Note: Reader Ball's rattlesnake claim uncorked a lot of comment. In another letter, Curator Brown asserted that quite a few other readers had questioned him about the snake and said he even had inquiries from some zoos. We would like to hear from reader Ball again.

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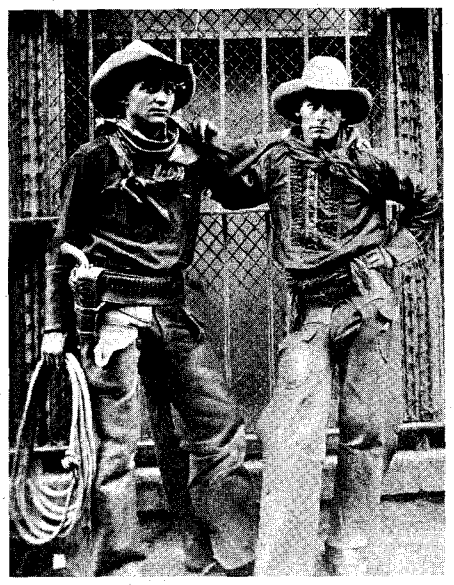


Rusty Tulk (right) with Pecos Higgins in 1907. Both were with the Miller Brothers 101 Wild West Show at the time.

National Open Range Cowboy's Club

Dear Miss Pat:

John A. ("Rusty") Tulk, in 1960, began organizing the "National Open Range Cowboy's Club." Membership—which is free—was open to anyone over sixty years of age who had ridden on the open range somewhere.

As names came in, Rusty sent lifetime membership cards and had booklets printed containing members' names and addresses. Membership now includes over 500 men and women in at least thirty-two states, Canada and Mexico.

The first "get together" meeting was held in Cloudcroft, New Mexico, August 21, 1961, with sixty old-timers present. Future meetings in other localities are being planned.

Rusty Tulk, originally from San Saba County, Texas, has cowboyed throughout the Southwest. His father was a contracting freighter; his mother died while he was still young. Rusty started working for cattle outfits, beginning with the C A Bar, when he was only fourteen. Later he worked for the J.A.L.; the Smith Ranch near Douglas, Arizona; the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch Wild West Show; and Colonel Frederick T. Cummings' Wild West Show. He toured England with the latter group in 1908, returning to the United States the same year. Until 1915 he traveled with various small Wild West shows, including Wyoming Bill's. He married a cowgirl from Wyoming Bill's outfit and began ranching in New Mexico. He now lives on a 160-acre irrigated farm nine miles south of Deming.

Anyone interested in the National Open Range Cowboy's Club can write Rusty Tulk at Route 1, Box 59, Deming, New Mexico. A lifetime membership card and address booklet will be sent to all eligible for membership.—V. Whitlock, 16121 Devonshire, San Fernando, California.

Death of Montana Red

Howdy Joe:

The references to Cole Younger and his burial place in the Winter issue of FRONTIER TIMES bring to mind the little known saga of his son. Charles Shy, known simply as "Montana Red," died recently in Alaska. Born in Brownsville, Texas, in 1878, Red said Cole, his father, took him when he was small to be adopted and raised by a family named Shy. He took the name of his foster parents.

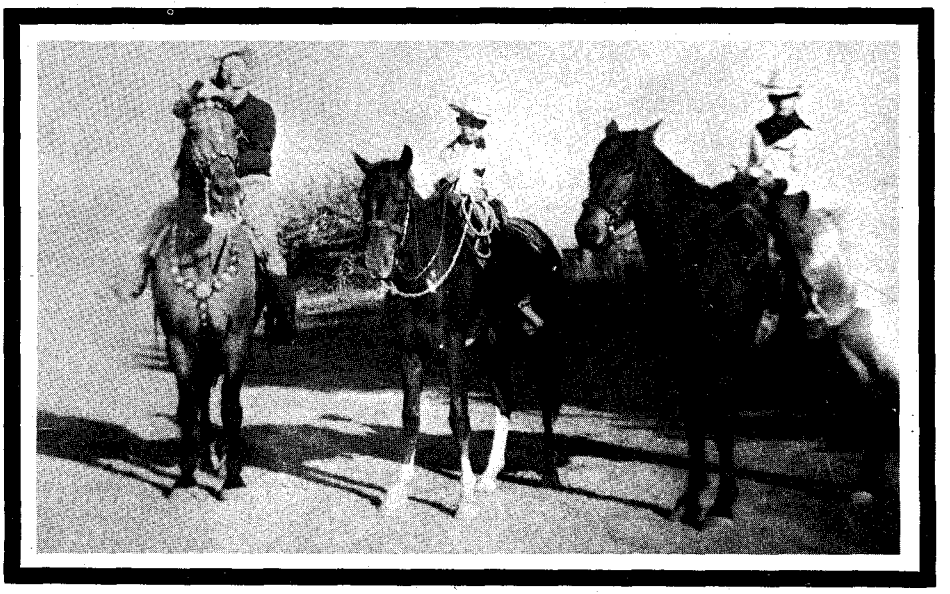
He headed for Montana when he was sixteen and led a wild free life for more than four decades. One knee was twisted from a bullet received in a gun duel and his scarred body showed evidence of surviving more than half-a-dozen pistol battles.

The high point of his life was riding "Dynamite," rated the world's wildest horse by an earlier generation. According to Red, "Queensland Harry" of Australia was the only other man to ever ride Dynamite.

Montana Red topped six feet, had long flowing hair and piercing deepset eyes. In Alaska, he was rugged and law-abiding, and established a reputation as a master beaver trapper who brought in only the "blankets" (biggest skins). He broke his leg on the trail, set it himself and lay in his cabin to let it heal. When the ordeal was over, he had one leg twisted by a bullet and the other racked by a poor healing job.

At Christmas he would hitch up his

Tulk (left) with grandsons Donnie and Jimmie.



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AUTHENTIC INDIAN SONGS AND DANCES on Phonograph Records—Catalogue on request from Canyon Records, 834 N. 7th Avenue, Phoenix 2, Arizona.

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dogs and blaze straight down the center of the Alaska Railroad tracks to Talkeetna where he played Santa Claus to the village kids. Said Roy Nigh, Anchorage city councilman, "He was a very generous and goodhearted man. I used to hunt moose from his camp, and he had a strange understanding of birds and wild animals. I've seen two Canada jays perched on his shoulders as he cut wood, and a weasel playing with him in his cabin like a tame cat.

"He gave his close friends two gold nuggets with instructions to make them into earrings for their wives. He maintained a fast team of dogs which no other musher could handle because he trained and mushed them in Spanish."

Visiting Anchorage, his greatest joy was being taken for an auto ride around the city. He had no comment on television's badmen, but he liked the wrestling.

Twelve years ago, when he was badly burned rescuing two children from a burning house, Red was told he would never walk again. But he did. And he returned to his cabin, his trapline and wild animal friends.

Except for a collection of old pistols, Montana Red left practically no estate and no known heirs.—Leo J. Boileau, 10521 Woodlawn Drive, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Pine Town Spree

Gentlemen:

The article in the June '62 TRUE WEST about Hank Vaughan brought to mind an incident which happened in Pine Town, Oregon, back in 1904. Pine Town was located about sixty miles east of Baker. I think it's now a ghost town.

A couple of brothers by the name of Bert and Jake Vaughan sold some claims —called the Iron Dike Mine—to an eastern syndicate for $10,000. That was a lot of money in those days so to celebrate, they rode their horses into Pine Town, got drunk, and rode up and down the street shooting their six-guns in the air and yelling at the top of their lungs. Then they rode their horses into the saloon, shooting glasses and bottles off the bar, out the backdoor and down the road at top speed, heading toward the river.

I watched all this from our front yard (our home was separated from the saloon by a narrow driveway). Bert and Jake paid for the damage they'd done. I saw Bert again in 1917 when he was managing the mill that the syndicate built and I was on my way to inspect a galena mine we owned on Omega Mountain about twenty miles west of Council, Idaho.—A. E. Wilkinson, 327 East 51st Street, Long Beach 5, California.

Editor's Note: This incident is illustrative of the livelier moments that frequently occurred threescore years ago. As far as our research shows, Bert and Jake Vaughan were not related to badman Hank Vaughan.

Duck

Howdy!

As civilization gradually encroached upon the Old West, the scenery changed but many of the instincts of the inhabitants remained the same.

The lake formed by a dam across Devil's River, Texas, soon attracted various wild fowl. A couple of ranchers in the vicinity thought it would be nice to have roast duck for Thanksgiving dinner so went out to shoot some.

They had no luck at all until they found a cowhide hanging on a fence to dry. By stooping over and fastening the hide over their backs the two sportsmen were able to present a passable imitation of a peripatetic bovine. Just as they were getting within range of the ducks, the hunter occupying the stern position suddenly began thrashing violently, trying to get out from under the decoy.

"Easy, easy," his friend in front admonished, "you'll scare the ducks!"

"Forget the ducks," his pal retorted, "here comes a bull!"—Burr H. Mallory, 3 Mitchell Place, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

"Pull 'Em Out" Club

Howdy:

I have joined the club of "Pull TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES to the *front* of the shelves at the places where they are sold" as suggested by one of your fans. I have another suggestion—remind people to *always* mention the name of the magazine when they write to any of your advertisers. Even if they are just asking for a free catalog, I think it would help. Right?

I sure chuckled at your editorial in the August issue. Defulgiated—that's a new one on me but it sure sounded good. Some people will gripe about anything. But there are only a few people who read to catch errors; the rest of us read *strictly for enjoyment.*

One of my friends really blasted you on the John Brown article. I couldn't see anything so bad about it so asked for certain things to be pointed out. This friend showed me *another* magazine—an "eastern" western—with a similar title which had come out with the same story about a month after yours. Was it different! It was very sensational and contained some obvious errors.

Why can't people tell the difference between two magazines so obviously unalike in quality? They even get the titles mixed up. I wonder if they also get their children mixed up? Why they read the sensational and trashy ones I don't know; I guess that's their business. For me—I'll stick with TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES!—Jo Ann Sanders, Box 556, Lewiston, Montana.

Sadly and Happily

Dear Sir:

Your magazines are giving me the greatest reading pleasure I have known. Your stories fit right into my childhood memories of vast rippling wheat fields, sudden wind-borne summer storms, wide lingering silver strips of forked lightning cutting through thick black clouds. . . .

The Carlisle Indians used to come to Oberlin, Kansas, where I grew up. They were good ballplayers! Each player, I remember, used to wear a different colored shoelace in each shoe—bright yellow, green, red, white, purple. blue and orange. They sold them after the games. I had some yellow and blue ones bought for me.

I left Oberlin when I was fourteen and did not return until I was nearly fifty. What a change! I wanted, principally, to visit the old cemetery, in the southwest corner of which the graves of a family —mother. father and several children—used to be. The original crude gravestones fell into ruin but on my final visit home I noticed that a huge long low stone bearing all the names of the family had been placed over the graves. Does anyone know the story behind this memorial?

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In your October 1961 TRUE WEST, Ernest Douglas' "Mail Order on the Wild Gila" was one of the best written stories I have ever read. It lived!—Ruth Irene Bull, 417 31st Street, Newport Beach, California.

Editor's Note: "Mail Order on the Wild Gila" was almost everyone's favorite. Unfortunately, it's all too seldom we receive any real Old West humor in our daily mailbag (we'd like to run an article like "Mail Order" in every issue, but just don't have them on hand). We'd like to see more humor articles—but of AUTHENTIC Old West variety, natural and true, not forced and highly contrived. Any contributions from our reading audience would be appreciated.

Hill Beachy's Prophetic Dream

(Continued from page 27)

Another hour and they returned for Romaine. When they came for Page they found him soaked in sweat and hardly able to stand. As they were taking him out, Beachy stopped them in the open doorway.

"Page," he said, "I've done all in my power to save you because I've believed you less guilty than the others. So has your old friend Captain Ankney. We can do nothing more. Whether you live or die is up to you."

At that moment the door across the hall swung open, revealing a room, empty except that four ropes with nooses dangled from the ceiling. Under the ropes were four empty dry goods boxes.

"I told you to keep that door shut!" Beachy bellowed at an attendant and slammed the door.

"There is a bare chance for you," he told Page. "Your companions are still alive. They have each made a confession and now you have the opportunity. If you make a clean breast of it, it is just possible you may escape. If not, all four of you will hang."

Page was ready to talk.

FOR EIGHT days after leaving Bannack everything went well with the Magruder train. An antelope or deer was shot as needed and at night the crew sat around the campfire, eating, joking and telling yarns. Everyone was very friendly. Once Magruder said, "When we descend the range into Idaho all danger will be over."

As the long string of mules drew nearer the summit of the Bitterroot Range on the evening of the eighth day, Howard rode up beside Page and said, "Page, when we camp tonight, drive the mules half-a-mile away and stay with them till supper time. We are going to kill Magruder and his friends. You can help dispose of the bodies and share in the plunder. If you value your own life, say nothing of this to anyone."

Page was horribly scared. He knew he was being spared only because his knowledge of mountain trails and river crossings would be needed later. He wanted to warn Magruder, but Magruder trusted Howard so completely, Page felt he would not be believed and was afraid to take the risk. He did as he was told.

When he came to supper the others were standing around the campfire, for it was cold and snow was in the air. Howard whispered to him to go to bed as soon as he had eaten and stay there till he was called.

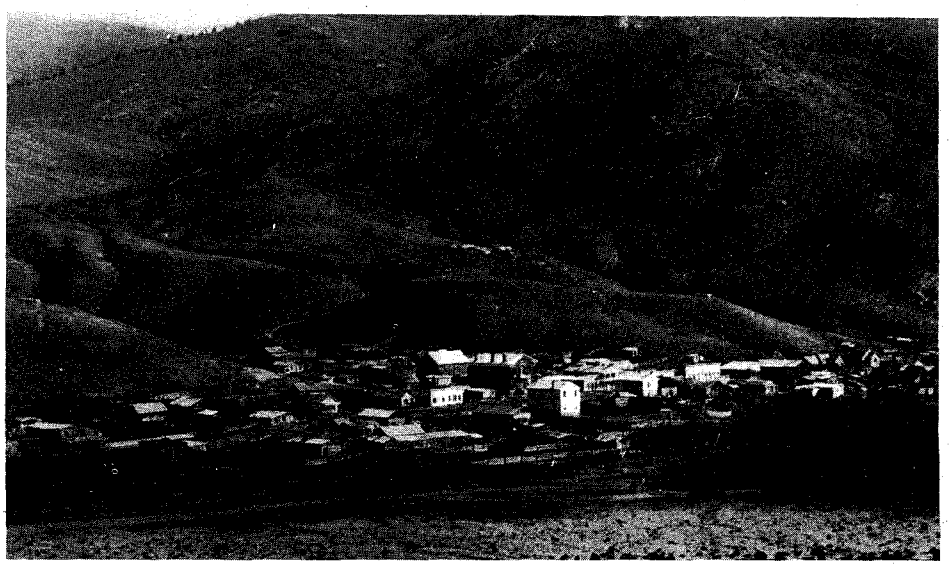
Magruder and Lowery were to stand guard over the animals till ten o'clock, the hour agreed upon for the murders. Page built a fire for them, and as they rose to go, Lowery picked up an axe and said, "We'll need some wood. I'll take an axe along."

Page spread his blankets and Charley Allen got in with him. The Chalmers brothers lay down together and Romaine shared his bed with Phillips. Howard did not go to bed but walked around for awhile, then paced off in the direction of the stock and the guards. Soon the men at camp were asleep, except for Page and Romaine. Shortly after ten, Howard and Lowery came running into camp. They killed the Chalmers boys with axes while Romaine stabbed Phillips with his Bowie knife, saying as he did, "You old fool! I told you to stay in Virginia City!"

Charley Allen sat up and rubbed his eyes. Howard came up behind him and blew out his brains with a double-barrelled load of buckshot. Then he told Page to get up and help with the work.

Lowery boasted, "It's a grand success, Bill. We never made a false stroke." He told how he and Magruder had sat by the fire talking until Magruder took out his watch and said, "It is nearly ten o'clock." Lowery picked up the axe and said, "I'll get some wood." As Magruder leaned forward to light his pipe, Lowery brought the axe down upon his head, splitting it open. Howard, who had been standing out

Bannack, Montana Territory, at the time of Magruder's murder.



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HISTORICAL and county maps western states. Free information. Maps, Box 353-A, Menard, Texas.

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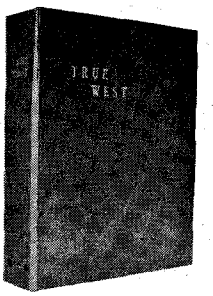

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in the darkness, rushed up, snatched the axe from Lowery and struck Magruder again and again.

It had begun to snow; the four men put on moccasins brought by Howard so that Indians would receive the blame if the massacre were discovered. They wrapped the bodies in blankets, dragged them up to a nearby ridge and dropped them over the cliff into a canyon hundreds of feet below.

BURNING everything burnable and disposing of all metal articles by packing them into a sack and throwing it over the cliff, they retired for the night, well-satisfied with what they had done. In the morning they chose seven fine mules and a blaze-faced sorrel, drove the rest of the animals into a side canyon and slaughtered them to keep them from following. Two feet of snow covered the ground and it was still falling. Howard said, "No one will ever discover, from anything here, the performance in which we have been engaged. If we are only true to each other all is safe."

Their one worry was how to get out of the country. As they were known in Lewiston, they decided to by-pass the town by fording the Clearwater River several miles upstream. But when they came to the ford they found that rains had raised the swift waters to flood level, making a crossing impossible. They arranged with a nearby rancher to keep their outfit till they returned for it, then made their way on foot, arriving opposite Lewiston at early dusk. They stole a boat, planning to make a night trip down the river, but a few moments convinced them they would drown first. With difficulty they brought it back to shore.

They were out of food, hungry and tired. The night was blustery and cold. The lure of supper and shelter proved irresistible. They went to the Le France, where they felt they would not be recognized. When Howard went to the Luna House late at night to arrange for the coach, he had not expected to encounter Hill Beachy.

When Page finished his story he begged not to be put again in the same room with the others. His request was granted and they came to the conclusion that he must be the chief suspect. Howard made up songs and sang to him from across the hall, implying he would be safe if he just kept still. A frequent phrase was, "Brother Jonathan's body will never be found." Not until the evening before the trial were the three informed that Page had turned state's evidence. Lowery cried out, "If old Page has talked, the jig's up."

A hundred and fifty men were rejected before twelve impartial jurors could be found. It took a long time but Beachy had kept his word. The accused had a fair trial and were defended by excellent counsel. The jury's verdict was, "Guilty of murder in the first degree."

Before pronouncing the death sentence upon Howard, Lowery and Romaine, Judge Parks said, in part, "A few years ago you left your homes, all respectable . . . all with honorable occupations . . . all the objects of love of relatives and friends. You had more than ordinary energy and intelligence . . . you might have been influential men in your generation. Today you are degraded, outcast, universally regarded as the enemies of humanity. You burned the blood of Lloyd Magruder that it might not reveal your guilt, but like the blood of Abel, it cried out to God against you, and the cry was heard and answered."

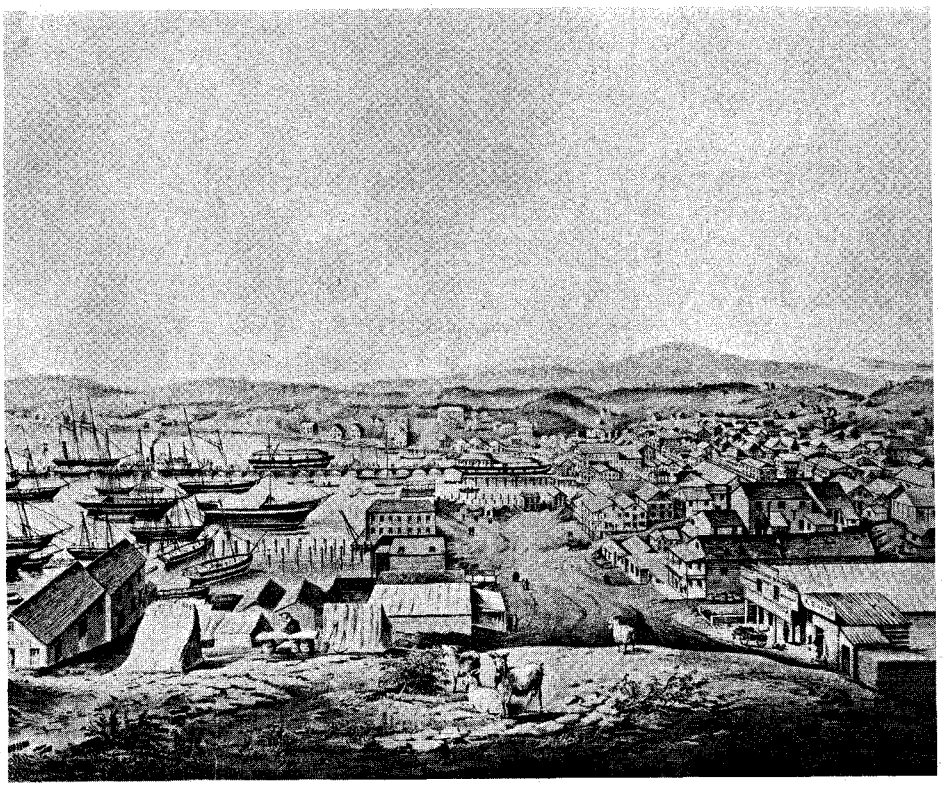
Both Romaine and Lowery confessed and fully corroborated Page's testimony. Howard denied his guilt to the end.

On March 4, 1864, the triple hanging was carried out in the presence of 10,000 witnesses, including almost the entire Nez Percé tribe of Indians.

Page was freed and in late spring guided a party, including Beachy, to the scene of the murders. Among the articles found were a bank book showing that the Chalmers brothers had $1,658.78 in the bank, a gun Beachy had lent his friend Magruder, and pieces of Magruder's skull where he had been slain beside the mountain trail. The bodies were brought back to Lewiston for burial. Feeling sorry for the despised Page, Beachy kept him in his employ, but the old man was killed a year later.

Beachy recovered $17,000 of Magruder's gold from the San Francisco mint and turned it over to the Magruder family. The Idaho Legislature voted to reimburse Beachy for the expenses of his trip. The check was for $6,240.

The man who had been the laughingstock of a frontier town for ten days became its lasting hero. Without Hill Beachy and perhaps without his dream, the Magruder mystery would never have been solved nor the criminals brought to justice.



CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

Above, San Francisco as it appeared to Beachy in 1867. Below, Shasta, California, at about the same period.

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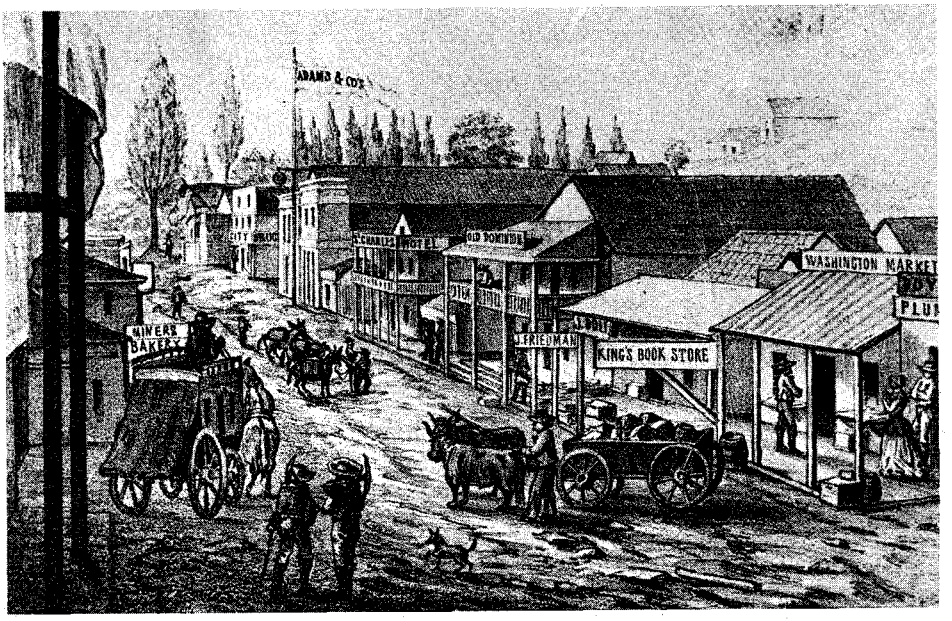

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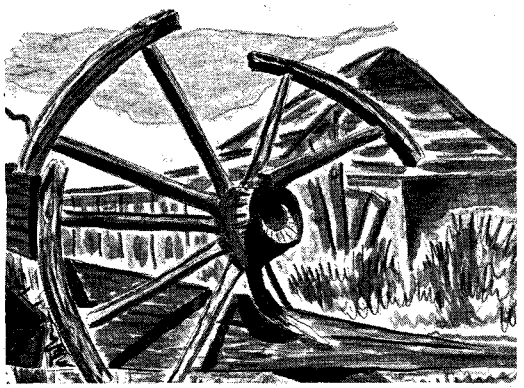

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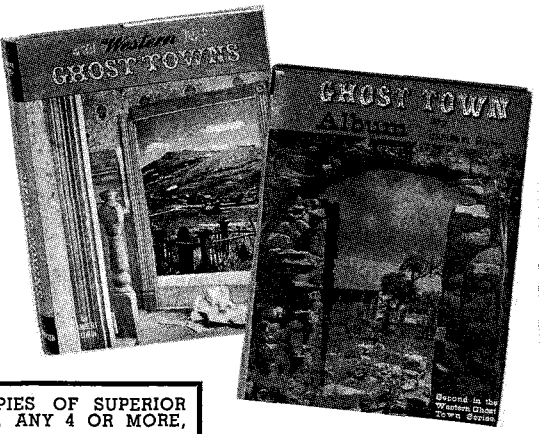

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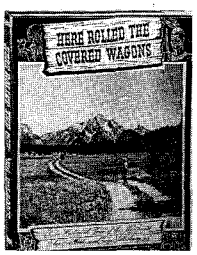

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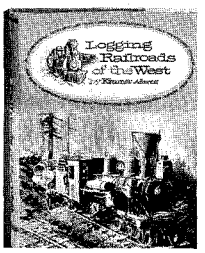

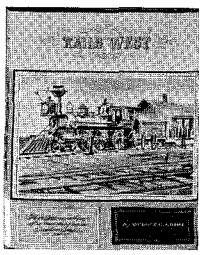

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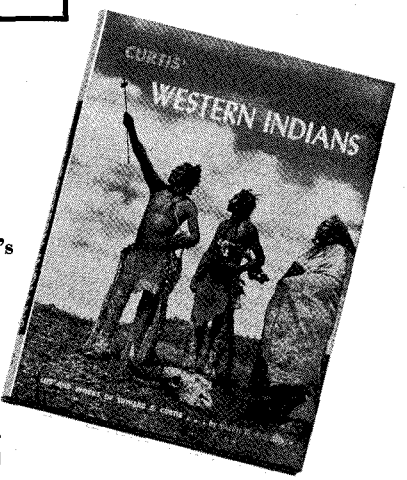

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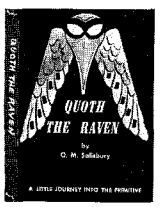

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